June 27, 1936

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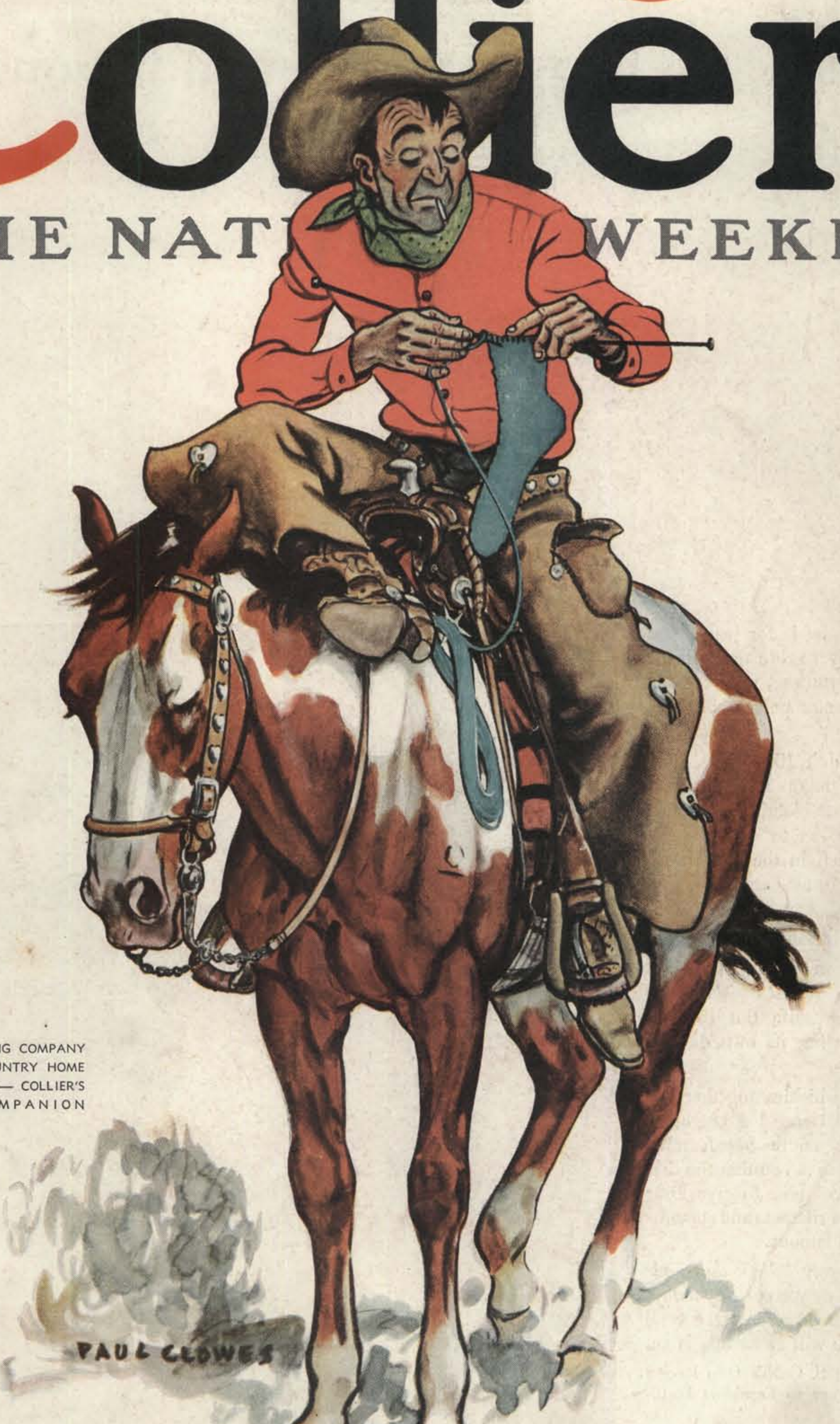

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PUBLISHERS OF — THE COUNTRY HOME
THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE — COLLIER'S
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

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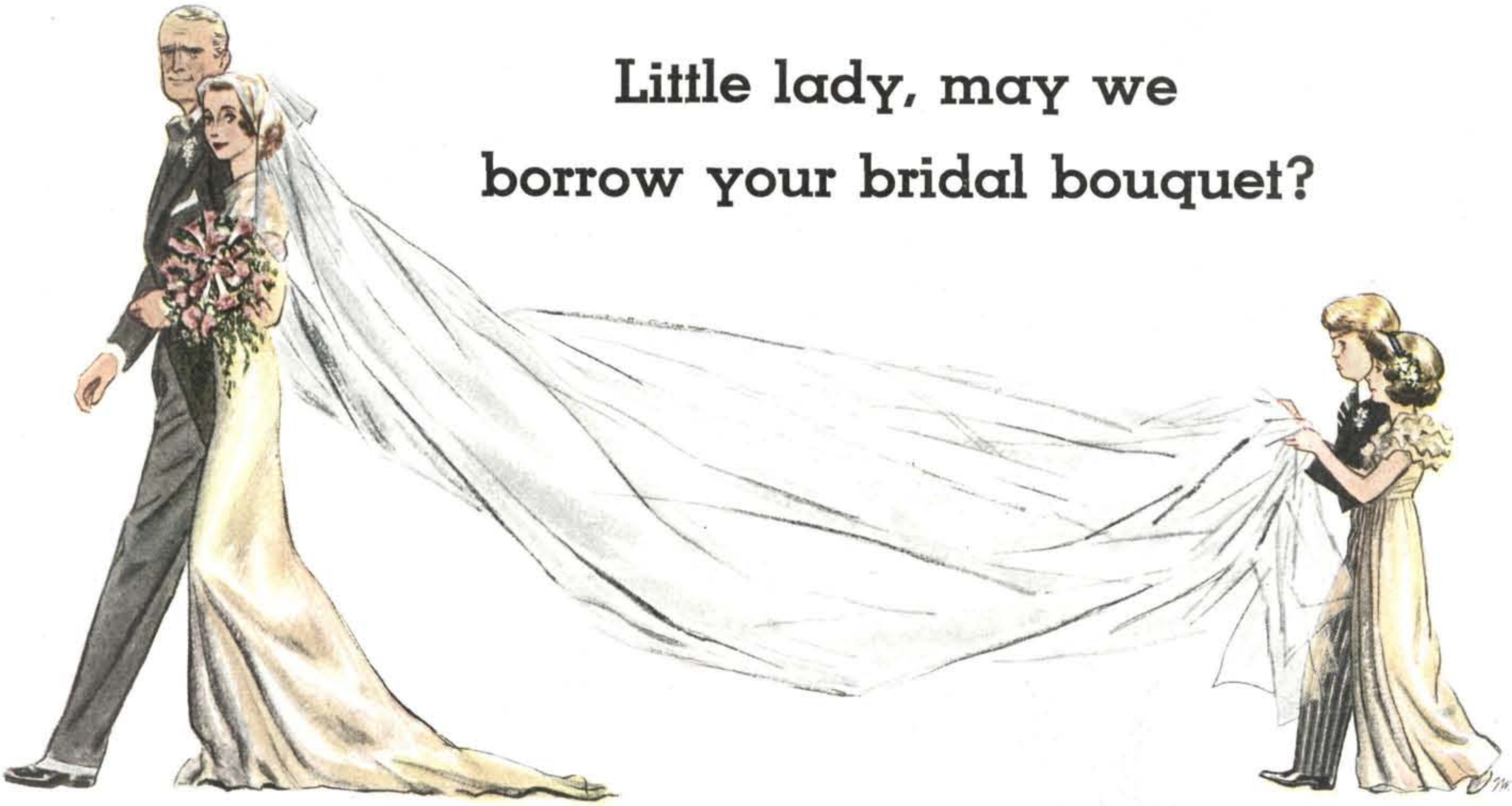
JUNE 27 1936

Little lady, may we borrow your bridal bouquet?



WE'D like to borrow it for just a few seconds—to lay beside a bottle of Four Roses. Because, you see, your orchids illustrate a very important point about this famous whiskey.

For your orchids didn't, like Topsy, "just grow." Horticulturists labored with infinite skill, blending and cross-blending the most exquisite specimens so as to combine the special beauties of each in the even more magnificent flowers you now carry.

Like your orchids, and for the self-same reason, Four Roses Whiskey is *blended.*

Each of the straight whiskies that go into Four Roses *(and only straight whiskies do!)* is a noble liquor in itself. But like all straight whiskies, each has its own distinctive characteristics.

By blending these whiskies together the way our 70 years' experience has taught us to blend them, we bring out the best features of each separate whiskey . . . so that the distinctive merits of all combine to give Four Roses the incomparable richness and smoothness for which it is so famous.

That's why we sincerely believe that Four Roses is the finest whiskey you can buy today, regardless of age, type or price. One taste of Four Roses and you will *know* this is so.

To get a copy of "Irvin S. Cobb's Own Recipe Book," send 10¢ in stamps to Frankfort Distilleries, Louisville, Ky.

Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore, makers of Four Roses (94 proof), Paul Jones (92 proof), Old Oscar Pepper, Mattingly & Moore (both 90 proof) —all blends of straight whiskies. Also Paul Jones ★★★★ Gin (distilled from grain—90 proof).

FOUR ROSES

A blend of all straight, all American whiskies—94 proof

If you want the truth, go to a child

LATELY, Jepson had felt himself slipping as a salesman. He couldn't seem to land the big orders; and he was too proud to go after the little ones. He was discouraged and mystified.

Finally, one evening, he got the real truth from his little boy. You can always depend on a child to be outspoken on subjects that older people avoid.

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant. It puts you on the safe and polite side.

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. The entire mouth feels invigorated.

Get in the habit of using Listerine every morning and night. And between times before social and business engagements. It's the fastidious thing to do. *Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.*

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Associate Editors

Next Week

FOR months the clouds of war have been gathering over Europe, and the specter of another world conflict has haunted people everywhere. The representatives of sovereign States gathered at Geneva have talked loudly about peace—and done very little to advance it. Peace parades have been held, sermons preached, and laws have been proposed. And the shadow of war grows longer. In a brilliant and stirring article, H. G. Wells describes the horrors of "The Next War," *for which we are* heading, and proposes a rational plan for averting it.

IT WASN'T much of anything that made Bart Marker leave home. A quarrel with his family about money. They'd see. He wasn't going to be tied to his home all his life. What he found was a new world—a world of callous brutality, unbelievable hardship, casual murder. W. R. Burnett writes about the boy who was "Suspect."

ON JUNE twenty-sixth Donald Wills Douglas will present himself at the White House to receive from President Roosevelt the Collier Trophy for the outstanding contribution to aeronautics during the past year. Behind this personal appearance lies a story that began when one of young Douglas' model planes made an emergency landing on the head of an admiral, and has gone merrily on until his sky ships now circle the earth. W. B. Courtney describes the man and his achievements, including the new giants that are about to take wing.

IT WOULD never do to let people know that they were seeing each other. Particularly Carl, who was Tony's boss and very serious about things. Carl wouldn't like it. Mary didn't know just why he wouldn't like it, but he wouldn't. Tony had told her that. And she must never say anything to anyone about their evenings together. In a dramatic love story, Newlin B. Wildes tells about "The Girl Who Learned" what to think of a man who was ashamed of her.

ON THE edge of the overcrowded and hungry Orient, Manuel Luis Quezon, first president of the Philippines, is struggling to set up a western democracy. In "Deepwater President" Jim Marshall shows you the man and his job.

ROARK BRADFORD, Jacland Marmur and Nard Jones contribute stories. Teresa Hyde Phillips and Ernest Haycox continue the serials. And there will be articles by Kyle Crichton, Freling Foster and others. They'll help you forget the heat.

This Week

●

June 27, 1936

Cover by Paul Clowes

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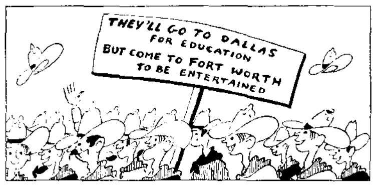
●

Any Week

FROM Dallas, Texas, where that state is celebrating its centennial with impressive magnificence, Colonel Howdy Dibble notifies us that the only worry the promoters struggle with is housing. They're afraid that the Exposition will become so popular and be visited by such vast throngs of tourists that the hotels, rooming houses, camps and dormitories will be overtaxed. The Colonel went over to Fort Worth, where Mr. Billy Rose of Broadway, New York, is staging a competing show under the slogan: "They'll go to Dallas for education but come to Fort Worth to be entertained." Mr. Rose was in excellent humor, the Colonel reports. "Hell," said Mr. Rose, "folks may want to sleep in Dallas but Fort Worth will keep them awake and on their toes."

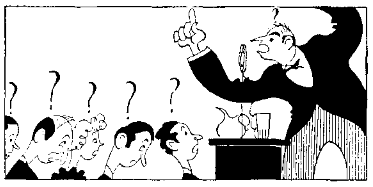

THEY'LL GO TO DALLAS FOR EDUCATION BUT COME TO FORT WORTH TO BE ENTERTAINED

WE ARE reliably informed that history is giving some of Mr. Roosevelt's anxious friends acute pains in sundry places. You may have heard there is a New Deal commission looking into the South Atlantic peregrinations of that tireless traveler and realtor, Fernando de Soto, the idea being to prepare for a de Soto celebration in 1939—the 400th anniversary of the Don's American amblings, particularly in Georgia. Certain members of the commission thought it would be a nice thing to have some of the celebrating done in Warm Springs, Georgia. This would please Mr. Roosevelt and harm no one. But, although working far into night, they have been unable to trace Fernando nearer to Warm Springs than Albany, sixty miles away. This, as you may readily appreciate, is a nasty predicament. Now, were we that commission, we would be tempted to do a little history rewriting but probably and perhaps properly would be restrained. Anyway, we'd try to trifle with a map or so. After all—

MERELY to show you how lucky you are who have but to walk to the corner to get Collier's, we herewith publish a brief page from the life and times of the American Mr. Fred M. Burt in Sydney, Australia. Last year Mr. Burt was trying hard to face life in Sydney without Collier's. Newsdealers in his district had none. And as "each newsdealer has a monopoly in his territory, none may sell in competition with him." Other Americans in the colony had given up the fight in despair or had subscribed. But if one moved about much Collier's was apt not to reach him. Someone always intercepted it—and no wonder. We're as honest as most. But we might steal Collier's if it were the only way. Anyway, Mr. Burt, who has a way with him, induced the newsdealer to get Collier's at all hazards. The fellow did. Whereupon, Sydney was in just as nasty a spot as ever because those who weren't at the depot the moment this matchless magazine appeared got none.

AND yet, strange as it may seem, there are foreigners, living in foreign lands, who seem happy and get along pretty well. We have neighbors who refuse to believe that. But we're kind of broad. Besides, we've just had a letter from Mrs. Lydis B. Pritchett of San Francisco, California. The ship bearing Mrs. Pritchett home from China had scarcely docked before she wrote us. "In the province of Kweichow," says Mrs. Pritchett, "we met an ancient whom we asked about the general morale of the people." Said the ancient: "With the exception of occasional missionaries, all is peace. But we hear that your lot in America is less satisfactory, everybody being a missionary bent on saving his neighbor from his own particular conception of hell."

MR. BEN GINERICH and his cousin, Mr. Fred Magill, were watching a dogfight in Indianapolis, Indiana. It was quite a squabble, six highly energetic hounds participating in such concentrated fury that all efforts to turn their minds to higher things failed. Utterly absorbed, Mr. Ginerich and Mr. Magill watched for five or six minutes in unbroken silence. Presently, however, Mr. Magill broke the spell. Turning to Mr. Ginerich, he said somewhat dreamily: "Good gracious, Ben, think of a political party run by Doc Townsend, Father Coughlin and that guy in Louisiana who is trying to shuffle around in Huey Long's boots."



"AND wouldn't it be horrible," concludes Miss Mary T. Locks of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, "if campaign orators were suddenly endowed with the power to know what their audiences are thinking?"

NO.

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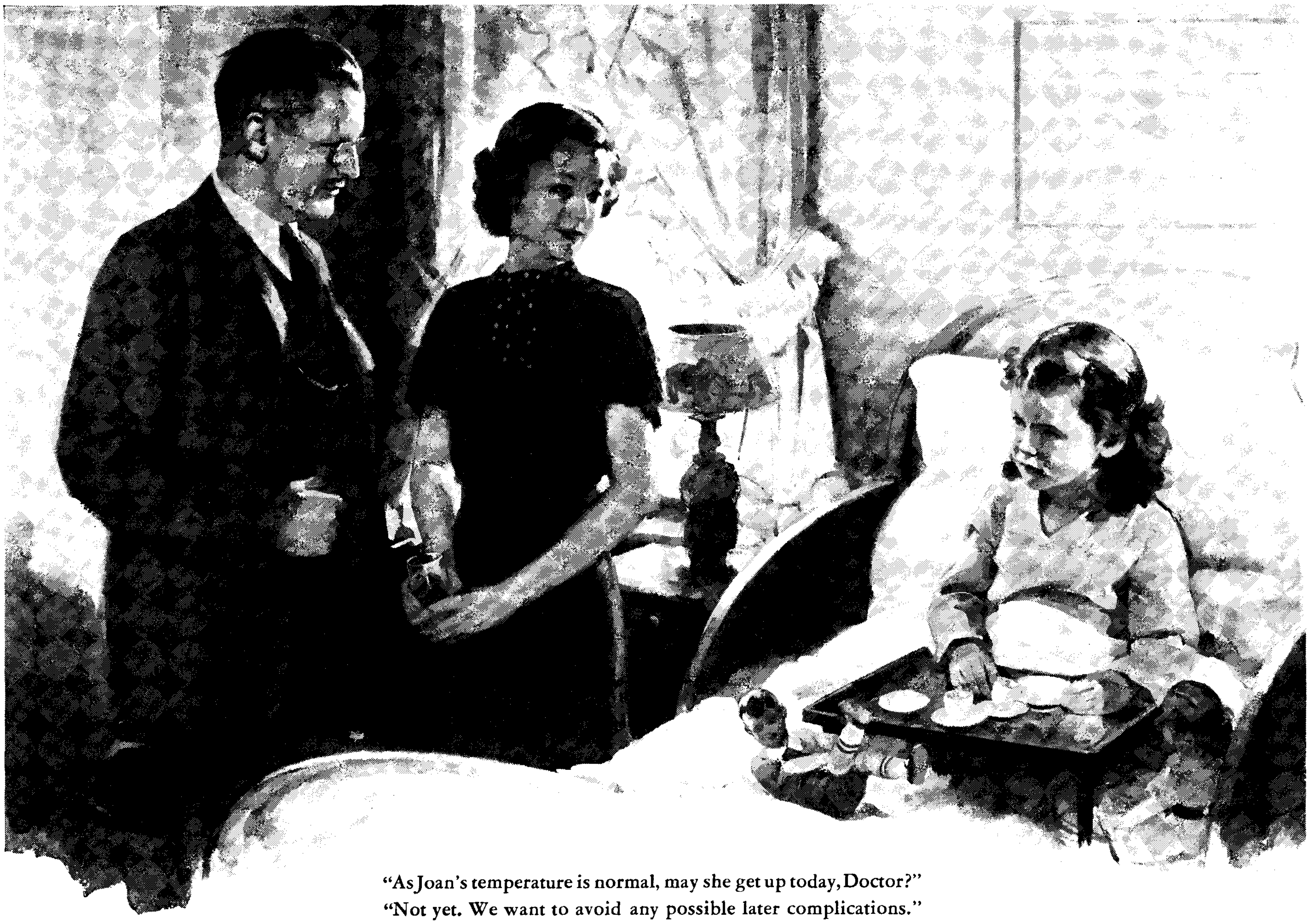

"As Joan's temperature is normal, may she get up today, Doctor?"
"Not yet. We want to avoid any possible later complications."

Prevent Serious After-effects

THE wise mother gets specific instructions from her doctor and observes them carefully. She takes no needless chances. Weakened hearts, kidneys, lungs, defective hearing or eyesight and other physical impairments may result from many diseases. They are frequently more to be dreaded than the original ailment.

Even a case of measles may be followed by serious consequences. Its many possible after-effects are the doctor's chief concern. Attacks of measles may lead to abscesses of the ear or pneumonia. The kidneys may also suffer from overstrain, developing unfortunate complications in later life. Or the eyes may be badly affected.

Do not let your child, when just recovering from scarlet fever, get up and be active until the doctor says it is safe. This is very important, because the heart and kidneys may be affected to some extent by scarlet fever. Careful nursing may be necessary after the child is apparently well.

Colds and whooping cough, too often lightly regarded, also require careful nursing. Bronchitis, pneumonia and even tuberculosis may follow such seemingly trivial ailments.

Tonsillitis is a distressing ailment which should never be ignored. Repeated attacks of tonsillitis may lead to heart trouble in later years. But as a rule, if the tonsils receive prompt attention, lasting damage is prevented.

Two or three months after your child recovers from illness, take him to the doctor for a health inventory to find out whether or not there are any later developments which require attention.

You are welcome to any one or all of these Metropolitan booklets: "Measles," "Scarlet Fever," "Whooping Cough," "Tonsils and Adenoids." Address Booklet Dept. 736-C.

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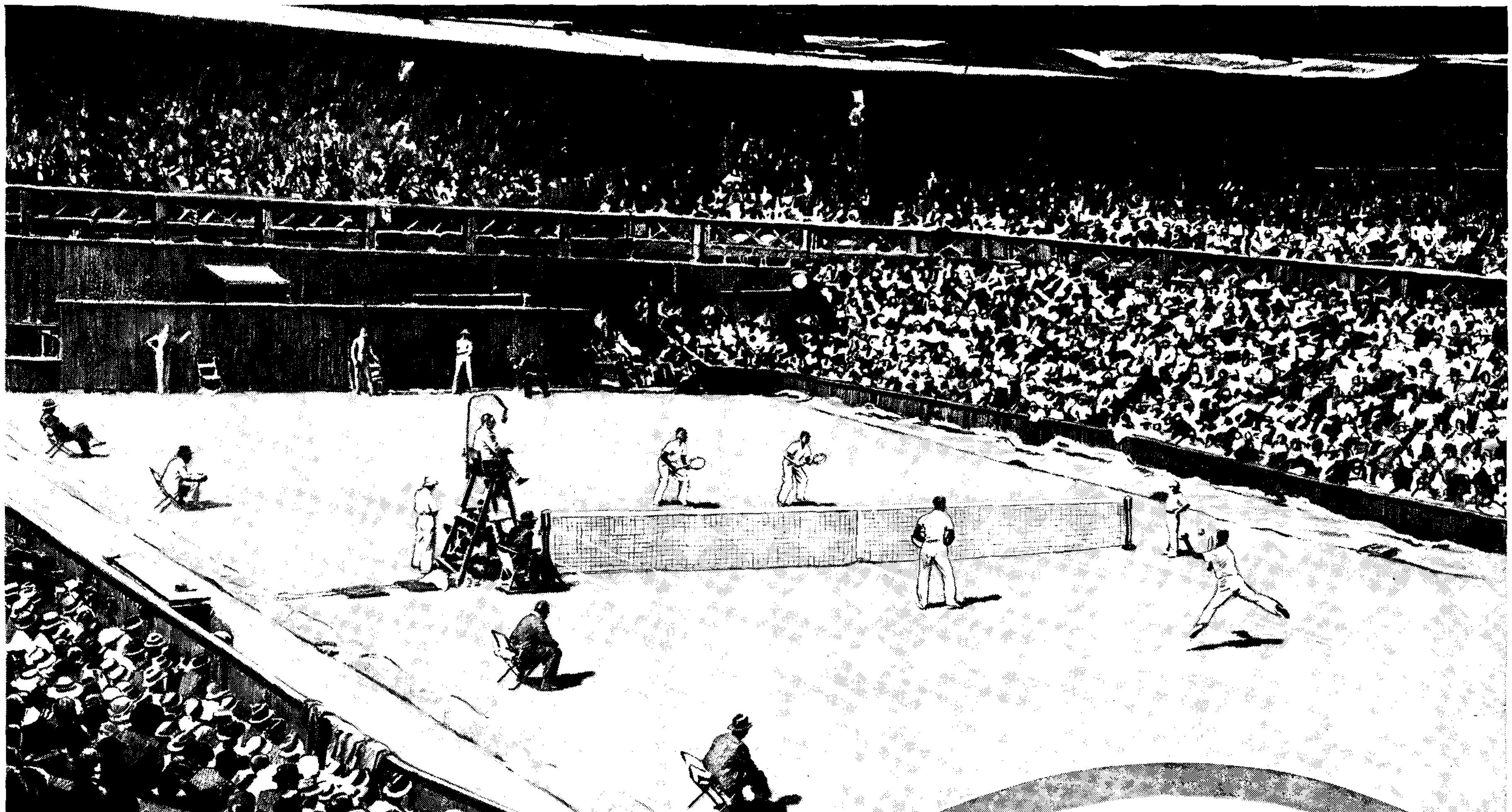

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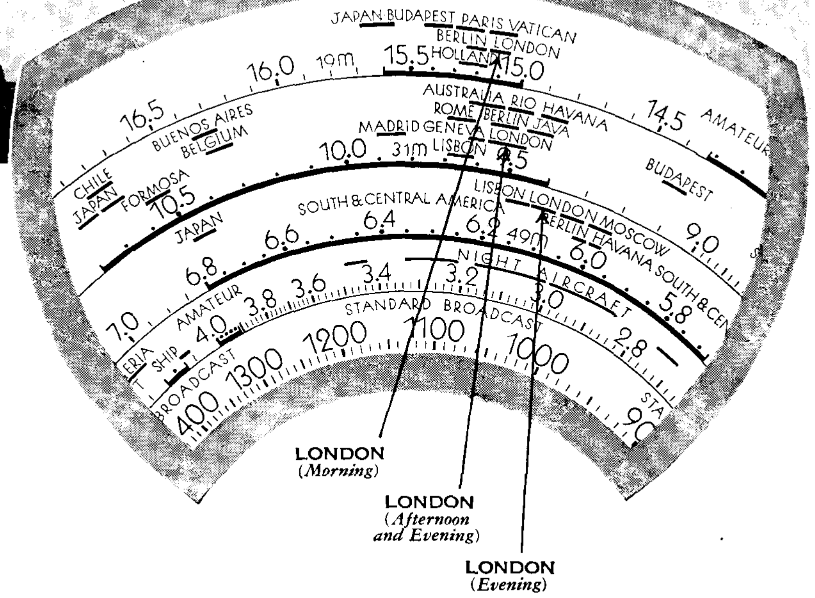
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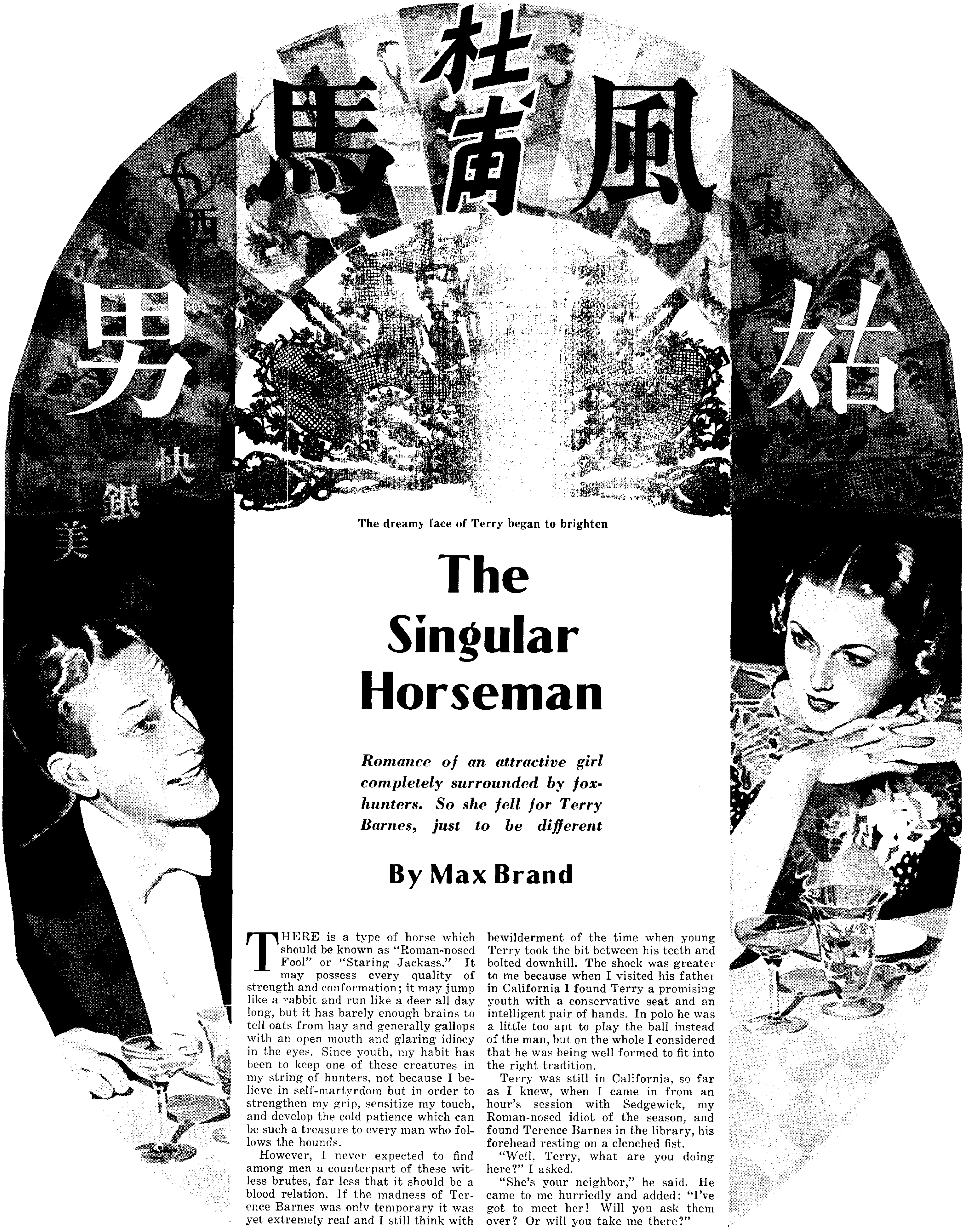


The dreamy face of Terry began to brighten

The Singular Horseman

Romance of an attractive girl completely surrounded by fox-hunters. So she fell for Terry Barnes, just to be different

By Max Brand

THERE is a type of horse which should be known as "Roman-nosed Fool" or "Staring Jackass." It may possess every quality of strength and conformation; it may jump like a rabbit and run like a deer all day long, but it has barely enough brains to tell oats from hay and generally gallops with an open mouth and glaring idiocy in the eyes. Since youth, my habit has been to keep one of these creatures in my string of hunters, not because I believe in self-martyrdom but in order to strengthen my grip, sensitize my touch, and develop the cold patience which can be such a treasure to every man who follows the hounds.

However, I never expected to find among men a counterpart of these witless brutes, far less that it should be a blood relation. If the madness of Terence Barnes was only temporary it was yet extremely real and I still think with bewilderment of the time when young Terry took the bit between his teeth and bolted downhill. The shock was greater to me because when I visited his father in California I found Terry a promising youth with a conservative seat and an intelligent pair of hands. In polo he was a little too apt to play the ball instead of the man, but on the whole I considered that he was being well formed to fit into the right tradition.

Terry was still in California, so far as I knew, when I came in from an hour's session with Sedgewick, my Roman-nosed idiot of the season, and found Terence Barnes in the library, his forehead resting on a clenched fist.

"Well, Terry, what are you doing here?" I asked.

"She's your neighbor," he said. He came to me hurriedly and added: "I've got to meet her! Will you ask them over? Or will you take me there?"

Manners, I thank God, still are prized in all the branches of my family, even in the year 1936, and I was sufficiently shocked by this abrupt greeting. He was not even aware that my hand was held out to him. I used it to pick up a cigarette. In the meantime I surveyed him and saw that his face was pale, his eyes round and staring.

"Who is she?" I asked.

"She's lovely," answered Terry.

SOME Scotch and soda came in. I was glad to interrupt this headless conversation by pouring drinks because I was being reminded more and more forcibly of Sedgewick by the blank emotion of Terence Barnes. If he were touched in the brain, what a pity, what a waste, for he had that true build of the rider, light and strong, which God has granted to so many of the Barneses and Whitlocks. In the meantime he was striding rapidly up and down the room with the aspiring step which Shakespeare notes in Diomedes and which I have observed in all natural athletes.

"I'll have mine straight," said Terry.

"A rider never should drink straight liquor before dinner," I told him. "A true horseman. . . ."

"Damn horsemen!" said Terry.

It was a warm, bright day with the windows open to the beauty of it, but now a slight chill worked through my blood. Clearly he had been touched in the brain.

He went on: "That's the trouble! . . . Isn't it true, sir? This whole countryside is simply swarming with able horsemen."

Without passion, as one would deal with a Sedgewick, using always a delicate touch, I answered: "It is true that we manage a fairly good hunt."

"And you're the M. F. H., Mr. Whitlock, aren't you?" he asked.

I admitted that I was. He poured his whisky down his throat at a gulp. Then he went on: "You can tell me the truth: Isn't your hunt packed with fine six-footers, all bred right, all schooled properly, all of them ready to jump hell and high water for the sake of Elena Casimir-Jones?"

I smiled.

"My dear Terry," I said, "naturally the boys pay attention to a pretty child like Elena."

"Pretty?" cried Terence, staring at me. "Child? Pretty? . . . She's divine!"

"Really! When did you meet her?"

"I haven't met her. She's always surrounded by a herd of fellows—all horsemen, too. I could tell it by the straightness of their backs and the slight blear of their eyes."

"That's true," I said. "There is usually a crowd around Elena. However, it might be arranged. . . ."

"Arrange it now, sir, will you?" he begged. "Let me see her, please! And if she's tired of foxhunters. . . ."

NOW that I have after-sight to help me, it is plain that I should have paused at this moment to make a closer inquiry as to what was in his mind. The last words should have warned me. "If she's tired of foxhunters . . ." had an important significance, but knowing the bloodlines of the Barneses and Whitlocks, how could I have dreamed of what was to come? As easily imagine a thoroughbred that will eat apples or refuse to jump!

Without the least hesitation, I went to the telephone and rang Barry Casimir-Jones.

"I'm coming over for dinner if it's convenient," said I.

"Good," said Barry. "Some of the lads will be here with Elena. You and I can have a quiet evening together. I have found a great old fine champagne, a Monnet!"

"Monnet?" said I.

"Monnet!" said Barry.

Then I remembered to add: "Young cousin of mine. . . . I'm bringing him along."

When I turned from the telephone, Terence demanded: "Is it all right, sir? Is it all right for me to go?"

"If you're not a silly young ass, of course it's all right," I told him. "Now sit down and tell me about your people in California. How is that bay mare by Sceptre coming on?"

"I'll tell you all the news when there's a chance," said Terry, wringing my hand in the most grateful way. "But now I have to work. I have to work like the devil till dinnertime. . . . Will somebody show me my room? . . . I'm not crowding you, Judge Whitlock, am I? . . . Shall I wear a white tie or a dinner jacket?"

It was *impossible* to answer him so I did not try. I rang for the butler and told him to take Terry to the southwest room; then I went back to my Scotch and soda, and an uneasy thought of the similarity which, somehow, existed between Sedgewick and my unhappy young relation; that moon-struck blankness, disturbed me.

A good part of my concern left me when he came down in tails to go with me to the Casimir-Jones place, for like all his kin he looked the blood that was in him, good, keen eyes and a chin pushed up in the air a bit to look over the next jump. For my part, I rarely can look at a Whitlock or a Barnes without thinking of a sharp winter morning and the cry of the running pack.

ON THE way over, he said: "Has she been engaged often?"

"Why, I don't know," I answered. "I think there was something about Stewart Tillinghast, and now there's Dyke Vincent, I believe. Old playmates, you know."

"It's damned indecent," said Terry.

"What's indecent?" I asked.

"The way men take advantage of a young girl," said Terry. I had to agree with him. I still was talking about the free manners of the younger vintage when we reached the big, quiet dignity of the Casimir-Jones house. People today have forgotten how to build places where there is room for everything.

As we went up to the door Terence said: "If I seem a little different, tonight, I hope you won't make any remarks to the others, sir."

If the lad realized that he was in a jitter, of course, it was best not to use a curb on him. I told him so.

"No matter what I say, you won't bring me up short?" he asked.

"Certainly not," said I.

He was so solemn about it that he wanted to shake hands on the bargain and, of course, I was willing, though at this point a damaging premonition for the first time began to trouble me, just as I can tell the coming of a norther by the ache in my broken shoulder.

We went in among a rattle of young voices. There were a dozen or more youths of the neighborhood—two or three girls and the rest were boys of the hunt. I introduced Terry and then had an old-fashioned in a corner of the room with Barry Casimir-Jones. Elena had not come down.

"Trim-looking fellow, young Barnes," said Barry. "You could mount him on a lightweight, in a pinch, I suppose. What a lot of money that saves!"

He looked down, sadly. In fact, Barry has let his middle section get a little out of hand; he has granted a bit too much to the coming of years and dignity. Then Elena came in and I saw poor Terry white and straight as a spy before a firing squad. I was between a smile and pity, though at that very moment the fellow was gathering himself for the frightfulness that was about to come. About that, of course, I could know nothing. All that I noticed before we went into dinner was that when Terry took her hand he bowed over it after a fashion that I had to learn and unlearn while I was still a boy.

Elena slanted a questioning glance at me as we poured into the dining-room to sit around the endless table of the Casimir-Joneses. Terry, as the stranger, was given the place at Elena's right hand. He looked a bit pale and strained, I thought, but just then young Harry Bell began to ask my advice about a colt he wanted to buy and I lost track of Terry for a moment while I pointed out that the colt was full of Carry Over blood, and the Carry Over strain notoriously cannot stay. It was in the midst of this talk—and the fish—that a sudden silence spread from Elena's end of the table and out of the quiet I distinctly heard Terence Barnes state: "The fact is that I know nothing about horses, except that Tu Fu taught me to be fond of them."

I STARED at him and found him wearing a gentle, idiotic smile such as I never before had seen on the face of a Barnes or a Whitlock.

"Too few what?" asked big Dyke Vincent.

"I mean Tu Fu, the great Chinese poet," said Terry.

At that moment I recalled several things: Terry's expressed determination to make himself "different" from the horsy crowd who surrounded Elena; his afternoon of study in his room; and above all the strangely serious bargain which he had driven with me at the door of the Casimir-Jones house. My premonition of trouble turned into a horrible certainty as I saw exactly the face that the disgrace would wear.

"I never heard that the fat-faced Chinamen had poets," said Dyke Vincent.

"Have you never?" answered the gentle voice of Terry. "Well, after all, Tu Fu died over a thousand years ago. That is to say, if great poets ever die. Do you think they do?"

He had turned to Elena.

She grew a little warm in the face and said: "Well. . . ."

By this time eyes were beginning to turn to me with covert questioning but I occupied myself in chasing a bit of sole with my fork and wishing Terence Barnes at the devil's gate.

He was saying: "I've always liked to think that they go on—the poets. Their thoughts, at least. You know how one is overtaken, now and then, in the quiet times when one is alone? Thoughts that are not one's own. . . ."

He made a gesture at space.

Barry Casimir-Jones said: "Well, well!" Stewart Tillinghast pressed his lips together but the grin spilled out of the corners of his mouth. I remembered that I was a Whitlock; I tried to recall that Terry was a Barnes.

THEN Elena lifted her head and said to the length of the table: "I think that's charming. I really think it's a lovely thought!"

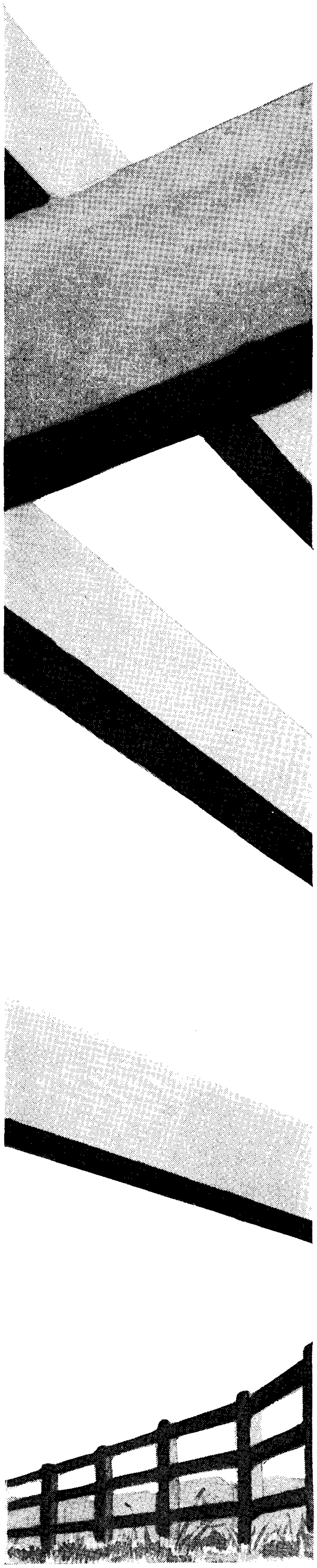
"Do you?" asked Dyke Vincent.

"Yes, I do!" she said. "I'd like to know more about Tu Fu. And what did he say about horses? You haven't had much to do with them?"

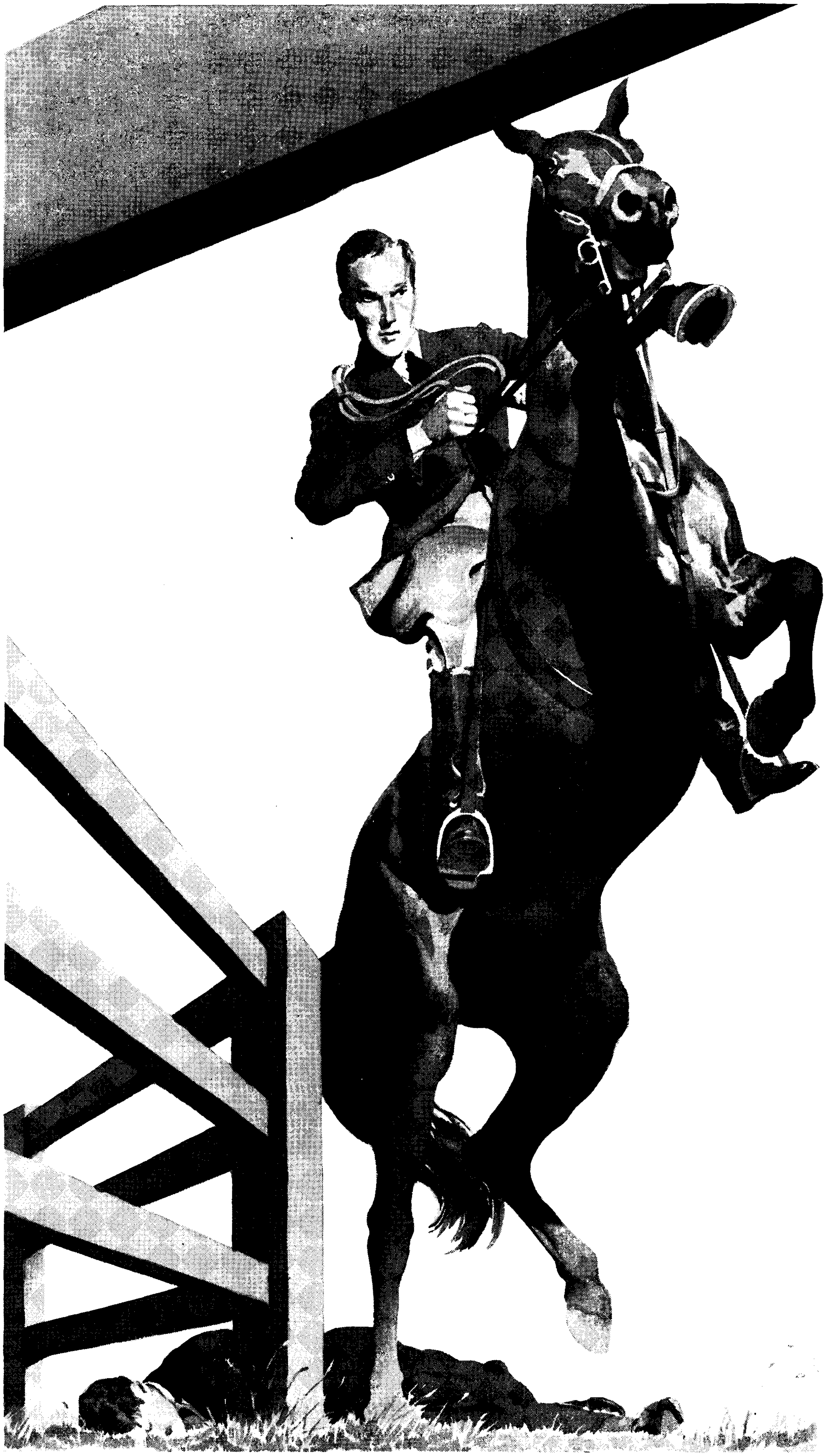
"I never learned to ride," said Terence Barnes. He had the effrontery to meet my eye and pass it over. The whole table was struck to a silence. "But I know they're beautiful," went on Terry. "Tu Fu rings out like a bell when he sings about them."

I grabbed my glass of white wine because my throat was closing like a fist. It was a delicious Montrachet, properly iced, and after a good deep swallow of it I could breathe again.

"How does Tu Fu speak about horses?"



ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD



I saw the boy getting by miracle into the saddle. Starboard answered by going right over backward

asked Elena. "What does he say of them?"

"I remember that he speaks about the Tartar horses and their ears as sharp as split bamboo," said Terence Barnes. "That's rather good. Don't you think so, Mr. Vincent?"

Dyke Vincent looked straight back at him. "No, I *don't* think so," he said.

"But wait a minute, Dyke," said Elena. "It's quite delightful. You know just how sharp and thin the ear of a thoroughbred can be!"

"There are a lot of things too thin for me," said Dyke.

Tillinghast broke in: "I don't know much about split bamboo. But did they really have horses in China?"

"Heavens, Stew! That's where they originated, isn't it?" asked Elena.

She leaned a little toward Terry as though her smile and her voice were not enough to draw him out.

"At least," said Terry, "Tu Fu was very fond of them. He wrote a number of long *hsing* and *ko* about the celebrated horses of the sons of heaven."

Tillinghast kept from talk. He was darkly watchful, but Dyke Vincent went on.

"I knew about Chinese printing and Chinese gunpowder," said he. "But I never heard about their horses. Did they really go?"

"You know," said Terry, "they went so well that Mu Wang drove to the Western Paradise with a team of eight of the dragon's blood."

"Dragon's blood by what?" said Dyke.

"DYKE, are you going to be simply an idiot?" asked Elena. "Dragon's blood—in China it means the best—everything imperial and top-hole in China they call dragon's blood. You know."

"No, I didn't know," said Dyke. "Funny lot of thugs, aren't they? The Chinks, I mean to say. What did they feed their horses? Split bamboo or something?"

"Yao Niao used to be fed by the emperor himself," said Terry. "Rice out of a golden bowl."

"Rice! Damned bad for the poor horse," said Dyke. "What you say, Uncle Barry, about rice for a horse?" he called down the table. "Rice, Jack!" he said to me.

"Rice, eh?" laughed Barry.

"Ha!" said I, because there seemed nothing else to say.

Elena broke out: "Can't you see that it's poetry?"

"May be poetry," said Barry, "but it's damned poor horse feed, I'll assure you!"

"I wish you'd recite them something splendid about horses from Tu Fu this minute," exclaimed Elena.

"Certainly," said Terence.

He threw back his head a little and looked at the ceiling for a moment while Elena dreamed over him with half-shut eyes. I closed mine entirely. She kept nodding a little and smiling like a mother waiting for her baby son to astonish the world by taking a first step. The dreamy face of Terry began to brighten and lighten, pretty soon. Then he chanted, singing out the words in a soft drawl:

"Of the swift horses, the wild horses in
the stables of the son of heaven,
Help me to sing, of the horses who gallop ten thousand li,
Ten thousand li from the furnace of
dawn until their hoofs
Are cooled in the pool of night, in the
meadows of darkness."

"How far is a li?" said Barry.

"A quarter of a mile," said Terry.

"Those horses used to gallop ten thousand *li* in a day, did they?" said Barry.

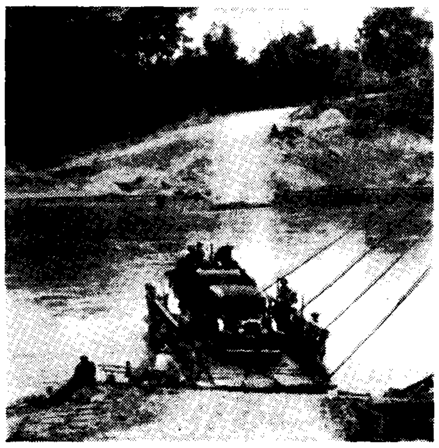
"In the poem," said Elena.

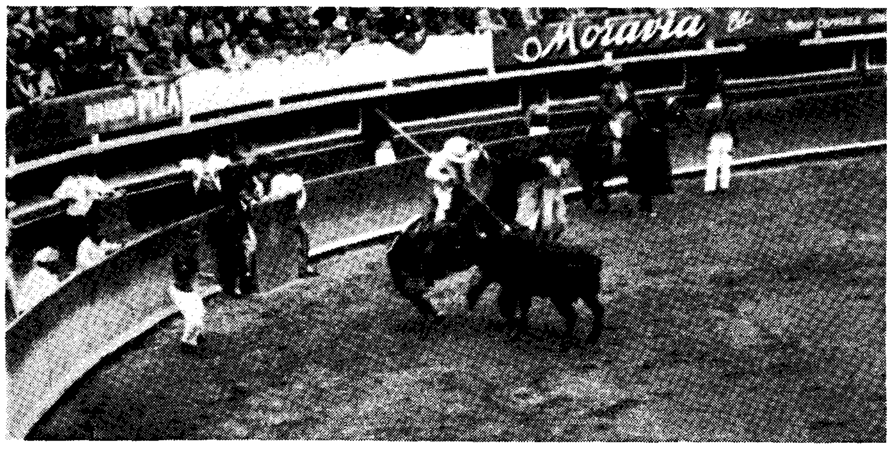
"I'm not complaining," said her father.

(Continued on page 42)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

Above: A street scene in Tamazunchale, on the road from Laredo, Texas, to the Mexican capital. Right: A landslide of large rocks blocks the road and a Mexican road gang clears the passage for the author's car. Left: Strips of fresh meat displayed in a Tamazunchale market. Below: A man-power ferry on the Tampaon River near Valles. Below, right: A bullfight in Mexico City





Bumping Down to Mexico

That highway from Laredo, Texas, to Mexico, D. F., is now officially open. But don't dash off next week end. For a year or more you will travel it at your own risk, if at all. Mr. White made the trip—both ways. Here he generously shares his adventures with you

By Owen P. White

OUTSIDE of those two famous trails—the straight-and-narrow path and the broad and happy boulevard, which conduct us in opposite directions—the most vigorously advertised highway in the Western Hemisphere is the new one, 763 miles long, which connects Laredo, Texas, with Mexico, D. F.

But has this highway caught up with all that its industrious press agents have been saying about it for the past three or four years?

Thinking that perhaps you and many other ambitious motorists would like to know something about that, I cleaned my spark plugs, had my valves ground, put on a new set of tires and, taking my poor, unsuspecting wife along with me—because she just "loves to drive" and I don't—I went to Mexico City over that highway. Yes, and I came back via the same route so that the answer is: "You can make it." I got more thrills out of that one road than out of all the roads I have ever motored over put together. Over long stretches of it I made seventy miles an hour and again was glad to make seven. I went up and down its perpendicular detours, crossed its rivers on homemade ferryboats, climbed its spectacular mountains, dived into its bottomless canyons, tunneled through its fogs so thick and lumpy that they dented my fenders, and everywhere had the privilege of meeting the Mexican burro.

I speak of the Mexican burro with reverence because he is the one profound thinker in the Republic. He cogitates constantly, and always does so exactly in the middle of the road, turning himself broadside to traffic and going into a trance. No, it's not a trance; it's Nirvana, in which state of mental exaltation he is as unresponsive to an automobile horn as the Statue of Liberty is to the tooting of a tugboat and as impervious to rocks heaved at him as a battleship to a hailstorm. And then what? Just tell your wife to "get out and grab this damn' animal by the ears and pull while I push." That system works and the burro will neither bite your wife nor kick you while it is applied. I moved thirteen off the highway and not one of them even woke up.

And so, now that the burros will not again annoy us, the next thing is to pass through the Mexican custom house at Laredo and get going. That was easy. Within thirty minutes we had bonded our car at the cost of about a dollar, had our baggage inspected, received our tourist cards, tipped the porter fifty *centavos* and were on our way.

Slightly less than three hours later we were in Monterrey, 145 miles distant. Fast going, maybe, but not too fast to keep us from seeing things. For instance, between Laredo and Sabinas Hidalgo, seventy-five miles away, we ran through one vast expanse of as fine farm land as there is in America, ninety per cent of which has never been touched by a plow. Think of that. In our rich country we are already wailing about a land shortage, while here, just across the river from us, are enough virgin acres to feed Mexico for generations to come.

We passed through Sabinas Hidalgo at a reduced speed—which is the way all motorists who want to see Mexico without seeing the inside of its jails had better pass through all Mexican towns—turned to the right and discovered, to our astonishment, that the foothills of the Sierra Madres had quietly sneaked down on us from the west so that we were abruptly entering a canyon.

And what a specimen of road building now confronted us! There isn't much of this—only a few miles. Nevertheless, it is so splendidly engineered that before we knew it, with our engine actually enjoying a corkscrew climb, we had gone from 300 to 3,000 feet above sea level and were looking out, toward the East, at what we then thought was a magnificent panorama. It was beautiful. We were gazing across a vast coastal plain from whose floor rise many hills (in New England they would be mountains) on whose crests the rimrock stands up like so many ancient castles. Moreover, as these hills are all bare of vegetation, and hence painted a turquoise blue by the distance, and as the morning sunlight was turning the heat haze rising around their bases into intermingling layers of violet, and pale pink, and golden yellow, we were probably justified in being excited at the view. But really we hadn't seen anything yet. At this point the new Mexican highway merely provides its customers with a foretaste of what is in store for them within the next two days.

Dropping down the grade as easily as we had come up, we again hit almost level road which, after it had taken us through one more rugged canyon, delivered us in Monterrey in time for a late lunch in the Mexican Red Room of the Hotel Ancina.

It was a good lunch. Between us we had *chiles rellenos*, *frijoles fritos*, *enchiladas* and *cerveza*. You are perhaps acquainted with the last item. It's beer, good beer, and in case you eat the same things we did you'll need it. *Enchiladas* and *chiles rellenos* are hot stuff on top of which a cold bottle of Monterrey's *Carta Blanca*, the beer that made Milwaukee jealous, sits very soothingly. In English, *chiles rellenos* are stuffed peppers. But don't let that fool you. They are not sweet peppers. On the contrary, they are hot enough, almost, to make the smoke come out of your ears, and yet when filled with a very indigestible cheese made from goats' milk, and tomatoes and onions and chopped meat, there is something about them that makes you keep on eating despite their indubitable warning that there will be a hot time in the old man this evening.

The *enchilada*, almost equally fiery, is a somewhat complicated structure of which the *tortilla* is the foundation. The *tortilla* is a Mexican flapjack made of ground corn, salt and water, and cooked without grease, on top of the stove. In its native state the *tortilla*, flat, round, pliable and leathery, is the staff of life to about eighty per cent of the people of Mexico, who also use it in place of spoons, forks and chopsticks. Eating with a *tortilla* is very simple. All you do is curl it into the form of a scoop and with it shovel into yourself whatever else the meal consists of. Thus, generally speaking, the *tortilla* is a very humble article of diet, but when it turns itself into an *enchilada* it assumes a good deal of dignity. The *enchilada* is made by laying a *tortilla* flat on a plate, covering it with a half inch of chopped onions, cheese, meat, chicken and many other ingredients unknown to this writer, covering that with another *tortilla*, pouring over that an authoritative sauce made of either red or green *chile*, and then, as a capstone which will disguise its real devilment, concealing the whole thing under a fried egg.

Doing Things with Beans

Eat one of those, as they are prepared anywhere in Mexico, and when you've recovered you'll almost instantly come back for more. You can't help it. It's an alluring dish, especially if along with it you have some *frijoles fritos*. *Frijoles fritos* are fried beans, but again they are not pale and anemic like the beans you are used to. The Mexican bean is about four times as big as the one from Boston, and at least four times as nutritious. Next to the *tortilla*, it is Mexico's staple food and is generally prepared by merely boiling it with nothing to help it out except salt. Even that way the Mexican beans are an improvement on ours, but listen, you gastronomes: after they're boiled, mash 'em up, put 'em in a pan with plenty of bacon fat, fry 'em until they are nice and brown and have absorbed plenty of bacon flavor and they become a culinary achievement.

Of course, though, if you don't want to eat native food in the Hotel Ancina you don't have to. It is a hotel with an ambition, and a history that it is trying to live up to, and therefore will serve you with anything in the way of food or drink that you care to order.

Years ago the Ancina started out to become the best hotel in all Mexico and, having spent a million dollars on the idea, was all ready for its grand opening when suddenly the Carranza revolutionists swooped in, captured Monterrey and, seizing the perfectly new establishment, turned it into a military headquarters, with cavalry horses stabled in the office and the main dining-room, and with drunken officers shooting the chandeliers out of the ceilings, the eyeballs out of the girls in the murals and the ears and arms off the statuary. For years after that patriotic visitation the beautiful hotel, beautiful no longer, remained closed. However, the opening of the new highway has reopened the Ancina, restored its murals, repaired its statuary, redecorated its Mexican Red Room, so that in case you like vivid coloring it is again beautiful.

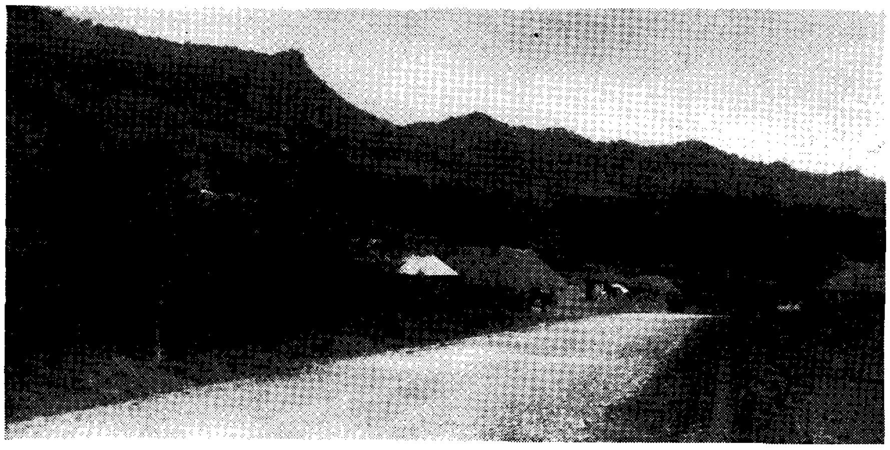
The city of Monterrey itself deserves close inspection. It is Mexico's Pittsburgh, except that in contrast with Mr. Andy Mellon's town in Pennsylvania it is one of the cleanest, most unruffled towns you have ever seen. Its language is soft and musical; its air is pure, clean and a delight to breathe; its streets and sidewalks, the latter of gay, red tile, always look as if they had just been vacuum-cleaned, while no one going along them is ever in a hurry.

A Lesson for Americans

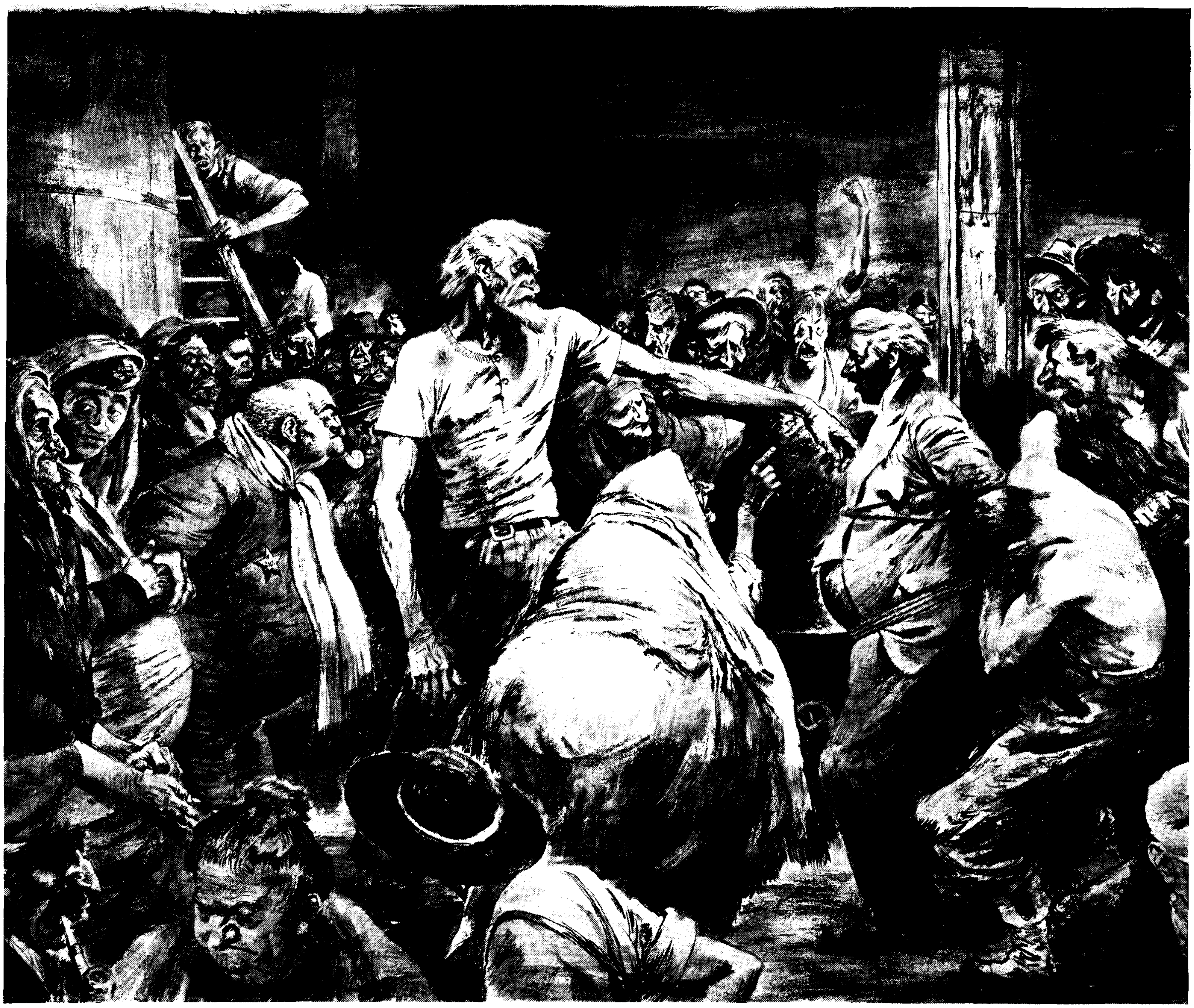
In other words, Monterrey, which produces steel, glass, beer, flour, cotton goods and dozens of other essential things in tremendous quantities, and yet takes a two-hour siesta every afternoon, is a splendid example of how to industrialize a community without giving everybody in it a perpetual headache. The secret of it is that Monterrey, which happily was not brought up on Benjamin Franklin's mottoes, never does anything today which it can put off until tomorrow.

A temporary headache to go with the morning after, though, is as easily acquired in Monterrey as in Pittsburgh. At least everyone told me it was and suggested that I could get mine by, first,

(Continued on page 49)



Above: Two views of primitive habitations along the new highway. These windowless and doorless huts house natives to whom the powered vehicle is still a mystery. **Left:** Excavation work on Toltec ruins at Teotihuacan. **Below:** The "Thieves Market" in Mexico, D.F. **Right:** The beautiful floating gardens of the Aztecs at Xochimilco, which are still under cultivation



"By Joe," roars Old Man Cunningham Yackey, "you come jest in time to see a hangin' "

Bushwhacker Brew

A rousing, rattling romance of good old Pike County, where they make grand sorghum beer

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD M. DAVIS

"WHO set fire to the Bushwhacker sorghum beer brewery, Doc?" I asked.

"Sorghum beer itself done it," Doc said.

"Who started the big riot?"

"Sorghum beer."

"Who shot that insurance investigator?"

"Sorghum beer."

"H'mph," I said, "I suppose you'll blame sorghum beer for making Lisha Moseby fall in love with Tom Ned Sible?"

WHY, dern you—said Doc Fraser, the sage of Pike County, Missouri—of course it was sorghum beer! Old Bushwhacker grows the hardiest red hogs and the best sorghum beer in the hull state of Missouri. The importance of sorghum beer to them folks up in Bushwhacker ain't never been properly emphasized. Why, son, Bushwhacker sorghum beer ain't merely a drink; it's an experience. Yep, and a eddication.

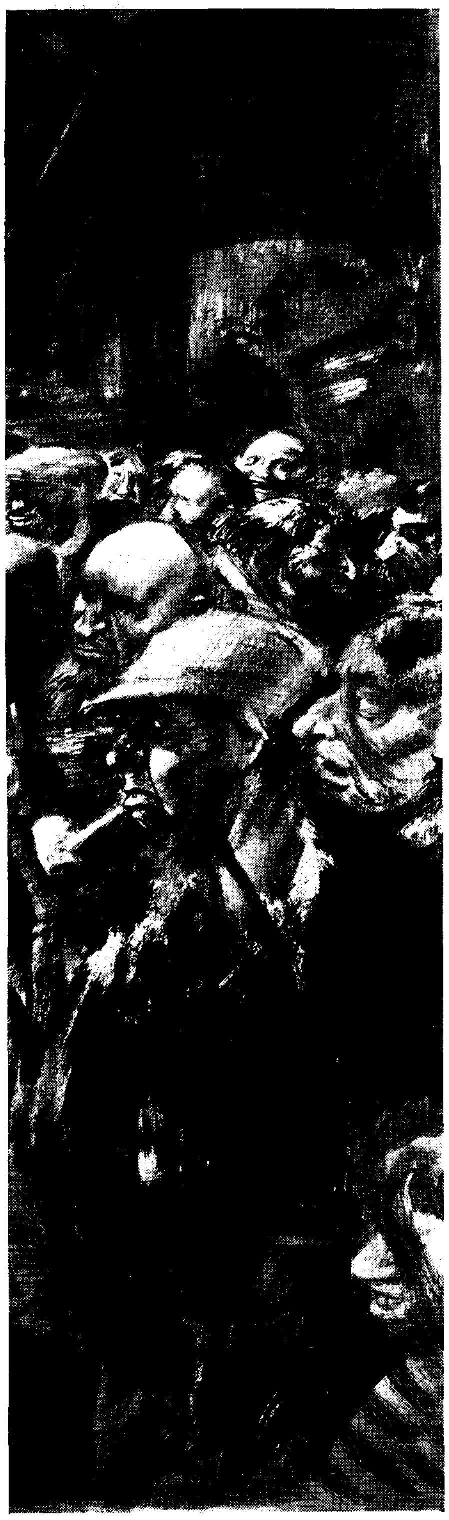
A man couldn't make it in Bushwhacker without his sorghum beer. Every tother season they get a big dry in Bushwhacker and betwixt the big dries it rains all the time. But sorghum beer fixes thet pesky climate jest right; let a Bushwhacker farmer down a three-breath drink an' he thinks he's in Los Angeles, Californie, or heaven, dependin' on the quality of his brew. I've seed Harley Tuppett look at a burnt-out sorghum patch and a field of popcorn thet wouldn't make pig-nubbins; guzzle himself a swaller of sorghum beer, r'ar back an' yell: "I'm buying a new see-dan this fall!" Fact.

You've asked me some mighty pert questions concerning the fust and only factory ever built in Bushwhacker. You want to know who set fire to it and who shot thet nosey insurance man f'm Saint Looey. You've been purty dern' reckless with yer questions about the big riot. They'd hang you in Bushwhacker fer thet alone! Not to mention the plumb careless way you've referred to Lisha Moseby and Tom Ned Sible. Strange and wonderful things has been happening in Bushwhacker; but what you don't know is thet Bushwhacker stands at the crossroads of heestory.

Fact. And I ain't had any sorghum beer, neither. The crossroads of heestory. Fact. A fire, a riot and a shooting is only natchel Bushwhacker doings; Tom Ned Sible an' Lisha Moseby is only love performing its wonders. But the big upshot of it all, the real signeeficance is yet to come. I speak as a man and a Demycrat, son. The United States is a-going hell-bent fer a mighty dangerous idea. Bushwhacker ain't. Bushwhacker has r'ared back on its hind legs and hollered "Whoa!" Old Bushwhacker is braced agin the britching.

Sorghum beer done it, son. Jest as Bushwhacker was a-rushing towards the jumping-off place with the rest of the country, sorghum beer come to the rescue.

And now I'll stop speaking in riddles



and take up the case of Tom Ned Sible who was the cause of the hull business.

Tom Ned was raised in Bushwhacker and was knowed as the likeliest young feller in them hills. You wouldn't ask fer a better partner to pull a crosscut saw through a white oak butt. He won the corn-shucking contest over to the Bottom three years hand-running and there was talk of sending him to the national finals in Illinois. He was a dancer and a banjo fiddler to boot. Twenty year old and plumb handsome, Tom Ned had the gals all wrapped up and tied with rawhide string. Bushwhacker bragged on him. And why not? Tom Ned had developed his talents on a diet of red hog sidemeat and sorghum beer.

Talk? Why, thet boy, properly primed with sorghum beer, could talk the hind leg off Adam's ox. They tell me he met Lisha Moseby at a basket dinner in Hobart one Sunday, talked to her fer thutty minutes and the next day they was engaged. Fact. I've seed Tom Ned sell a moon-blind mare with heaves to Bunk Whitman, the smartest trader in Pike and Lincoln counties. I've heard him talk down Ansel Mackey, a born auctioneer, and peddle some red hog shoats thet didn't belong in the sale at all. Sorghum beer, son.

We-ell, in this twenty-fust year Tom Ned had a windfall. His uncle Carabie Sible dropped dead over to Peoria, Illinois, and left Tom Ned five thousand dollars. All us folks expected thet Tom Ned would marry Lisha Moseby right off and go to farming fer hisself. We knowed Tom Ned would lose his five thousand farming; but it'd be gradual—maybe five year, maybe ten. We jest wasn't prepared fer any quick comeuppance.

The fust warning we had was brung to Eolia by old man Cunningham Yackey.

"By Joe!" says old man Cunningham Yackey, a-r'aring back in Johnny Baloodian's store, "thet boy Tom Ned Sible is headed fer disaster. He taken a sudden notion agin sorghum beer! Wouldn't drink nary drop at silo-fillin'."

All the boys stared at old man Cunningham.

"How come, Mr. Yackey?" asked Miller Ben Bowcock. "Has Mr. Tom Ned got the trench mouth?"

"Nope, sonny, he ain't. Sorghum beer is a sure cure fer trench mouth."

"Maybe he's got the stomick ulcers," someone says.

"Sorghum beer is a sure cure fer stomick ulcers, by Joe!" says old man Cunningham Yackey. "We cain't make no excuses fer Tom Ned. He's jest turned agin sorghum beer an' he's a gone gosling!"

NO TRUER words was ever spoke. Next, news come thet Tom Ned Sible had pocketed his five thousand dollars and had went off on the bus to Saint Looey. He didn't take Lisha Moseby with him, neither. Bushwhacker folks who talked to Tom Ned afore he left allowed the boy said he was going to night school at Washington University in Saint Looey and be a city man.

The full horror of it struck me when Lisha Moseby walked inter my office to pay on a bill her daddy owed me fer doctoring one of his mules.

Son, a man who will turn agin sorghum beer will turn agin the purtiest gal in ten counties. Lisha Moseby was jest about thet. She could make an old man like me straighten his suspenders and act like a dern' fool, stepping high and trying to think up cute remarks outer thin air.

"Hope one of them mules founders hisself on sorghum mash right soon, Miss Lisha," says I, "because I allus like to visit your daddy's place."

Lisha was in no spirits fer joshing.

"Daddy will pay the other five dollars when he sells his calves, Doc," she said, sad and peaked.

"I hear Tom Ned is taking a little trip," says I.

"Yes. To Saint Louis."

"Be gone long?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Thet money he inherited will last Tom Ned about six months in the city," says I, trying to cheer her up. "Then he'll come back and settle down."

Lisha smoothes her corn-yaller hair and tightens her chin so the dimples don't show. Her eyes look like a heifer thet's jest been weaned.

"He won't ever come back," says Lisha, "and that's okay by me. I don't associate with immoral men."

I looked at her right hard.

"Tom Ned immoral? Pshaw, now, Miss Lisha—"

"All I know is he's too good to drink sorghum beer," says Lisha, scornful, "and that generally means the very worst in our neighborhood. The last man who turned against sorghum beer in Bushwhacker was Mr. Smiley Robbins. I reckon you remember what happened to him!"

Lisha moped outer the door.

What say? We-ell, son, Smiley Robbins he turned agin sorghum beer of a Saturday night and Sunday arternoon they found Missus Smiley Robbins with her throat cut an' two of the children with their heads bashed in. Smiley hisself was hanging down a cistern. Fact.

Life in Bushwhacker, son, jest ain't supportable without sorghum beer. What say? Drunk? You mean intoxicated? Why, son, no man ever got intoxicated on sorghum beer. A three-breath drink makes a man mellow; a five-breath drink—you can drain a gallon jug in five breaths or you ain't a *man*—brings puffect happiness. Anything beyond thet amount of sorghum beer jest puts a feller to sleep. And if a man can't get happy on a gallon of sorghum beer he *ought* to go to sleep. But don't never call sorghum beer *intoxicating*. Them teetotal hard-shell Baptists in Bushwhacker would give you a pistol-whupping and a skunking fer blaspheming agin sorghum beer. Didn't the good Lord make red hogs and sorghum beer; an' didn't He make Bushwhacker?

Tom Ned Sible? I was a-coming to him.

Five years arter Tom Ned turned agin sorghum beer and left Bushwhacker, he walked inter my office in Eolia.

I hardly knowed the boy. He'd allus been so full of natchel hoomor and high spirits afore. Now, he looked six inches taller and about twenty pounds leaner and his eyes was plumb different. They burned bright like he had the fever and was a mite teched in the haid. He wore a city suit and had a city shine on his shoes.

"Remember me, Doc?" says Tom Ned Sible.

"Yep," says I. "You used ter be Tom Ned, but I ain't a-going to be a dern' bit surprised by anything you say you are now!"

TOM NED never cracked a smile. Five years without sorghum beer tells on a man.

"I'm still Tom Ned, Doc," says he, "and I've come back home to stay. I'm working for the United States government."

"Reckon you're well fixed, then," I says, "I figger you've doubled yer inheritance."

It didn't feeze Tom Ned.

"Oh, no," he says, "I spent nearly all my money on an education and I'm working for a very moderate salary. It's really a labor of love, Doc. I've come home to help rehabilitate old Bushwhacker!"

"D-do which?" I stammered.

"Surely you've heard of the work the government is doing to help backward rural communities, Doc?" Tom Ned said. "We're spending forty million dollars!"

I led the boy inter the shade on my side porch and told the nigger to fetch a jug of sorghum beer. But Tom Ned wouldn't tech a drop.

Says he: "I've come home to manufacture sorghum beer, not to drink it. The government and private capital in St. Louis are going fifty-fifty to build a modern sorghum beer brewery in Bushwhacker. What do you think of that?"

Well, sir, us Pike County Demycrats is unterrified and plumb loyal; but the scheme Tom Ned Sible had come home with shook my poleetical faith to the foundations. Them fellers in Washington had decided old Bushwhacker wasn't prosperous enough. They had sent Tom Ned to build a beer factory in them hills. Instead of farming half the year an' hunting coons and foxes the tother half, folks in Bushwhacker was to work six months farming and six months in the beer factory for cash money wages. Fact.

I WAS jest about to bust out with cuss words, when Tom Ned, dern him, he says: "I want *you* to be my executive assistant at a salary of three hundred dollars a month!"

Son, I wrastled with my better self for a full three minutes; but *I* won.

"Tom Ned," says I, "I've worked fer the Demycratic party, man and boy, fer sixty-odd year. Maybe I desarve thet salary—fer one month, anyhow. Maybe there's something to this scheme, arter all."

Yep, I said it. And Tom Ned he smiled fer the fust time.

"Mighty glad you're going to be with us, Doc,," he said. "You have influence with Bushwhacker folks. They think I'm a young upstart, but they'll listen to you."

I stopped thinking about thet three hundred dollars a month long enough to remember Lisha Moseby.

"Seed Lisha yet?" says I.

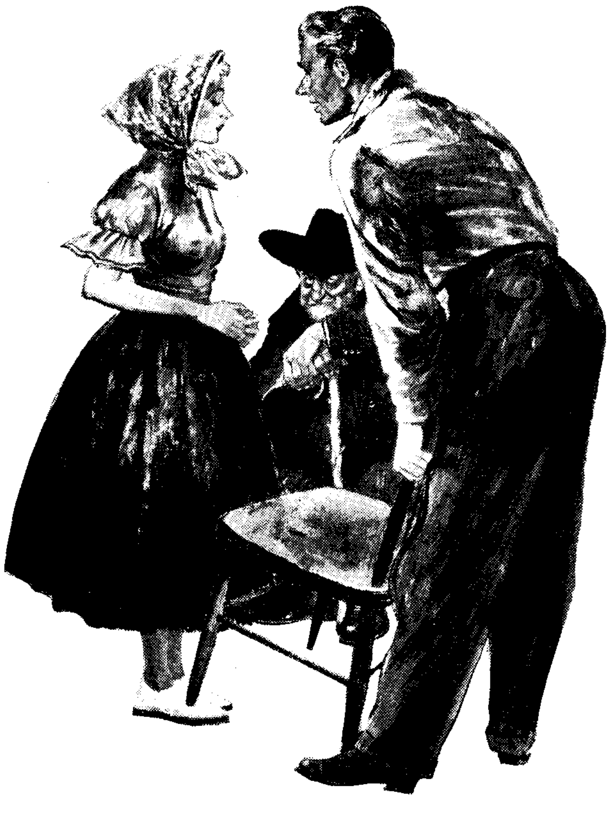
Tom Ned turned red as a rooster's comb.

"Not yet, Doc. But I've been writing to her."

"Had any answers?"

"Not yet. She . . . uh . . . she thought I went back on her." Then Tom Ned stands up. "But I haven't gone back on

(*Continued on page 61*)



"Good morning," says Lisha. "I would like a job"

A winter of indoor training and the Columbia crews take to the water for the long grind that leads to Poughkeepsie in June

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

Ready All!

By Alastair MacBain

Look, there are the crews lined up for the start of the Poughkeepsie regatta. You can hardly tell them apart; they've been through the same grind; one of them is going to win. And it won't be a matter of chance. One shell holds a winning crew. What makes it that; what makes an oarsman go on to victory against the protest of bursting lungs and aching muscles? Mr. MacBain takes you into a racing shell to see for yourself

THERE was the time that old Charlie Courtney, venerable dean of Cornell rowing, slammed his megaphone down in disgust on the deck of the coaching launch and swore hopelessly at the motley assortment of lean, gangling youngsters in the freshman crew. They tugged and sweated and grunted in the hot sun, their breaths coming in short, agonized gasps, their eyes rolling, their scrawny arms sagging as they tried in vain to keep the shell on an even keel. "Why do you bother about teaching these gawky kids to row?" someone asked him. "Why *don't you go out and buy yourself* a bunch of boilermakers somewhere, and have a real crew?"

Old Man Courtney shook his head. "Listen," he frowned. "You couldn't hire a man to do this. . . ."

It takes more than a boilermaker with muscles on his chest to make an oarsman. It takes more than the proverbial strong back and weak mind. There is more to it than the mental discipline, the determination, even the long grueling months of Spartan self-denial that mark the training period of a college crew. There is a mysterious something else that goes into the picture, an unknown in the chemical formula, a quality which even your veteran coach cannot define. He just knows it when he sees it, that's all. Old Dick Glendon, for instance, strolling down the street behind five or six husky undergraduates, identical in camel's-hair coats and white sports shoes, can glance at their backs briefly and nod at one of them without hesitation.

"That second from the left," he will tell you, "is an oarsman. . . ."

How does he know? What does he look for, say, when a half hundred freshmen report to him at the rowing tanks for the first time in the fall, many of whom have never held a sweep in their hands before? What guides him as he looks over the mongrel squad, nods at this one, passes up that one entirely, weeds them out expertly as though he were picking the best pups from a litter, and selects at least eight candidates from the group to form his first boat? What makes an oarsman?

Take the coach's megaphone yourself and stand here in front of the twisting, shuffling squad. They are all stripped down alike, naked as a stableful of colts, shifting from one foot to the other and eying you uneasily. Some are in rowing trunks, others in their shorts, some in socks or unlaced sneakers. There are pale, lanky kids, all elbows and knees, short, squat youngsters bronzed with the sun, lean ones, stoop-shouldered ones, knock-kneed and bowlegged and freckled ones.

Pick the Winners

A shaggy-chested and muscular giant swells his biceps and struts to catch your eye, a lanky youth with an Adam's apple you could hang your hat on slinks behind the rest in blushing self-consciousness, a fat one with a roll around his waist like one of Frank Buck's pythons beams at you hopefully, a cocky candidate prances slightly on the balls of his feet, shadow-boxing, weaving, joggling the others with the heel of his hand, grinning with confidence. The personnel of your first boat is somewhere in this nondescript collection. All you have to do is to find it.

The Old Man steps up beside you, takes away the megaphone, gives a quick, appraising glance at their necks, their wrists, their thighs—points you might have overlooked. He looks at their jaws and at their eyes. He points the short end of his megaphone curtly at one after another of the group.

"You," he says briefly. "And you—you—you, over there—"

One of the kids the coach has selected *shuffles nervously across the platform* and stops in front of him. "Did you mean me?" he asks incredulously.

"You want to row in the freshman boat, don't you?" the Old Man answers.

The kid *grins for a second, then* glances at his feet and shakes his head solemnly. "I guess you didn't notice my feet, sir. They dropped me off the football and basketball squads because of my feet. They said they are too big and get in my way."

"Never mind about that," the Old Man answers patiently. "We've got a pair of shoes on that bow footrest big enough for Charlie Chaplin."

He picks eight men that day; and although he may shift them around, although he may try one at port and another at starboard, although a few may fall by the wayside and a few others may not pan out as he expected, the chances are that most of those eight that he picked at a glance will be rowing under the bridge at Poughkeepsie in the freshman shell the following June.

How did he choose them? Why did he pass up that hairy-chested giant with the massive biceps that you had had your eye on, and select instead the lanky youth with the Adam's apple and the bony shanks? That lanky kid's arms are long and his hands and wrists are big. He hasn't much muscle yet, but he's young and limber. The coach knows that a loosely made youngster can relax between strokes, that he will be pulling his weight in the last half-mile when some of the heavier men will be tied up in knots, having to rush their slides on the recovery to keep up with the pace.

That embroyo three-hundred-pounder *that he sent to the number seven seat,* for instance, may have a build right now like a ton of loose coal dumped on the lawn, but he will pull a strong oar when he grinds off a few layers of that baby fat. He has a fighter's jaw. The Old Man picked him for that jaw. A jaw like that is what you want to back up the stroke when the going gets tough and it's time to raise the beat.

Something More than Muscle

Why did he fill the two seat with that thick-set farmer with the barrel chest and big thighs, instead of picking the cordy youngster with calloused hands that show he has rowed before? Well, in the first place, previous experience may have taught faults that will take months of coaching to undo; and in addition it requires a pretty husky man at number two on the port side to offset the advantage in leverage of the bow oar on the starboard.

The Old Man looks at more than their shoulders, their thighs, their hands. He looks at their faces. He looks at the serious, set lines of their mouths to find the dogged determination necessary to carry them through the man-killing hours of training they must undergo. He looks at the vertical line between their eyebrows, knotted in a thoughtful scowl, to find the discipline and self-control that will enable them to shun the lure of wine, women and song. He looks at their eyes, and through their eyes into their minds, for the enthusiasm and zeal and the fanatic singleness of purpose that make an oarsman.

During the first few weeks of practice the coach must single out from these new recruits the men who are willing to punish themselves and discard the cautious youngsters who never use more than the minimum drive necessary to get in and out with the rest of the crew on each stroke.

A few years ago the Old Man was shifting the men in his freshman eight to find the fastest combination for their first race, then only a month away. His final experiment was to pick the right man for the number five seat. There were two possible candidates for the position and they looked equally able as they alternated in the seat from day to day. Jones, the taller of the two, rowed a smooth, well-finished stroke, but Ellis sent down a big swirling puddle from his oar at the end of each swing. At last the Old Man called the two men to him.

"Jones," he said, "and you, Ellis, will have to decide yourselves who's going to row at five. Until one of you proves he's the man for the job you'll have to take turn about."

"I guess maybe I don't row right,

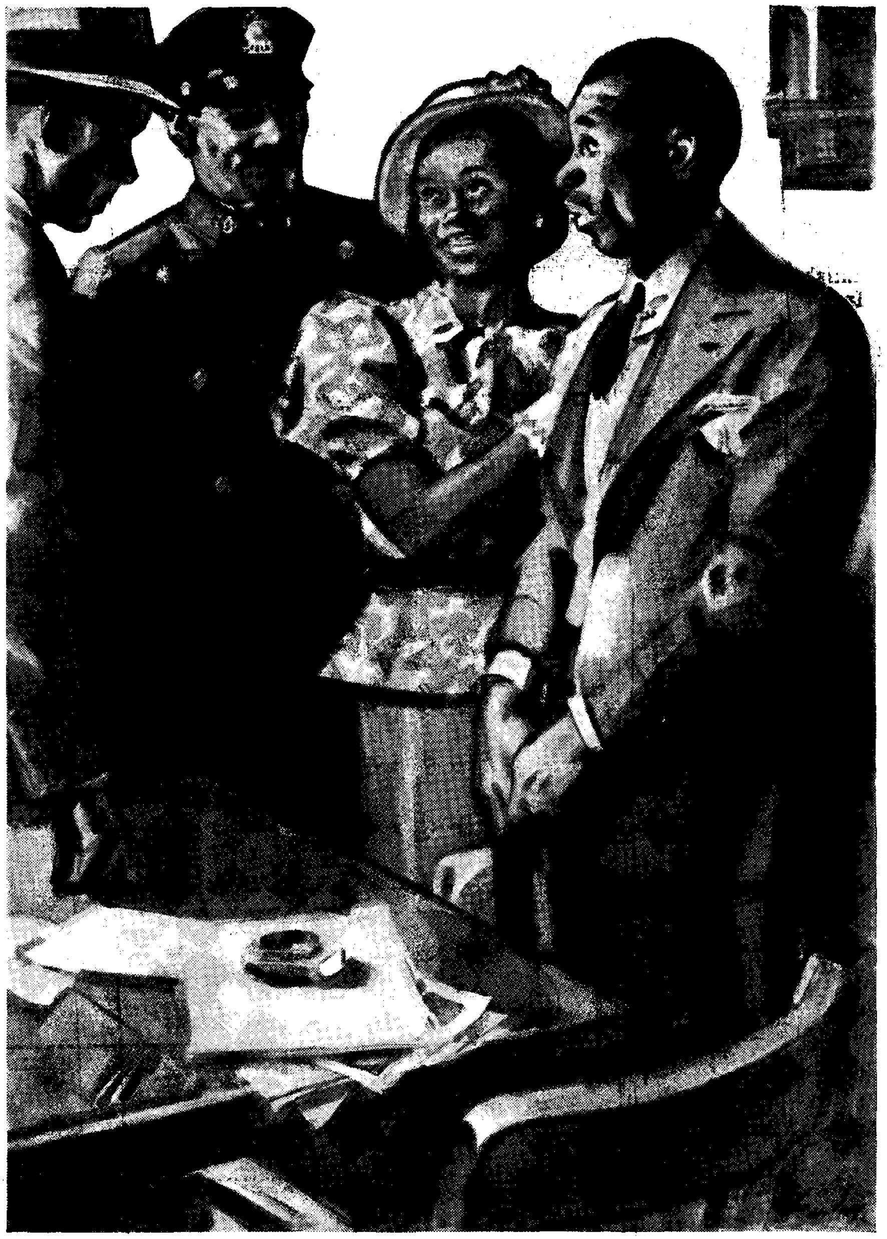
(*Continued on page* 59)

Black Magic

Detective O'Malley tackles another mystery, aided by a killer and a cat

By William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS



"I wanted a chahm so he wouldn't nevah love no othah woman," she said

"A GUY up in Harlem got pushed off," O'Malley said. "He was a Greek and claimed to be a sorcerer. He sold charms to do all kinds of things for people, but he didn't have no charm that told him someone was going to stick a knife in him. Here's what he looked like."

He had a photograph. The Greek's name had been John Pakos. He was a fat, pale, unemotional-looking man and in the picture he seemed like something carved in ivory. The photograph showed several stab wounds.

"He looks more like a sybarite than a mystic," I decided.

"That's a couple of good words. We can't get nothing on the case, that's certain. The people in that neighborhood are mostly colored. They were afraid of this conjure-guy and they ain't talking. A lot of strangers come to consult the Greek and a good many of 'em was white. A girl found the guy's body. A young colored fellow was found hiding in the place and the police put the collar on him when they got there. They got him at headquarters."

"Do they think he did it?" I inquired.

"The cops that pinched him do. They seem to have some proof on him. Well, I suppose I got to try to find out what I can about it. Let's begin."

We began by talking with the young man at headquarters. His name was Ralph Waling. He was twenty years old and neatly dressed. They had the girl there too. She was a lively-looking colored girl who said she was eighteen. She had been crying.

"Did you knock this wizard off?" O'Malley asked the youth.

"No, suh. I didn't."

"How come they found you hiding in his place?"

"I told them othah officers all about that. Amelia had been going theah to see him, and she wouldn't tell me what she went theah fo'. So I went to see."

Amelia plainly was the girl with him.

"You and Amelia goin' together?"

The boy and girl both nodded.

"Okay. Go on."

"Yes, suh. I figahed to wait theah in the hall, but I found out his doah wasn't fastened, so I went on in and hid theah. Then Amelia come and rung the bell, and afteh a while she tried the doah. So she come in and didn't see me, and she went on inside and found that dead witch doctah. Of cou'se I staid theah with her till the cops come, and then they brought me heah."

"What was you going to this wizard for?" O'Malley asked the girl.

She had begun to smile now. "Why, mistuh, Ralph and I was figahing to get married. I wanted a chahm so he wouldn't nevah love no othah woman and I had to go theah several times while the chahm was being made. I couldn't tell Ralph about it because the witch doctah said if I did it wouldn't work."

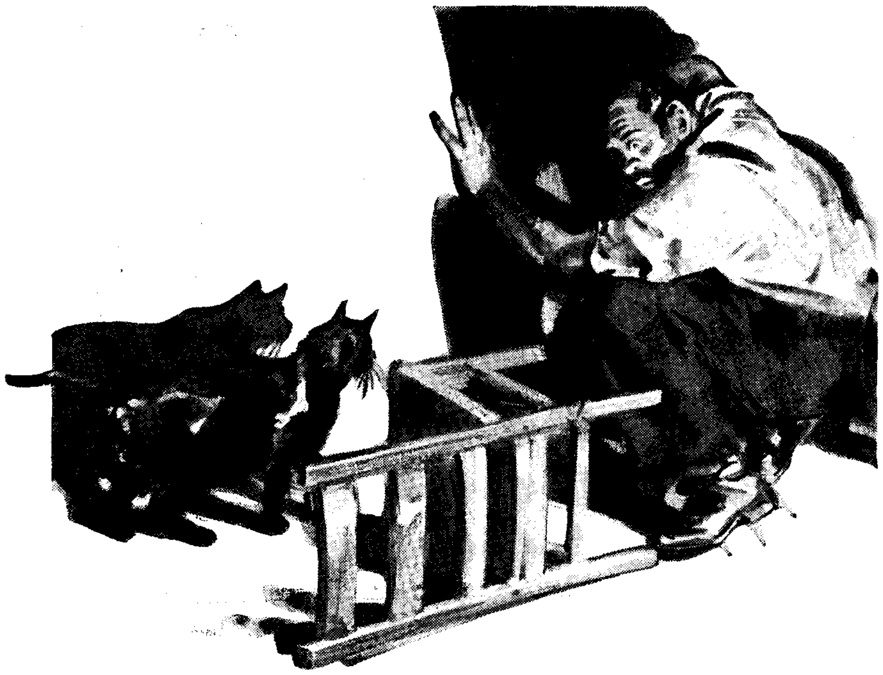
"Did you find blood on this guy?" O'Malley asked one of the cops.

"We sure did."

WE WENT to Harlem. There was no trouble finding the right building. A lot of people stood staring at the windows. Within, a colored woman showed us the door of the sorcerer's apartment, but she only pointed it out; she wouldn't go near. We found a police officer inside reading a newspaper.

"They don't need no cop to guard this joint," he informed us. "There won't any of these folks come within a hundred feet of it. I don't really blame 'em. Take a look."

We inspected the place. It was a basement apartment of half a dozen rooms and it had several entrances. The walls were hidden by colored hangings. Grotesque masks of papier-mâché and distorted half-human figures were suspended from the ceilings. There were glass jars containing small animals and insects, and a lot of little packages sewed carefully in cloth which evidently were charms. We opened one of them. There was only dust in it mixed with the legs and wings of insects.



He backed away and then crouched in a corner staring at the cat

The witch doctor had been killed in the kitchen and we found the blood there. The biggest black tomcat that I ever had seen sat on a high stool there and watched us suspiciously.

"WAS it the cops stirred this place up?" O'Malley asked the officer.

"They searched it, but they said they left everything just like it was."

O'Malley tried to pet the cat, but it showed its teeth threateningly and snarled at him like a dog.

"'S a tough cat," he commented.

"This place has a lot of outside doors," I said—"front and back, and two that open into the hallway of the building."

"A guy in this guy's business needs a lot of doors. Most people don't want it known they come to see him."

We examined the doors. One of the doors into the hallway had been found unlocked. They all locked with keys; there were no spring locks. There was a key in the locked kitchen door and on the floor there was another like it. O'Malley took one of them. We found nothing to help us, and went outside and questioned neighbors along the street and the tradesmen to learn whether they had noted anything unusual at the time the witch doctor was killed. The best we got was from a man who kept a meat market across the street. He said the witch doctor had been out; he had seen him go in at his street door, and afterward he had seen the boy and, later, the girl go in at the entrance of the building. After we got that, we found other people who confirmed it.

"You like black cats?" O'Malley asked me when we had finished questioning them.

"Not that one!" I replied. "I'm not

(*Continued on page 38*)

Captain Jenkins' Ear

By Jacland Marmur

A rousing yarn of the good old days when Salem men, in Salem ships, were writing their saga

THE heavy stone arch of the east gate to the city of Cartagena opens a framed prospect of ancient, cobbled quays where the spars of ships rock gently against the sky. Beyond, at dusk, the waters of the bay gleam in pools of blue and beryl; and the northeast trade, fresh from the mouth of the Mexican Gulf, mutters constantly of the fabulous Caribbees, rich storehouse of Spanish spice and gold and slaves.

In 1739 the stones of that archway were already yellow with a century of age. Francis Drake knew of it, and de Pointis. Sir Henry Morgan himself had come under its lure, though he never reached it, sniffing the wind that blows to the south and west from the high poop of his ship Satisfaction. And in that year, when Roger Blake brushed through the crowded gateway, there was great news once more on the coasts of the Spanish Main. England, despite all Sir Robert Walpole could do, was at last at war with Spain.

Blake hurried into the shadows of the eastern gate against the tide of excited men, his fisherman's cloak close under his chin. A bearded fellow jostled him, lifted a swarthy face, and shook a fist gleefully in the air.

"Did you hear the news just brought from Puerto Velo, brother?" the face cried thickly. "Clipped the Englishman's ear, so the captain of our ship Isabel did, an' sent it home to his London town by packet post from Panama. There's a sense of humor for you! Don't understand half they hear, anyways. What good's more'n one ear to an Englishman? You heard, did you, brother?"

"Aye," Blake murmured, "indeed, I heard."

"*Por Dios!* We will teach them." The fellow snorted disdainfully into the upper air. "Admiral Vernon and the British fleet! Pah! By my soul, I wish I had an English ear to carve tonight!"

CAPTAIN ROGER BLAKE, shipmaster out of the Massachusetts colony, watched the unknown Spaniard's head bob away on a flood of jostling humanity. His lean, hard features, burned by the sun and wind of that new ocean, wrinkled in a wry smile.

"You have missed your best chance for that," he murmured in English to himself. "Though I wonder these days whether you can properly call a Salem man a blooded Britisher."

He turned into the shadows. Behind him the stone houses and latticed windows of the city became curiously stained with orange and cobalt, holding all that remained of the light of day. On the cobbled quay there was the suck and gurgle of water, the complaint of moored ships. Distantly, a crippled lamp lighter crept along putting flame to the gusty lanthorns as he mumbled his ancient counsel to guard the coming night.

The frown deepened on Blake's face. He was thinking of Captain Robert Jenkins, an English master mariner who had lost an ear for daring to sail in Spanish seas. Roger wondered how he had managed to keep his own head these past months, running between the *guarda costas* to trade in the forbidden ports. In London, Sir Robert Walpole, Prime Counselor to the Crown, had been struggling to prevent an inevitable war. And he would have succeeded, too, but for Captain Jenkins' ear. An inspired patriot—who was also a shipowner of parts—rose on the floor of the House, waving dramatically a human ear before that august assemblage. Indignation instantly swept the rulers of England off their feet. The premier could cope successfully with arguments of reason and logic—but against the ear of a British sailor Sir Robert Walpole was powerless. War was declared that day. And although that honest master mariner had no inkling of it, when he sacrificed his ear for England Captain Jenkins inaugurated the end of the Spanish sea power and the flood tide of British trade.

BUT Roger Blake, on the quay of Cartagena, was thinking, too, of the bright face of a girl. Her hair was a dark cloud, and her eyes gray-blue, like the eyes of Massachusetts women. Strange that her mother's blood should run so dominant in her. But the Salem strain is strong, and the half of her that was Spanish was evident only in her voice when she spoke, a rich contralto hinting a deep and passionate nature; and her lips were red and brave.

Blake smiled at the thought of her. But it passed from his face at once and he stopped, as though idly, beside a bollard upon which a sailor sat staring to the deck of a little moored brig of some hundred-odd tons whose sails hung ready.

"Well, Jurio," he said quietly, "are you ready?"

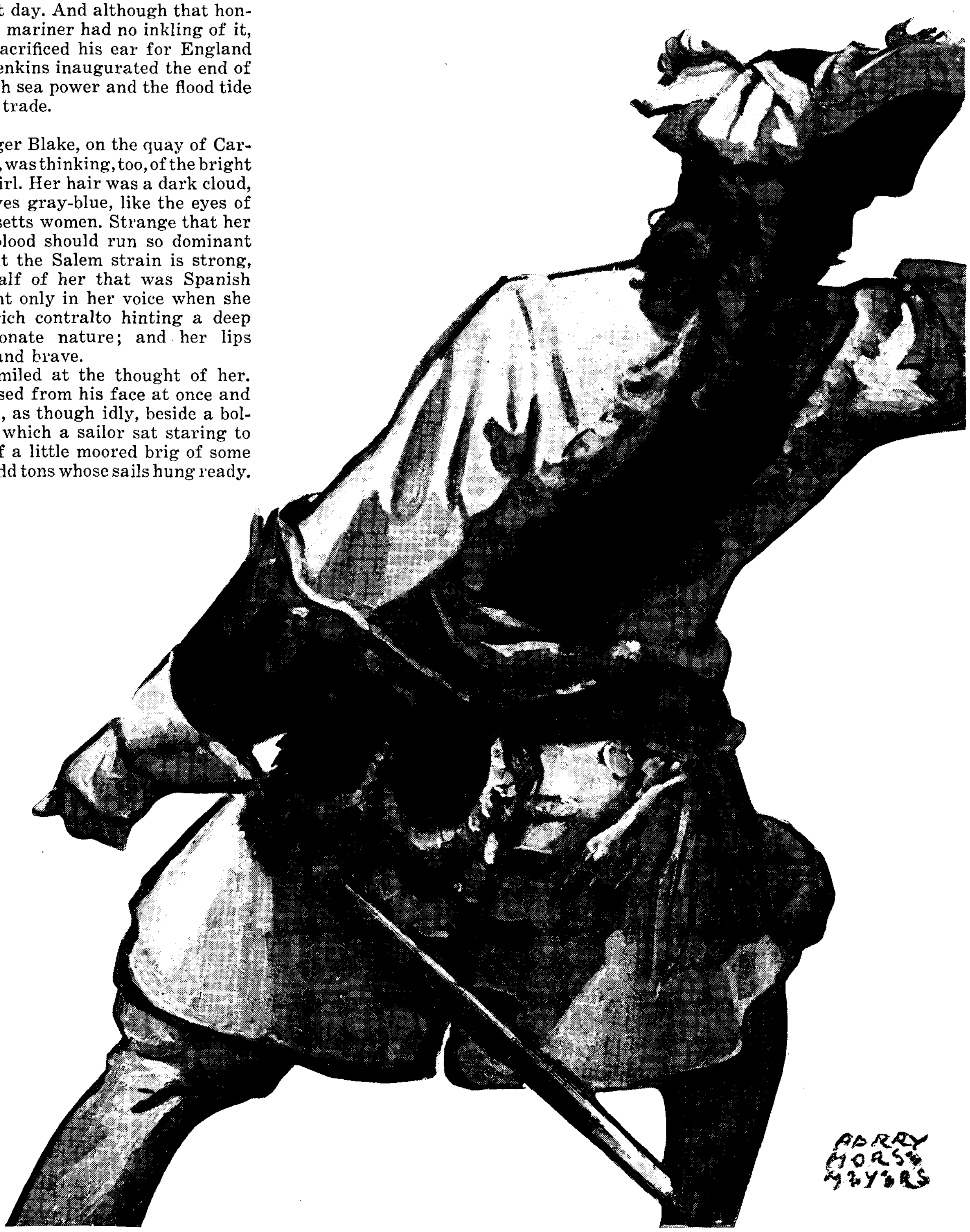
The seaman on the bollard turned humped shoulders slowly and took the stump of a pipe from between his lips. They barely parted as he spoke, but the brass ringlet in his ear swung with the movement of his head. "Right and ready, sir," he growled. "What have you heard?"

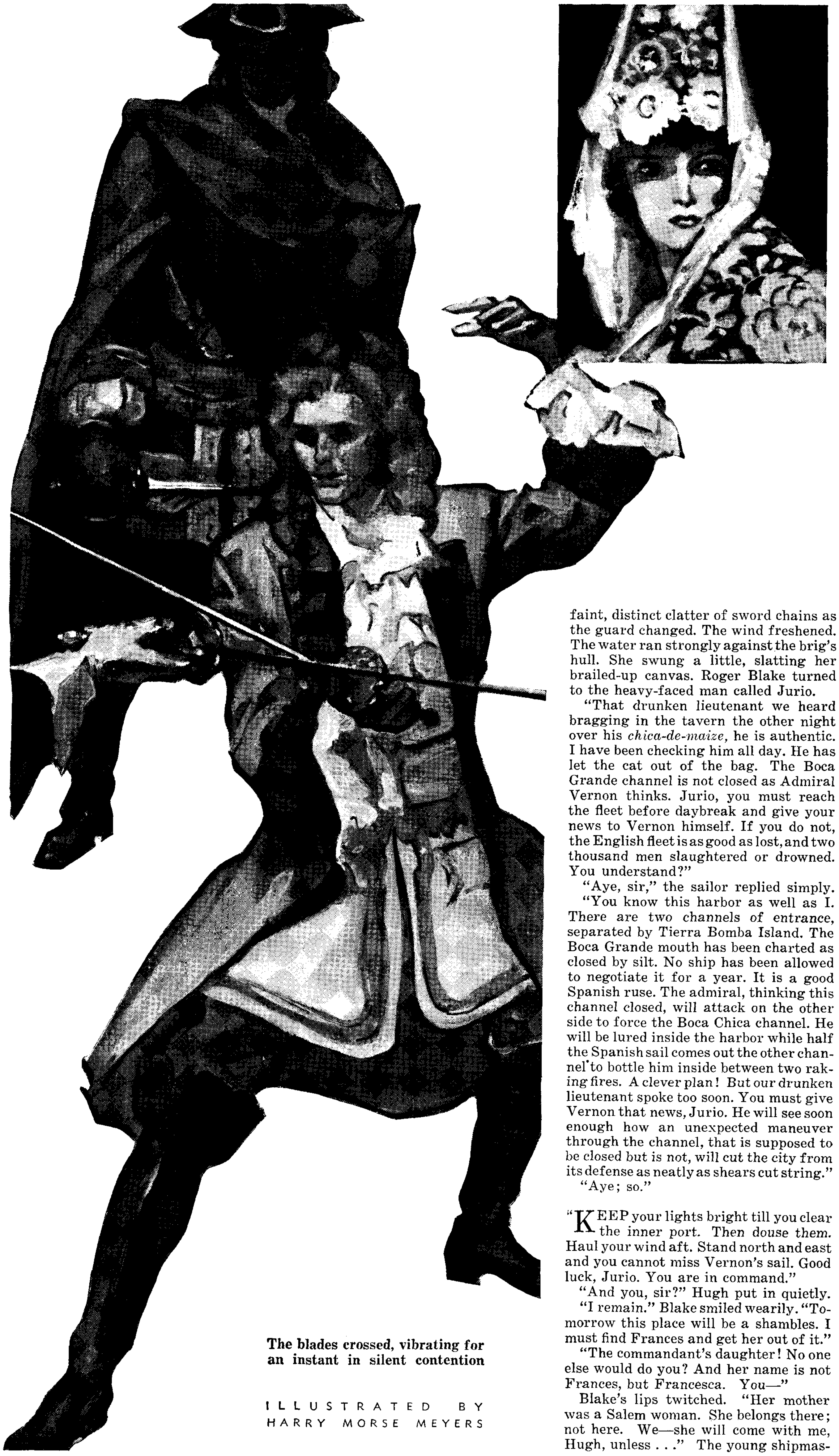
"It is true enough, Jurio. Admiral Vernon's sail will be off Tierra Bomba Island with tomorrow's sun—and the Spaniard is ready. If the admiral is not warned, he will be slaughtered."

The sailor grunted and let his feet down to the cobbles. From the low bulwark of the brig a young man swung to the quay. "Well, sir?" he asked.

Blake pushed back the hood of his cloak. In the gusting light it revealed his angular face, the tight line of sunbrowned jaw, and puckered eyes clouded with anxiety. "I have not seen her, Hugh. She was not at the rendezvous."

There was a moment of silence. At the quay end, where loomed the black mass of the Castillo Grande Fort and its stone tower facing the sea, there was a





The blades crossed, vibrating for an instant in silent contention

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

faint, distinct clatter of sword chains as the guard changed. The wind freshened. The water ran strongly against the brig's hull. She swung a little, slatting her brailed-up canvas. Roger Blake turned to the heavy-faced man called Jurio.

"That drunken lieutenant we heard bragging in the tavern the other night over his *chica-de-maize,* he is authentic. I have been checking him all day. He has let the cat out of the bag. The Boca Grande channel is not closed as Admiral Vernon thinks. Jurio, you must reach the fleet before daybreak and give your news to Vernon himself. If you do not, the English fleet is as good as lost, and two thousand men slaughtered or drowned. You understand?"

"Aye, sir," the sailor replied simply.

"You know this harbor as well as I. There are two channels of entrance, separated by Tierra Bomba Island. The Boca Grande mouth has been charted as closed by silt. No ship has been allowed to negotiate it for a year. It is a good Spanish ruse. The admiral, thinking this channel closed, will attack on the other side to force the Boca Chica channel. He will be lured inside the harbor while half the Spanish sail comes out the other channel to bottle him inside between two raking fires. A clever plan! But our drunken lieutenant spoke too soon. You must give Vernon that news, Jurio. He will see soon enough how an unexpected maneuver through the channel, that is supposed to be closed but is not, will cut the city from its defense as neatly as shears cut string."

"Aye; so."

"KEEP your lights bright till you clear the inner port. Then douse them. Haul your wind aft. Stand north and east and you cannot miss Vernon's sail. Good luck, Jurio. You are in command."

"And you, sir?" Hugh put in quietly.

"I remain." Blake smiled wearily. "Tomorrow this place will be a shambles. I must find Frances and get her out of it."

"The commandant's daughter! No one else would do you? And her name is not Frances, but Francesca. You—"

Blake's lips twitched. "Her mother was a Salem woman. She belongs there; not here. We—she will come with me, Hugh, unless . . ." The young shipmaster relaxed. That bright quality returned to his eyes. "It can't be helped. I remain. The *guarda costa* may clip Jurio's wings. If I can, I'll follow in an hour or two. One of us may get through."

Hugh nodded silently. "Get along, Jurio. We'll let go your lines."

"Hugh!"

Hugh grinned. "Partners in Salem—partners in Cartagena. I remain also."

Old Jurio peered solemnly from one to the other. Then, shrugging, he pulled at his club of hair in salute and swung aboard the brig. Hugh and Roger slipped the lines from the bollards. The ship fell quickly away, revealing suddenly a dark pool of water like oil. The two cloaked shapes remained standing side by side beneath a lanthorn's light, staring into darkness as the brig made way, her sail first white, then gray, then completely swallowed in darkness except for a single swinging light. Finally that, too, went out. The wet wind gusted the lamps of the quay and brushed the cheeks of the Salem men left alone in shadow in a strange place.

"You are a fool, Hugh," Roger murmured at the night.

"In a crazy venture like this," Hugh smiled, "two fools are better than one."

THEY were about to turn away. Behind them the clack of boots sounded, and a moment later a suave Spanish voice uttering English with a too-careful precision.

"Gentlemen," he said crisply, "you have done a most foolhardy thing. You should have sailed with the brig. Indeed, you should. It would have saved so much—ah—annoyance."

The two spun round. Roger's hand was beneath his cloak on the hilt of his sword. They found themselves facing a lean, hungry-looking man whose bright, sardonic eyes peered at them in obvious amusement; he was graceful to the point of elegance in the uniform of a captain of guards. His lips, between mustache and pointed beard, were tight and cruel.

"Yes," he drawled again, "it would have saved so much annoyance." He shrugged. "You are both under arrest."

"It might be wise to explain—"

"You shall do the explaining."

"And at once!" Roger agreed.

His sword point leaped clear. Hugh's did likewise. The Spaniard stepped back, drawing swiftly to meet Blake's blade. The two steels engaged in midair like crossed ribbons of light. The captain of guards curled his lip, holding the parry tight.

"You *are* fools!"

A DOZEN men sprang from the shadows. Before he could recover, Hugh took a staggering blow on the shoulder. Another musket butt shattered Roger's blade at the hilt. The struggle was over in an instant, both men disarmed. The captain of guards stepped back, laughing lightly. Roger shrugged.

"You certainly," he said curtly, "are not foolhardy. Perhaps one day we can meet when you are not so excellently convoyed."

"I doubt it. You see, Captain Roger Blake, you will not live long enough for that." He gestured with his hand. The guard closed about the two and marched toward the fort. The Spaniard continued speaking in his courteously disdainful voice. "Your fisherman's cloak and your assumed name of Rodriguez may be dropped now. And let me make myself known to you. I am Captain Ramon Desparto, who happens to be betrothed to his commandant's daughter, the lovely Francesca. The influence of her mother's northern blood makes her very willful. I am so sorry I was forced to keep her from her tryst with you tonight. . . . I will take you to her now."

Before a heavy oaken door at the

(Continued on page 32)

The Prodigal Nurse

By Teresa Hyde Phillips

The Story Thus Far:

UNWILLING to marry until she has seen something of life, twenty-one-year-old Celia Landis, just out of a nurses' training school in New York City, refuses to become the wife of young Dr. Anthony Starr, who loves her. And presently she is caught up in a mad whirl of adventures, the first of which comes when two men—the wealthy Carleton Daklin (whose beautiful wife is Celia's second patient) and Pat Braddock, once rich but now an artists' and advertisers' model—almost come to blows over her.

That experience leaves Celia without a job—she can, of course, no longer continue as Mrs. Daklin's nurse. But almost immediately she has another, not as a nurse but as a model. This one she obtains—with "United Models"—through the friendly cooperation of Carleton Daklin, who is the head of a great advertising agency.

A gloriously beautiful girl, Celia finds her new work fascinating; the photographers and advertisers keep her busy; and her income is surprisingly large. But she is far from happy; Carleton Daklin, to whom she is deeply indebted but of whose neglect of his attractive wife she does not at all approve, pursues her; together constantly, they give the gossips much food for discussion. And even Anthony Starr, who is well aware that Celia is not the sort of girl who will have a cheap "affair" with any man, gives ample evidence that he disapproves of the life she is leading.

At a party given by Miriam Calder, who "knows everyone in New York," Celia meets an attractive girl, Jane Leeds, and two well-known pianists: René LeMarr and Pietro Gallo. LeMarr occupies the studio suite just below Celia's, and there she goes one evening, to hear the two men play, after she and Daklin have dined together.

Jane Leeds is there, also. She listens to the music for a time; then, strolling over to LeMarr, she lays her hand on his shoulder and exclaims: "*Such* a musician, René!"

Gallo walks toward her and, to Celia's horror, deliberately slaps the girl. LeMarr leaps from the piano. "Pietro!" he shouts. But Gallo is in a frenzy of fury. Seizing a small paper knife, he stabs LeMarr, who staggers and falls back across the keyboard.

VI

IT WAS still for a moment. The piano strings gave out a moan where LeMarr had struck and the sound echoed against the walls. Celia, accustomed though she was to emergencies, did not move for a minute but stood rooted, feeling only a bewildered and inappropriate surprise. Never before had she seen anything like this happen but had dealt only with the dire results.

Then she came to herself and observed what went on around her. Gallo was standing with that expression of murderous hate turning into one of fear, and Jane had made no sound but was staring in hypnotized fascination at the slouched figure beside her.

"Is he—dead?" she breathed, her hands rising to her lips as if to control a scream, and at that Celia came to her senses.

"Help me," she said to Gallo, at once all nurse. She was lifting LeMarr, who was unconscious. "Put him on the couch," she ordered, and to Jane, "Do something, Jane, lift his feet, can't you?"

But Jane could not. Jane was indulging in hysterics, standing screaming by the piano while Celia and Gallo together lifted the wounded man and managed somehow to move him to the couch.

"Don't touch the knife," Celia said to Gallo. "Leave it alone and call the ambulance at once." She told him St. Martha's telephone number. "Hurry." There was nothing to be done until the doctors had arrived. "Jane, will you shut up?" she said savagely. "You are responsible for this; the least you can do now is to keep still and try to be of some help." She was leaning over LeMarr. "He isn't dead. Now will you keep still? It may be only a slight wound. Perhaps he struck his head as he fell and it knocked him out. Get hold of yourself!"

She looked up and saw that Gallo had not moved but was standing, wringing his hands, tearing at his hair. "I've killed him," he was saying over and over, "killed my best friend."

What a pair! Celia's contempt for them boiled over as she rushed for the telephone. "An accident," she told the hospital, "a man stabbed." She gave the address and the apartment number, then hurried back. At least neither of them had committed the unpardonable folly of removing the paper knife. Gallo was crying as only an Italian can cry, sunk in an armchair. But worst of all as an exhibition of humanity in a crisis was Jane Leeds, now recovering from shock and regaining her poise.

"I can't be found here," she was crying. Jane Leeds, the debutante, thinking only of her own reputation. "I tell you, Celia, I can't."

"Perhaps you can't but you will," said Celia grimly. "I can't either, but it looks as if I would be."

"But you—you can explain. I can't. I tell you, this will ruin me. My grandfather—" Celia paid no attention to her. She was working over LeMarr, rubbing his hands, almost praying for him to open his eyes. And he did open them for a moment.

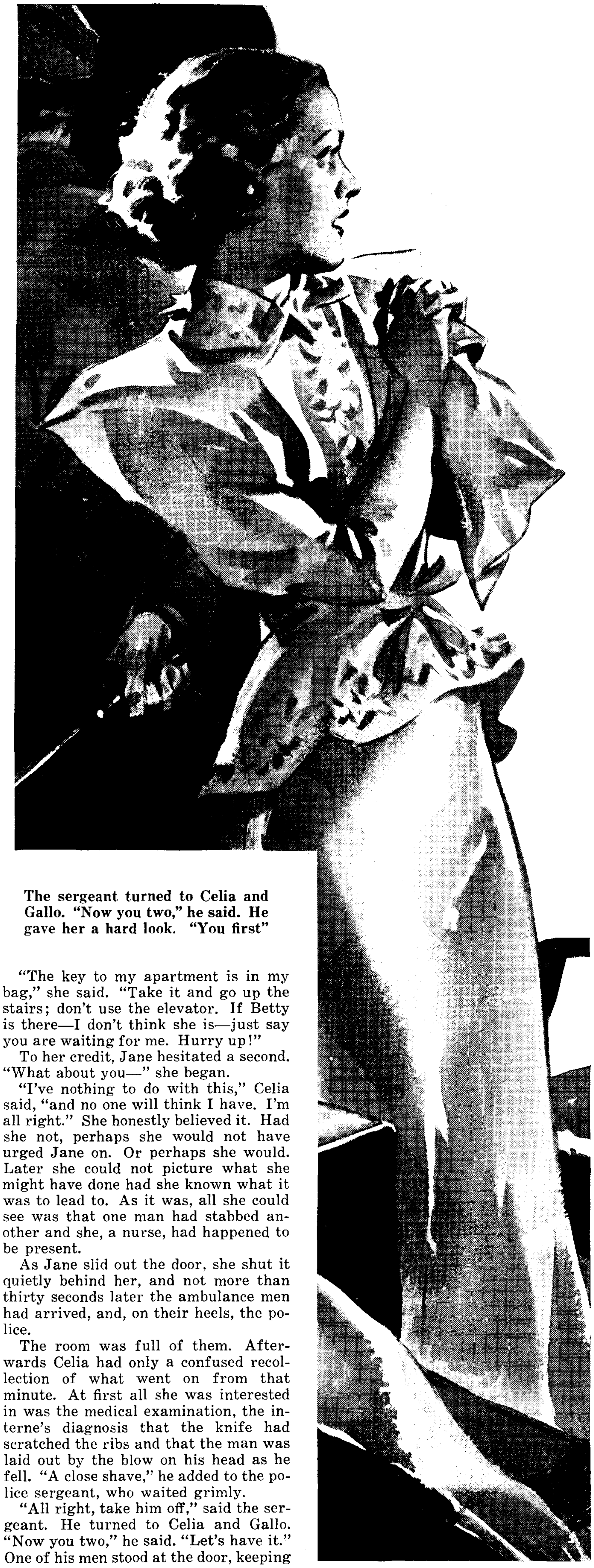
Jane saw that. She said, "He isn't dead!" Then some blind fury came over her. "And you," she cried to Celia, "had to call a hospital! Why couldn't you have called my grandfather?"

THAT was too much! "And what good would your grandfather do?" Celia asked her, "you little fool." Then the truth came over her. From her knees, where she was beside LeMarr, she stared up at a girl she despised. "Don't tell me," she said slowly, "that your grandfather is Jonathan Leeds!"

"Of course he is, and he could have got us out of this mess—"

Celia did not speak. She couldn't. It was incredible to her that this dreadful girl was the granddaughter of a man who was a legend at St. Martha's. He had founded the hospital, the amphitheater was named after him, one of the greatest surgeons in New York and still a man to be reverenced though it was years since he had practiced. His books on surgical technic were known far and wide, and his kindness was a tradition.

It was not from any sense of pity for Jane Leeds that she did what she did then. Some sort of esprit de corps it was, the knowledge that she, too, was of St. Martha's, a member of that army which served under Jonathan Leeds.



The sergeant turned to Celia and Gallo. "Now you two," he said. He gave her a hard look. "You first"

"The key to my apartment is in my bag," she said. "Take it and go up the stairs; don't use the elevator. If Betty is there—I don't think she is—just say you are waiting for me. Hurry up!"

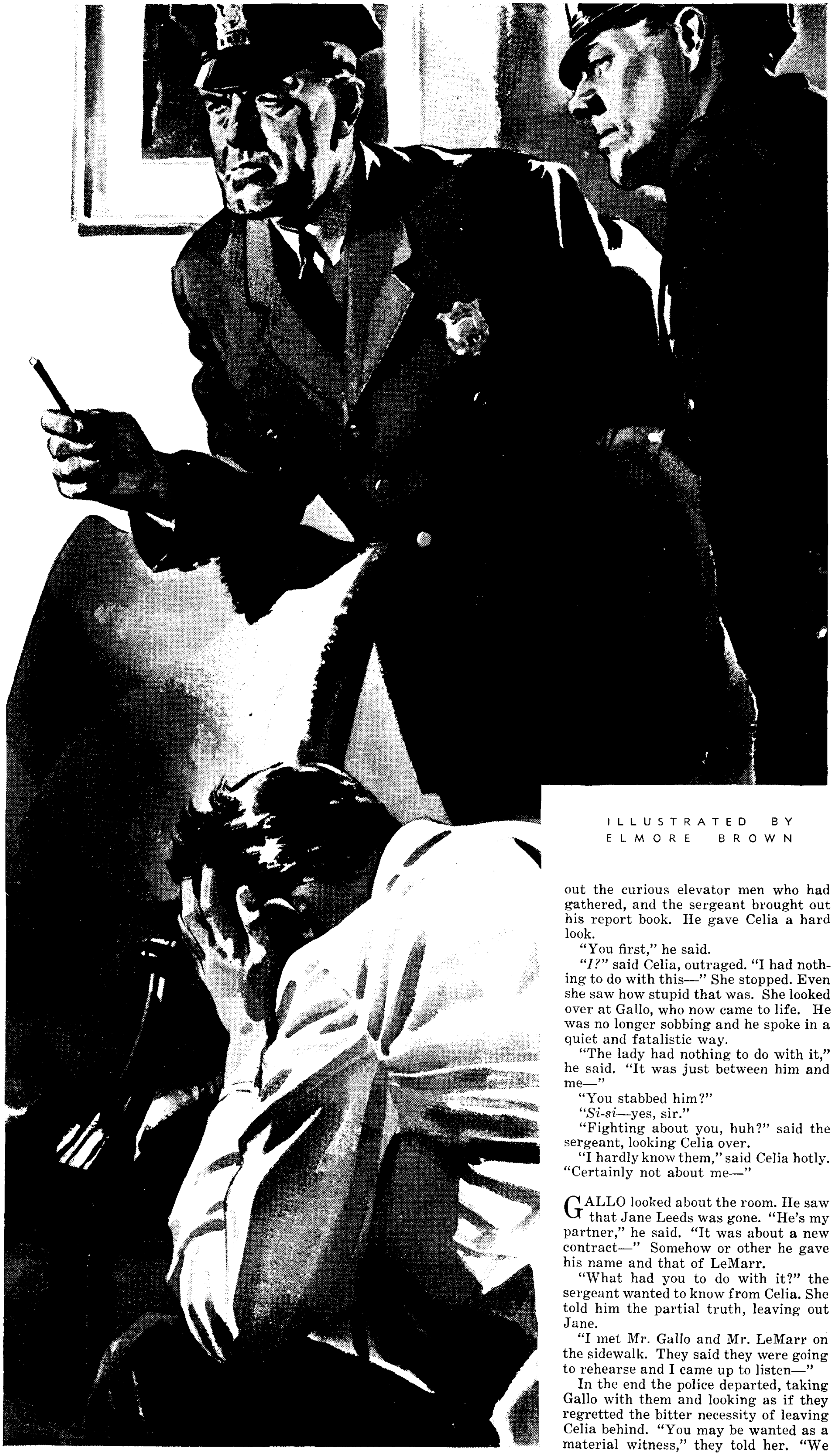
To her credit, Jane hesitated a second. "What about you—" she began.

"I've nothing to do with this," Celia said, "and no one will think I have. I'm all right." She honestly believed it. Had she not, perhaps she would not have urged Jane on. Or perhaps she would. Later she could not picture what she might have done had she known what it was to lead to. As it was, all she could see was that one man had stabbed another and she, a nurse, had happened to be present.

As Jane slid out the door, she shut it quietly behind her, and not more than thirty seconds later the ambulance men had arrived, and, on their heels, the police.

The room was full of them. Afterwards Celia had only a confused recollection of what went on from that minute. At first all she was interested in was the medical examination, the interne's diagnosis that the knife had scratched the ribs and that the man was laid out by the blow on his head as he fell. "A close shave," he added to the police sergeant, who waited grimly.

"All right, take him off," said the sergeant. He turned to Celia and Gallo. "Now you two," he said. "Let's have it." One of his men stood at the door, keeping



ILLUSTRATED BY
ELMORE BROWN

out the curious elevator men who had gathered, and the sergeant brought out his report book. He gave Celia a hard look.

"You first," he said.

"I?" said Celia, outraged. "I had nothing to do with this—" She stopped. Even she saw how stupid that was. She looked over at Gallo, who now came to life. He was no longer sobbing and he spoke in a quiet and fatalistic way.

"The lady had nothing to do with it," he said. "It was just between him and me—"

"You stabbed him?"

"*Si-si*—yes, sir."

"Fighting about you, huh?" said the sergeant, looking Celia over.

"I hardly know them," said Celia hotly. "Certainly not about me—"

GALLO looked about the room. He saw that Jane Leeds was gone. "He's my partner," he said. "It was about a new contract—" Somehow or other he gave his name and that of LeMarr.

"What had you to do with it?" the sergeant wanted to know from Celia. She told him the partial truth, leaving out Jane.

"I met Mr. Gallo and Mr. LeMarr on the sidewalk. They said they were going to rehearse and I came up to listen—"

In the end the police departed, taking Gallo with them and looking as if they regretted the bitter necessity of leaving Celia behind. "You may be wanted as a material witness," they told her. "We have your name and address, and you stay around where we can get hold of you, if we want you."

Celia went up to her own apartment to find Jane Leeds there alone. She was mildly surprised to discover that Jane by this time had recovered her calm and, moreover, far from being grateful, was inclined to blame Celia for what had happened.

"I suppose you couldn't help it," she said, "but you must admit that you did rather lose your head."

Celia sank into a chair and stared at her. This was so unreal, unconvincing and fantastic that she thought possibly she was losing her mind. It was almost frightening.

"*I* lost my head?" Really, really! "Listen," she said, furiously. "If that man had been killed, you would have been to blame for it. You would probably be in jail now. Perhaps you will be anyway, and I can't say I'd be sorry!"

"I was a little nervous at first," said Jane. "But I'd have pulled myself together in a minute and called grandfather. He'd have been furious, but he would have seen that there was nothing really wrong and he could have taken care of René. As it is, the police are in on it now."

"They certainly are." Celia looked at this incredible girl. "However, you aren't in on it." She leaned back. "Neither am I," she said wearily, thankful for that at least. "Gallo told them he'd quarreled with LeMarr about a contract."

"Well they *were* quarreling about their contract." Jane seized on that. "That was what was the matter."

"I see."

Jane, glancing at Celia with refined distaste, said, "I'll go now. At least you did have sense enough to remember to get me out of it after you had got me into it." She practically ignored Celia as she went out.

CELIA, almost blind with hate and with disgust, sat a long time thinking that over. Her first impulse was to call up the police and tell how the thing had really happened. Nothing, she thought passionately, nothing was too horrible to do to Jane Leeds. Then a feeling of great disdain came over her. It was a spiritual snobbishness, really, for she felt so far above Jane Leeds that she could not descend even to the girl's level. That was how it came about that she did not tell Betty and Bill Latham and Pat Braddock when they finally came in from the dance.

"I asked them all up for eggs and bacon," Betty said, and stopped short. "Why, what is the matter, Celia? You look like a ghost."

Celia said abruptly, "I've been down in LeMarr's studio. Gallo stabbed LeMarr."

Betty said nothing for a while. She looked hard at Celia and said to her fiancé, "Get her some whisky, Bill. That bottle you left in the kitchen cupboard." Then, when Bill had returned, "Drink this," she said to her roommate, her arm around her.

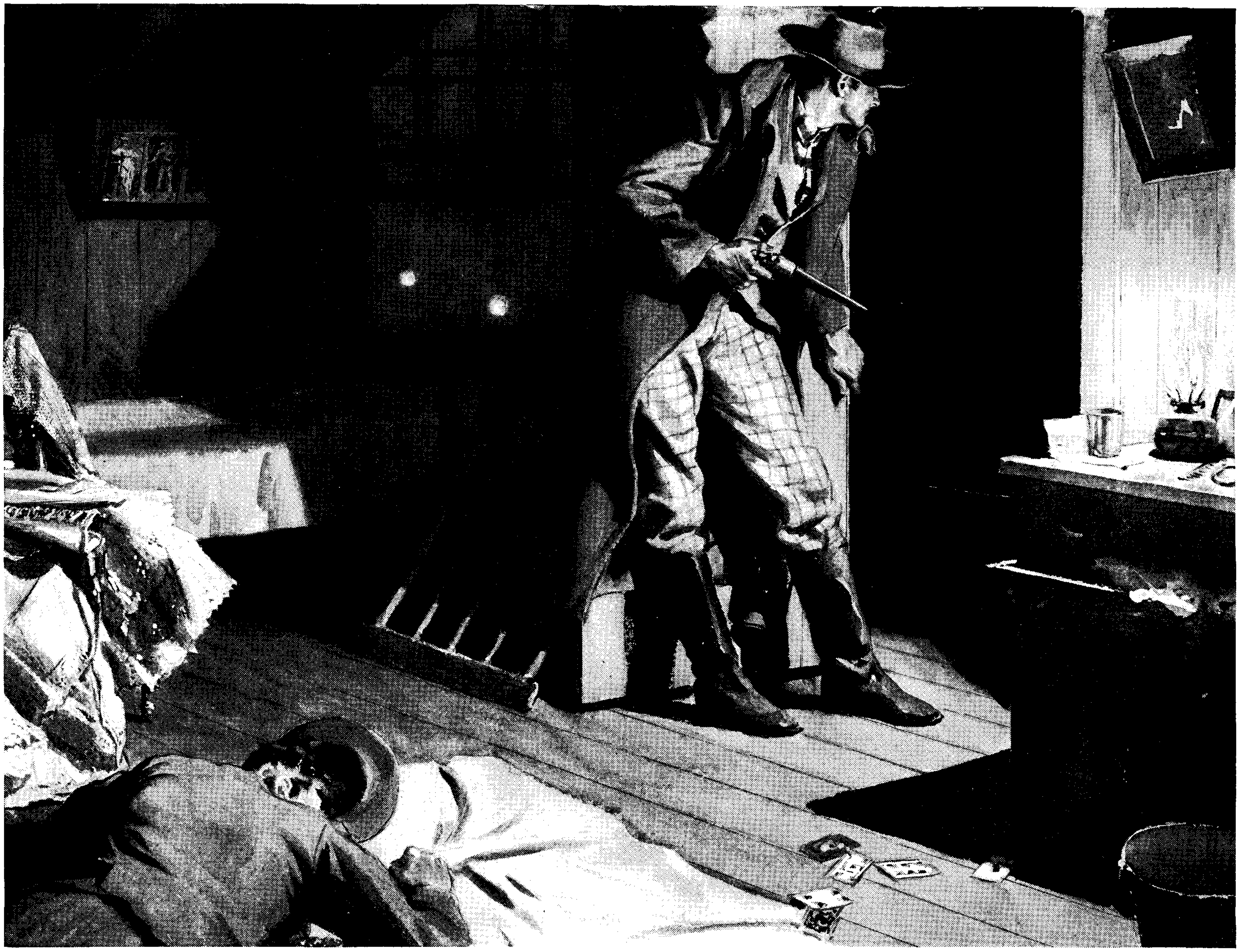
"I—I—" All at once, she who had been calm through the scene downstairs, had been calm while she listened to Jane Leeds, was touched by Betty's matter-of-fact kindness into the approach of tears. "Thanks, I'm going to bed," she said swiftly, and went in and closed the door.

"You boys had better go," said Betty. "Get your eggs at a bean wagon or something."

"What on earth happened, do you think?" Braddock wanted to know. "And how did Celia horn in on it; was she—"

"How do I know?" Betty snapped. "Just a bad break for her, that's all I know. She hadn't anything to do with those two."

(Continued on page 26)



He saw somebody moving in the depths of that room's blackness, and immediately he swayed aside

Trouble Shooter

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN Frank Peace reaches Cheyenne, in April, 1868, he remembers a girl he has met on the train. And he wonders why she—beautiful, young, lovely—should have had as her traveling companion "Big Sid" Campeaux, a notorious crook with whom Peace has had many clashes.

Cheyenne is an active place. The Union Pacific Railway is being constructed; it is fighting its way westward in a frantic endeavor to beat its rival, the Central Pacific, laying track eastward from San Francisco to the junction point in Utah. Peace, assistant superintendent of construction of the "Union," reports to Sam Reed, the superintendent. And he receives his orders: to go to Fort Sanders, find one "Mormon" Charley and persuade him to use his influence with the Indians to keep them from causing trouble; *and* to handle any disturbances caused by the crooks, gamblers and labor agitators along the right of way.

Before he starts for Fort Sanders, he has a talk with the girl to whom he is engaged: Eileen Oliver. He leaves her somewhat disturbed—an Easterner, she hates Cheyenne. Then he boards his train. In the far end of his car is the girl he had seen with Campeaux. And seated beside her, with "Mitch" Dollarhide, his aide near by, is Big Sid Campeaux.

II

THEY labored up the heavy grade, buried between the high shoulders of the Sherman Summit cuts. Engine smoke filtered in, turning the flickering gaslight a more impotent gray. Wilder wind boiled along the car sides and all the wheels howled on the curves and the exhaust of the helper directly behind this coach ripped its flat sound through the steady run of the weather.

Phil Morgan broke a long silence. "Last year Tom Durant got enough money to keep construction going. But the Boston investors furnishing the money don't like his methods so they told Oakes Ames to take charge, and remove Durant from the vice-president's job on the road. Durant's been fighting back. He sent his consulting engineer, Seymour, out here and changed some locations Dodge had made. Then he came out himself. He's at Laramie now, promising the folks there that Laramie will get the division point over Cheyenne. That's why Dodge is on his way West. There'll be a hell of a blowup when those two meet. Durant knew very well, two years ago, he had to get Dodge as chief engineer if he expected government support—because Dodge has got the full confidence of Grant and Sherman, and they're pretty powerful. But now Durant figures he can do without Dodge, and wants to get rid of him.

"THE line-up is entirely clear to me. Dodge is building a straight road. Durant is more of a plunger and a speculator. He wants personal power, and all the subsidy he can get for the road from the government. It's going to be a battle when those two meet. He'd fire Dodge in a minute, but Ames won't stand for it. Ames is only one of the directors, but he's got the stockholders back of him, and he's thoroughly honest. It was Lincoln who asked him to come in and put his own fortune behind the road. We're going to have a showdown some day."

"I wonder," said Peace, "what her name is."

"Nan Normandy," put in Overmile promptly.

"Why is she here?"

"Don't know."

Phil Morgan opened his sleepy eyes. "What are you talking about?"

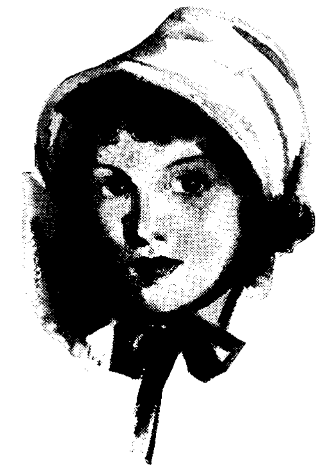
Peace's glance strayed down the aisle. She sat gently relaxed, her head resting on the back of the car seat and her eyes closed; a well-made girl, strong in a way that he could not clearly define, her presence in this car setting up an actual disturbance.

"A beauty," murmured Overmile.

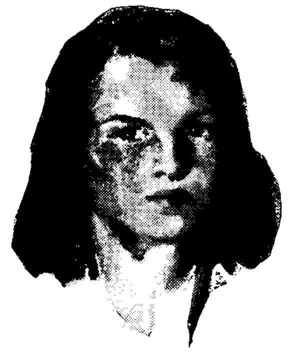
"You know what happens to beauties up here," drawled Phil Morgan.

Peace said irritably: "Premature judgment, Phil."

"Then why is she with Campeaux?" Morgan was always like that, caustic and



Nan Normandy



Cherry

bitter in his estimates of women. All Phil's friends knew some old memory burned deeply in him. They had seen it occasionally squeeze him like a vise and press his lips thin.

“We might go find out,” suggested Overmile, smiling in a soft, rash manner. “She came all the way from Omaha with him, Frank.”

“Yes.”

The train brakes were squalling against the grade. Construction shanties and long rows of piled ties and dumped steel rose out of the misty shadows of the night. They paralleled a siding, running slowly by Casement's boarding train where a thousand men slept; they crawled beside Casement's enormous portable warehouse, clanging for right of way with a steady bell. This was the end of track—this dismal, dishevelled clutter of men and material lying under the full blast of that high wind beating across Laramie plain.

OVERMILE, always a restless man, was ready to rise; but Peace held his place, watching the scene at the far end of the car with a downbearing interest. She sat erect now, the blue military coat buttoned to her chin. At this moment she had her hands folded together in her lap and her head was thoughtfully tipped down. Campeaux waggled a finger at Mitch Dollarhide, who went down the aisle with the girl's bags. Campeaux rose then and spoke to her. She came to her feet, the sway of the train making her reach out to Campeaux for support. And then her glance touched Peace; it was like a faint, far call that held some meaning he could not understand, turning all his impulses powerful and impatient. A moment afterward she passed into the vestibule. The train had stopped.

“A beauty,” murmured Overmile.

Peace reared out of the seat and left the car by the other door, stepping into a yellow clay soup churned two feet deep. Wind howled up from the south and the lights of the surrounding shanties sparkled through a thick, hard-driven rain. He stood there indifferently, watching the girl crawl along the edge of the train; Campeaux walked beside her and Mitch Dollarhide sloshed behind. Overmile said: “Stand still and you'll sink out of sight. Come on.”

They found a walk cutting across the mud and took to it single file. “I got the horses over there in that shed,” Overmile grunted. Peace stopped so suddenly that they all banged together. The girl stood now on the track in front of the engine, its headlight playing on her. Campeaux and Dollarhide had gone. Peace said: “Bring the horses over there, Leach,” and he wallowed deliberately through the mud toward her. The wind was a strong rush in his ears; he had to lift his voice.

“Listen—” he shouted to the girl.

The glare of the engine's light made her drop her head. She had her hands tucked into the coat pockets and water dripped steadily off her hat. She said: “How far is it to Laramie?”

“Four miles.” He thought about that for a minute. “I'm going to Fort Sanders—that's only two miles. You can put up there.”

“Mr. Campeaux has a rig waiting for us here.”

He said: “All right.”

Her head rose quickly. “I wouldn't judge too soon, if I were you.”

He kept his tone civil; he kept his temper down. “My mistake.”

“You've been trying to make up your mind about me all the way from Omaha. Is it necessary?”

Two horses struggled across the mire, pulling Campeaux and Mitch Dollarhide in a covered rig. Mitch Dollarhide jumped down and slumped forward, his feet catching and throwing up the semi-liquid. His shoulders were thrust forward, he swung his fists as he ran. Peace turned to keep a strict eye on this man. He said to the girl: “Good luck.”

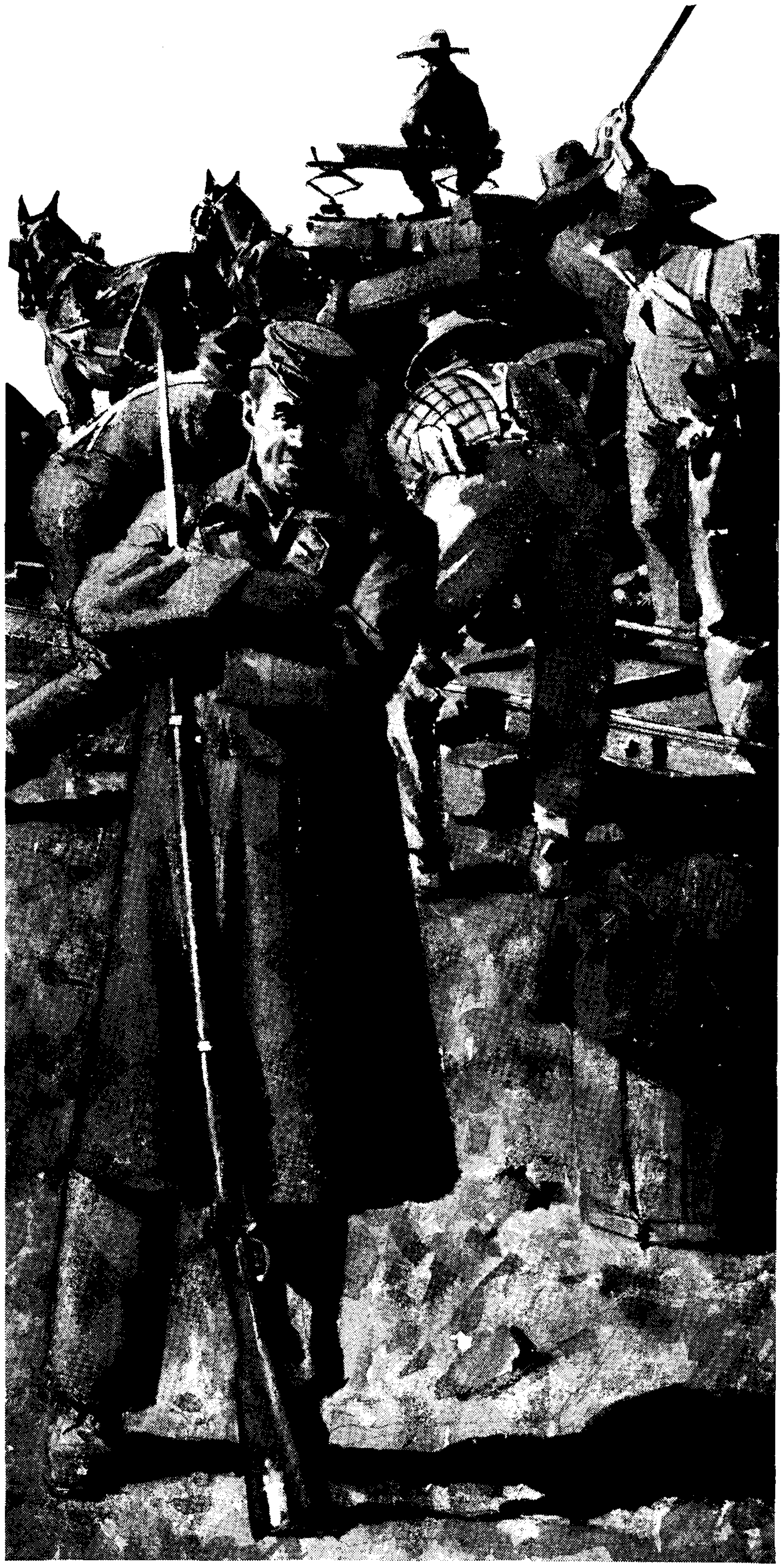
But she touched his arm. “Did you ever hear of a Jim Normandy out here?”

“No.”

DOLLARHIDE reached the track's gravel. He stopped two yards from Peace, expelling a heavy breathing. “We had enough trouble from you, Bully. Get away from us.”

“Shut up, Mitch.”

Mitch Dollarhide swayed, a savage and uncertain expression licking across his mouth. Big Sid Campeaux tooled his team through the rain-bubbled mud and stopped beside the track. He stood up in the seat and threw a solid yell back behind him. “Al!”



The yellow embankment of the right of way was directly beside them, Casement's Irishmen dropping ties methodically

There was a man riding forward from that darkness on a high, gray horse. He sloshed around the buggy, wheeling before Frank Peace. Rain glistened all down his yellow slicker; it slid off his hat. He tipped up the brim of the hat a little, to show a face entirely smooth and thin and unemotional. He said: “Hello, Frank.”

Peace murmured: “How are you, Brett?”

Mitch boosted his heavy complaint back over one shoulder, never letting his eyes lose Peace. “I don't need any help to handle Bucko.”

Nan Normandy looked from Campeaux to Al Brett to Mitch Dollarhide. All these three were taciturnly established in their places, attentions narrowed on Peace. It was a scene, and it was clear to her. Her words reached Peace calmly. “Don't make an issue of it—not for me.”

Al Brett said: “Trouble here, Campeaux?”

Campeaux said: “Ask Peace if he's lookin' for it.”

“You standin' in the way, Bucko?” questioned Al Brett, gentle with his talk.

Peace showed a hard and instant grin. It fired up his face, making it immediately reckless. “You don't have to go with these men, Miss Normandy.”

CAMPEAUX hurled his warning against an increasing wind. The rain whirled rashly down from the ruptured clouds overhead, each fat drop glittering diamond bright in the headlight's glare. “Don't interfere with me this year, Peace! Keep out of my way—and keep your hands off my business! Mitch—help Miss Normandy over to the buggy!”

Peace repeated himself. “You don't have to go with Sid, Miss Normandy.”

Al Brett unhooked the front of his slicker, the wind instantly ripping it back from his wire-thin body. He put his right hand casually on a holster there. He was remotely smiling. “I wouldn't be proud, Bucko,” he called.

The engine's bell started up a steady ringing. Campeaux yelled at Dollarhide; he swore at Dollarhide. “Lend Miss Normandy your arm!” A pair of Irishmen from the train stumbled forward into the light, both carrying rifles; and at that moment Overmile and Morgan and Ed Tarrant came up from the turbid blackness at a slashing gait. They rode onto the track. Overmile got down; he took his station near Peace. “Mother,” he drawled, “I'm about to be Queen of the May. You want a party, Al?”

“Any time you say,” called Al Brett and sat still. Mitch Dollarhide shifted doggedly toward the girl. Water collected at the corners of his stringy mustache and dripped down. He froze in his position, dull and stubborn. One of

(Continued on page 54)

Statesmanship in High C

By George Creel

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

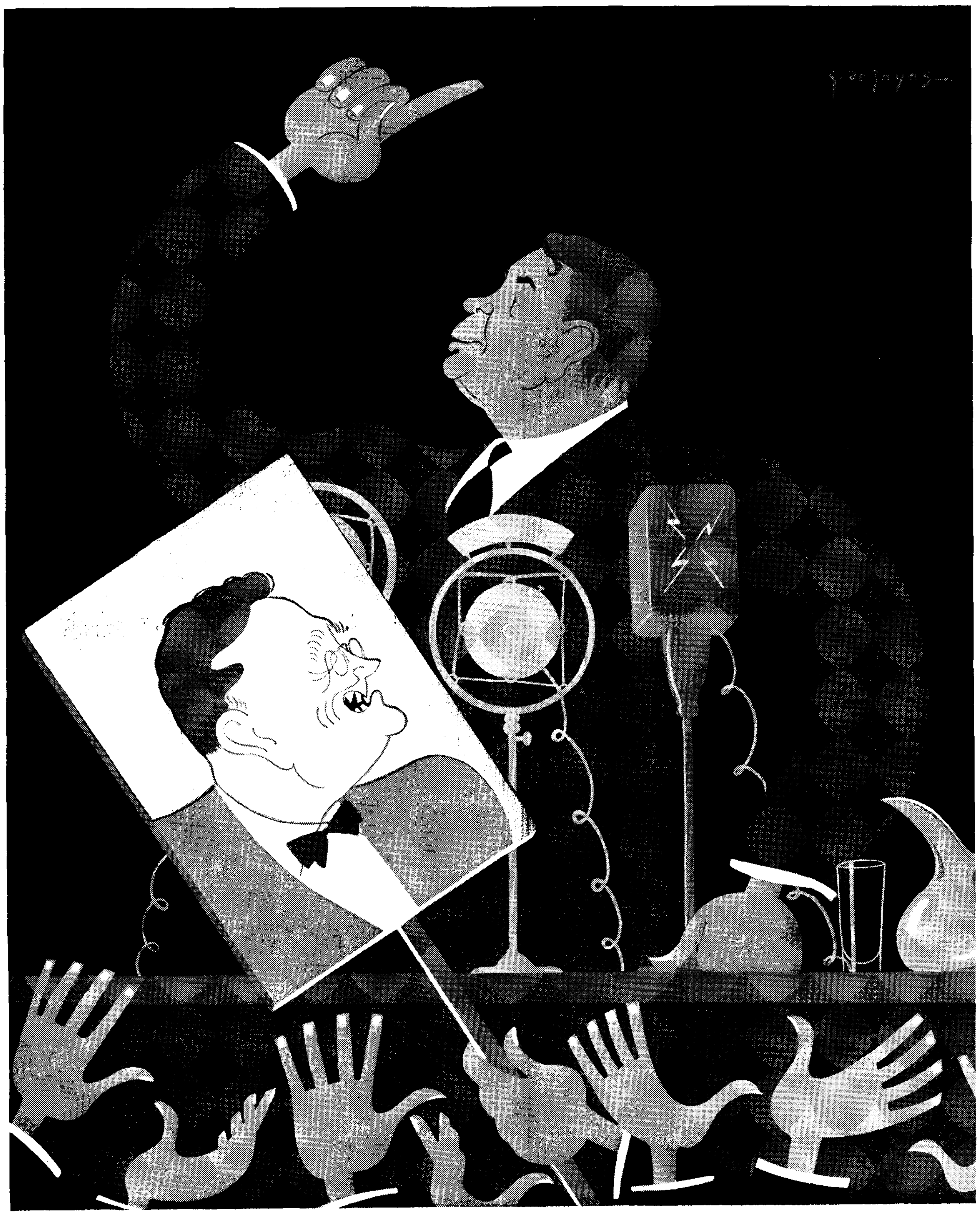
ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

DESPITE rebellious mutterings from various quarters, Democratic leaders refuse to regard the Philadelphia convention as anything more than a jollification, a sort of glorified clambake or barbecue. They expect the President to be renominated on the first ballot by acclamation and with an enthusiasm that will cause a new crack in the Liberty Bell. Carter Glass, Harry Byrd and Millard Tydings are already rehearsing as cheer leaders, and if Alfred E. Smith tries to start anything, strong men will choke him off under the guise of affectionate embraces.

The one admitted worry is with respect to the providing of entertainment that will keep the gathering happily occupied for several days, justifying railroad fares and hotel bills. Sources of innocent merriment are being considered, and along with brass bands, bagpipes and fife and drum corps, much thought is being given to oratory. In all likelihood some ten or fifteen seconding outbursts will be made by men and women able to arouse camp-meeting fervor, but the keynote speech, of course, is counted on for the big thrill.

Confronted with its tremendous importance, the Democratic high command decided to take no chances, and voted as a unit for the selection of Senator Alben W. Barkley. What matter that he was the temporary chairman in 1932, and that never in the history of either party has any keynoter been asked to repeat? The answer to that is that they believe no man was ever quite as good as Alben W.

When the broad-shouldered, buffalo-necked Kentuckian lifted his voice at the Chicago convention, disdaining any such sissy contraption as a loud-speaker, and began to recite the crimes of the Republican party, even cold-blooded delegates from the New England states bayed themselves into collapse, but although prostrate, continued to blow froth and drum the floor with their heels. Why take a chance on some amateur, argued Mr. Farley and his field marshals, when a professional was at hand? A man who had proved his ability to deliver the goods!



As Democratic Keynoter, Senator Alben W. Barkley comes pretty close to having all that it takes

As a keynoter, Senator Barkley comes pretty close to having all that it takes. First, volume and stamina, for it is no child's business to hit high C at the very outset, and keep it up for two or three hours on a broiling summer day. Born on a Kentucky farm of pioneer stock, even at fourteen young Alben could get more out of a mule than most grown men, and as for hog-calling, he developed a radius of twelve miles and a vocal allure that could draw even the most gluttonous swine away from acorns and beech mast. His first keynote was delivered at a Democratic state convention in 1919, and such was its effect that no future political gathering was deemed complete without an opening oration by Paducah's silver-tongued son.

A Keynoter Who Shoots the Works

A strict party man is Alben W. While willing to admit that there is some doubt as to whether Cain was a Republican, it is about the only major outrage that he does not lay at the door of the G. O. P. Floods, earthquakes, fires, the Mediterranean fruit fly, dandruff, the locust plagues, droughts, the Texas tick, the disappearance of Charlie Ross and dust storms are only a few of the charges leveled at Republican leadership by the Kentuckian when he warms to his work. And he believes it! Not the least of his values as a keynoter is the passionate sincerity that oozes from every pore.

A strange thing, too, for in every other relation of life, the Senator is the very soul of urbanity, courtesy, kindliness and broad tolerance, qualities that make him one of the most popular men in Washington. Even in sand traps, taking his eighteenth stroke, he retains his gay good humor, and at dinner parties, when other guests are comatose, a minimum of persuasion will induce him to suck the poison out of such old favorites as Sweet Adeline and Silver Threads Among the Gold. When it comes to keynoting, however, the only safe place for a Republican leader is some subterranean crypt.

Aside from bone and sinew, and his intimate knowledge of the opposition's criminal record, the Barkley background is one that makes peculiar appeal to any Democratic gathering, for his is a typical Horatio Alger story. The son of a farmer, he himself mixed it up with nature in the raw until his sixteenth year, and then worked his way through a small Kentucky college by making the fires and swinging a janitor's broom. Still hot on the trail of knowledge, he then attended Emory College in Oxford, Georgia, borrowing the money from a student fund.

Returning to Kentucky, he located in Paducah, and entered the law offices of Judge Bishop, a famous character used

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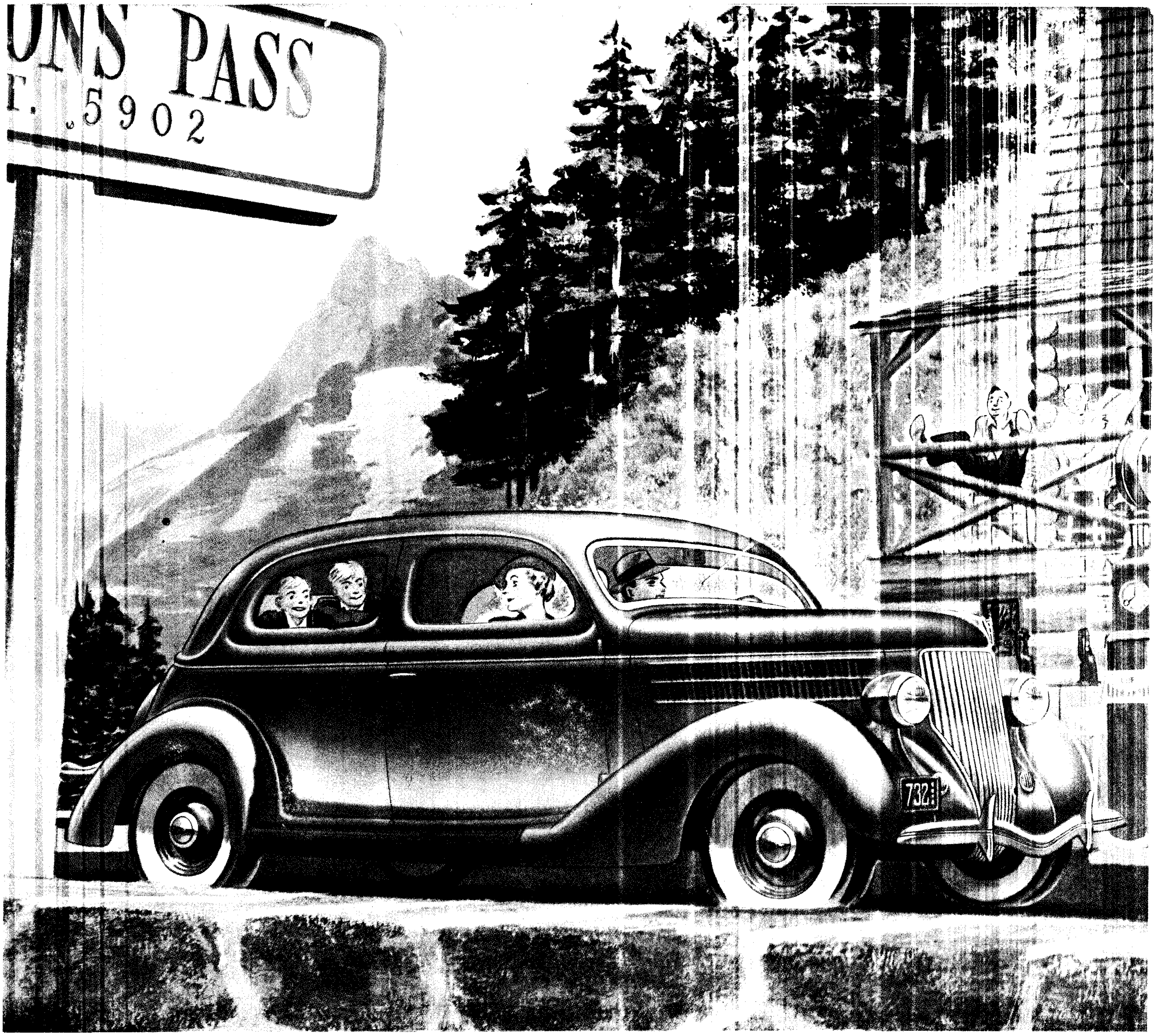

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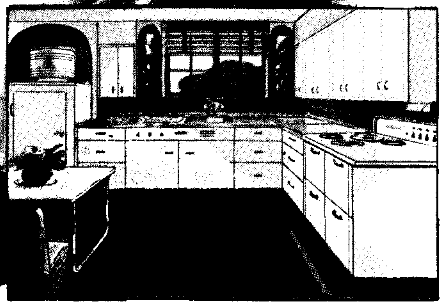

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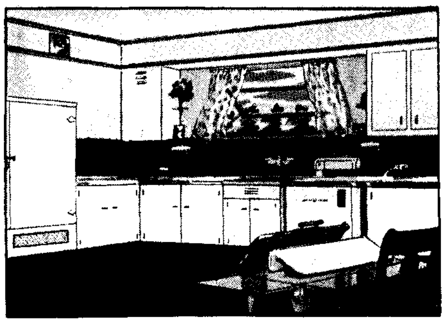

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Chorus Call

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By James Aswell

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN J. FLOHERTY, JR.

ARE there 16 REALLY BEAUTIFUL girls in New York? Lanny Dell must have that many for his new floor show at the SILVER CHALET this summer. He will pay unprecedented salaries of $75 weekly. Dancing ability welcome but not essential. TAKE ANOTHER GOOD LOOK AT YOURSELF before applying backstage at the Marvin Theater, Wednesday, 2 P. M.

"I hope it's not a gag. Some press-agent stunt."

"It ain't no gag. I'll take a chance, Sis—"

"It *isn't* any gag," corrected Maidie abstractedly.

"Okay, Sis. Isn't. But remember when Georgie White met us on the street last winter and said I was a knockout? You said if I was still sick and fed up with piano thumping at seventeen I could go in the chorus. Now that you're a back number we gotta eat, ain't we?"

"We *have* to eat. Please, Jess—"

"Okay, Sis."

Even in the morning there was a sort of blue twilight in the third-floor inside room occupied by Maidie Mimms and her sister Jessica. Maidie, at her ease in a faded pink negligee on one of the twin beds, frowned at the small type in the newspaper. She was a remarkable-looking girl. She had a soft, cool face and a wide, strikingly chiseled brow which bespoke good ancestry however remote. Only the hair, fluffed and brightly rinsed to the shade of stainless steel, said "chorus girl"; the hair and the plucked eyebrows and the way her lips were painted to resemble a crushed target.

She was twenty-four. She had been in the chorus seven years. She had failed to get a job at the last three chorus calls she had attended. She recognized the handwriting on the wall. She was through. Burlesque maybe. . . .

But Jessica! Jessica was a Times Square child. Too much paint on her face, too much curl in her hair. Her eyes were wise; much too knowing and propped wide, more, you thought, by craft than simple wonder. Her figure was precocious—round and firm.

"I GUESS I can get my hair fixed, then," Jessica remarked, in a petulant, strangely mature little voice. "And my face. You've always made me go around looking like a kid."

"You are a kid," said Maidie, without emotion. "But I guess you'll have to be done over, since that's what the producers want." She ran a hand through her own uncanny hair. "We must get going, too. Louise will give us both a workout downstairs on credit, I guess."

"Both of us?"

"Sure." Maidie uttered a short laugh. "I'm getting my hair dyed back to natural, Jess. I want to go to the call with you and I don't want all the old bunch recognizing me. I'm through with show business. Absolutely through. You're the breadwinner from now on, dearest, and I'm going to make noises like a big sister. Like a mother."

"Listen, honey," said Louise while Maidie sat under the dryer, "don't you worry about paying me yet. Your cred-it's good. And your sister is a little beauty. She'll get that job easy."

Presently Maidie observed the results of Louise's work in the long mirrors and found them good. She was startled and a little shocked to see how plain she looked now, after all those overdressed, overpainted years.

And Jessica! She was a knockout! She was what the producers, the public, too, wanted. Maidie and Louise both knew.

"I'll be in in a minute, Sis," said Jessica, emerging in proud new glory into the sunshine. "You go on upstairs." She hesitated. "Do you have to go with me to the call? I can take care of myself all right."

"No, you can't! I know this racket."

"Okay, Sis, but I want to go across the street and borrow a copy of this week's Variety."

"You be up at the room by half past one. You hear?"

The desk clerk stared as Maidie marched through the musty lobby and the Negro elevator boy in his rickety cage popped great whites of eyes at this new Maidie.

Jessica was knocking at the door of a room in another theatrical hotel across the street two minutes later.

"How am I doin', darling?" she demanded of the pale, thin-faced young man who opened the door.

"Swell. You've fixed your hair."

"Like me this way?"

"Swell. Now I won't feel like I'm robbing the cradle."

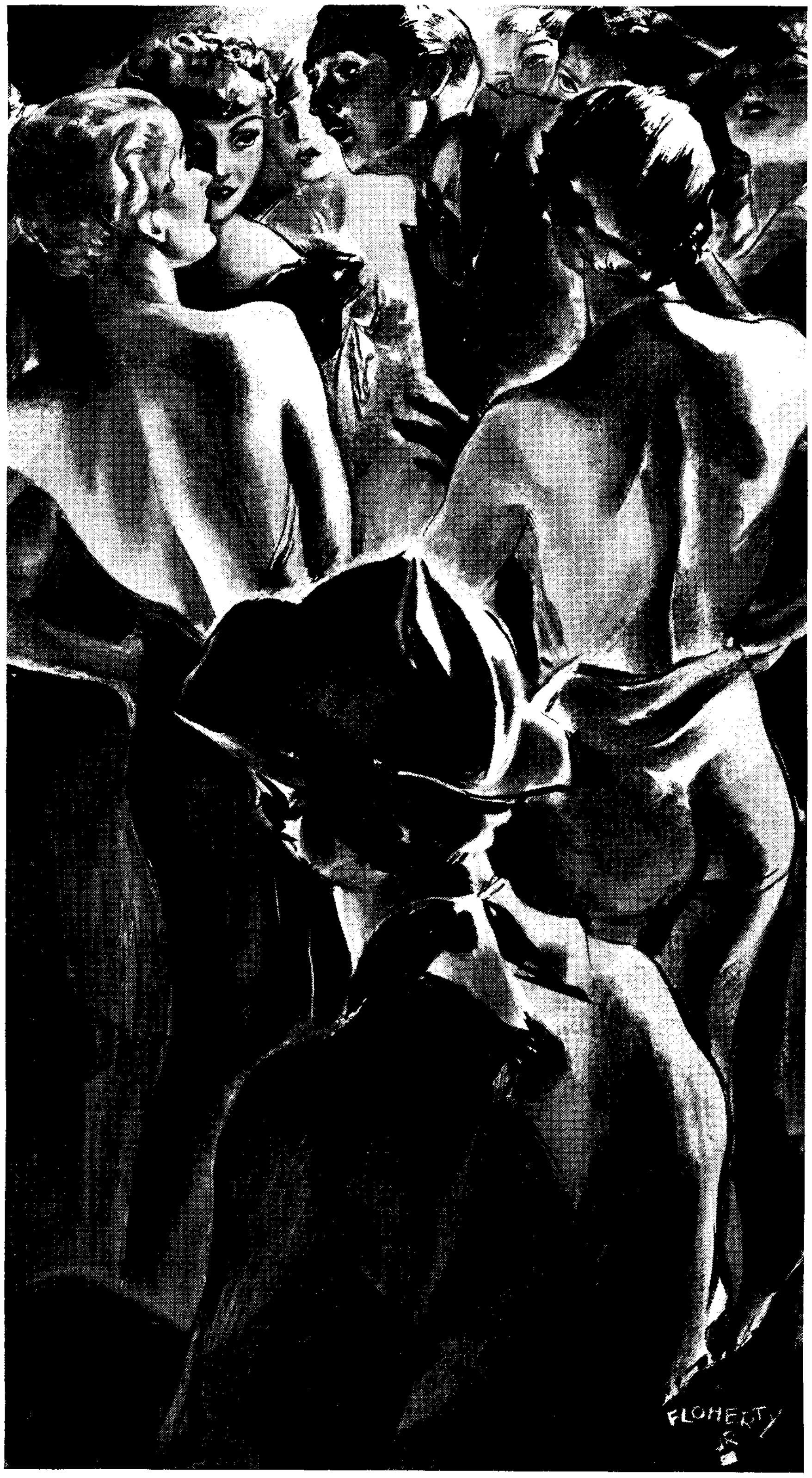
Jessica grinned.

"I got a job, too. At least, I'm pretty sure I have. Soon as I sign up I'm ditching Sis."

The thin-faced young man regarded her evenly.

"Maybe we can get married then."

"Sure," said Jessica and grinned again. "Boy, will Sis get a shock when she finds out she hasn't got a meal ticket for the rest of her life! She makes me sick."



"I mean you," said Lanny coldly. "People are tired of your type"

BACKSTAGE and onstage at the Marvin Theater were eerie worlds at two o'clock that afternoon—if you were unacquainted with that side of Broadway. Girls, girls, girls; short and tall, old and young, chattering self-consciously together. There was the usual turnout for a chorus call; a few rather pretty girls, a few grotesquely misshapen creatures who must have lived in a sealed envelope of vanity or hope which no mirror's candor could penetrate. The rest were so-so—neither spectacularly pretty nor spectacularly ugly.

A huge spot fanned down on the stage, burning it with a cold white light. The wings were shadowy and so was the ghostly body of the theater, where a few of Lanny Dell's friends and backers sat cynically watching Lanny pick.

Onstage the girls had been formed into two lines and these, like cattle in a run, moved slowly backward and forward at whispered directions from Lanny to his two assistants. He touched a girl here and there, bade her go into the dressing-room and don a bathing suit. He paused before a girl here and there and murmured one word: "Sorry."

Jessica, in a daringly low and close-clinging silk dress Maidie had fixed over from one of her own, became increasingly sure that she was going to be chosen. Two girls had been pretty definitely selected already; and they were a good deal older than she.

AT THE back of the stage, in the semi-shadows, sat Maidie on a canvas chair. There was a faint smile on her lips, now innocent of rouge. She was glad none of the old-timers had rushed up to remind her that she was through. But her Jessica was one of the outstandingly pretty girls here.

Now Lanny hesitated directly in front of Jessica. His long quizzical face tightened into a frown. "Sorry," he said.

Jessica stiffened.

"You mean me?" she asked furiously.

"I mean you," said Lanny coldly. "People are tired of your type, baby. I get 'em a dime a dozen."

Maidie realized then what had happened. She started forward indignantly, protectively. No cheap little night-club guy could hurt her baby sister!

Then Lanny made a swimming motion with his hands for the line to break and move apart. He looked full at Maidie as she came forward.

"Where've you been, darling?" he demanded, in that funny, flat voice of his. "Look here, girls! See this one? This is the type I'm looking for. Plain and simple, but beautiful, too. The type the customers want nowadays."

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
CLAY PIPES
WHY SO MANY CLAY PIPES IN YOUR COLLECTION, JUDGE? ARE THEY VERY VALUABLE?
HISTORICALLY, YES, THOSE ARE ENGLISH CLAYS, AND SOME OF THEM ARE 350 YEARS OLD
FOR MANY YEARS, EACH FAMILY HAD THEIR PERSONAL PIPE MAKERS IN THE HOME. CLAY WAS THE VERY FIRST MATERIAL USED —
EVENTUALLY, PIPE MAKERS SET UP FACTORIES. THE MOST FAMOUS WERE IN BROSELEY, SHROPSHIRE. THIS IS AN EARLY BROSELEY. NOTICE THE BARREL-SHAPED BOWL, COMMON AT THAT TIME
THE BOWL IS AWFULLY SMALL. IT COULDN'T HOLD MUCH TOBACCO
YES, MAC, BUT TOBACCO WAS IMPORTED FROM 'NEW SPAIN' THEN, AND COST $4.50 AN OUNCE
FOUR-FIFTY? GREAT SCOTT, IT MUST HAVE BEEN A LUXURY!
YOU'RE RIGHT, AND I FOR ONE AM SURE THANKFUL TODAY FOR THIS BIG ECONOMY 2-OUNCE TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT. IT'S A TOBACCO FANCIER'S SMOKE AT A REASONABLE PRICE

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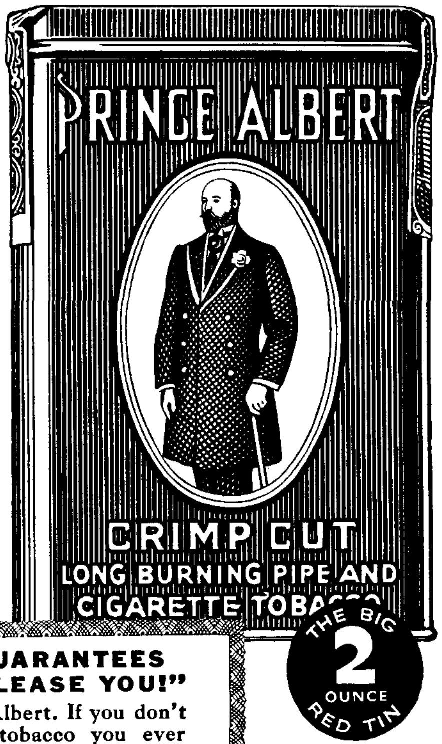
If it's mild, cool, tasty smokin' you want, then get next to Prince Albert. The choice, fragrant tobacco in P. A. is cut in a special way —"crimp cut"—so it smokes cooler and milder. And, gentlemen, Prince Albert does not bite the tongue. The "bite" is taken out. Your pipe gets a new lease on joy when you load up with Prince Albert. There's no other tobacco like it. P. A. has what men like—that's why it's the largest-selling smoking tobacco in the world. Read our no-risk offer below. P. A. is great for rolling tasty "makin's" cigarettes too.


PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

THIS NO-RISK OFFER GUARANTEES "PRINCE ALBERT MUST PLEASE YOU!"

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

The Prodigal Nurse

Continued from page 19

She locked the door after them and went into the bedroom. Celia was lying on the bed, not crying but staring at the ceiling. She tried to smile at Betty but it was a sorry effort. She had never felt less like smiling in her life.

"I'll bet that that Jane Leeds was mixed up in this," said Betty, sitting on the side of the bed and looking at her. "That girl may be a prominent member of the Social Register but she's the scum of the earth."

Celia told her what had happened. "And you let her get away with it!" marveled Betty. "You darned idiot!" But in a way she understood why Celia could not stoop to Jane Leeds. "I'd like to tell that grandfather of hers, whoever he is," she said, "what you did for his offspring."

"He's a grand person," said Celia. "He used to come into the wards sometimes when I was a probationer. He was the only one who ever came near us probationers who acted as if we weren't a low form of pond-life." She thought about him. "I was crazy about him." She was glad now that she had been able to do what she had done for him.

"That will help a lot when you find yourself in the tabloids," said Betty dryly.

Celia sat erect. "Tabloids! No! Why should this be in the papers?"

Betty shook a weary head. "Poor nut. Beautiful artists' model and radio duo linked in stabbing—can't you see the headlines?" She gave a disgusted snort. "If you don't, Jane Leeds did."

Celia sank back. This was too sickening. She thought of Miss Cox, who had believed in her, of Starr. . . . But Betty, even while Celia was lying there looking ill, was picking up the telephone. "What is Mr. Daklin's number?" she asked.

"Mr. Daklin!"

"Certainly. He can keep the police from giving this to the papers. It's too late now for the morning ones," she said, she who had been in the world longer than Celia, "and he'll be able to keep this out. After all, it was just a slight accident and no one was killed."

Celia did not want to do it but she told Betty the number. She heard Betty ask for Daklin and explain things to him. "He wants to speak to you," she said at last, handing Celia the telephone.

"Tough luck, Celia," said Daklin, "but don't think of it again. I can fix it up. After all, nothing really happened." His voice was quiet and reassuring and perfectly confident. Celia listened and knew it would be so. After all, this was what came of being Carleton Daklin, head of East-West, man of destiny. "Go to sleep now," he finished. "Have luncheon with me tomorrow, in as much publicity as possible."

So she and Betty slept and when she went to the Colony the next day he was waiting for her. They sat across a small table from each other. Everything seemed different, yet everything the same.

"It wasn't about me they quarreled," she said suddenly and saw she had not needed to tell him that.

"I saw Jane Leeds with them," was all he said. "You aren't eating," he went on. "Drink your wine and then perhaps you will eat." So Celia drank her Moselle. "Eat your spinach," said he. So Celia ate her spinach. She looked enchanting with her face so pale and only the merest touch of lipstick.

She still looked enchanting when Janet Daklin came in with a party of friends. With Alita Brett and Pat Braddock and the Roger Campions. Celia stopped eating her spinach when she saw Janet Daklin in the doorway. She had a golden-white beauty, had Janet Daklin that day, possibly because the light in the room was so soft. In fact, she looked the loveliest lady in the world. Perhaps not outside in the harsh light, but here, yes. And she saw Celia, who once had been her nurse, and was gracious to her. She passed their table and smiled at them.

"Don't encourage him in making you eat spinach," she told Celia, so charmingly. "Carlie has a way about spinach and such matters." Her eyes fluttered about her husband, standing so moodily. "Miss Landis is marvelous," she said to him, "a decided improvement on Venus, say what you like." And she passed on.

But Pat Braddock felt that he must stand and chatter a while. Not that they welcomed him, nor that he cared. He saw Alita Brett glowering so he stayed a minute longer.

"I don't want to talk about last night," said Celia flatly.

"That's all right by me." He grinned and went off.

And so Pat Braddock told, because one must have gossip to retail at luncheon, about the affair of Gallo and LeMarr. There were no reporters present, pencils ready, so why not? "Miss Landis was extraordinary, I believe," he said, putting in a good word for Celia. "There should be a nurse in every family. But for her, I've no doubt, LeMarr would have kicked off."

Janet Daklin laughed her vague little laugh. "That girl is remarkable," she said.

"I think you were well rid of her," said Alita Brett bitterly. "She seems to get around quite a bit, for a nurse." Her eyes rested on Braddock. "Still infatuated?" she asked.

"That was the cocktails that day," he said. "I haven't been seeing her." He added, to himself, "Except in a business way, and why bring that up?" It was his policy to make life as smooth as possible and if Alita did not know that Celia was posing, and with him, all the better.

But Alita was still brooding on Pat and on his indifference when she returned to her apartment. She picked up an afternoon paper to see what had been said about the LeMarr affair and the first thing that met her eyes was a half-page cut of Celia and Braddock, arms about each other, discussing the merits of a cigarette.

Alita Brett stared at that picture and her black eyes were frantic and furious. She telephoned to Braddock and asked *him to drop in.* She was accustomed, this heiress, to having her own way and she looked upon Braddock as her property. It had been bad enough to have him devoting himself to Janet Daklin but that, she knew, was not dangerous. She had other instincts about this affair. She telephoned Braddock and asked him to drop in that afternoon. She was smoldering when he came. She pointed to the paper. "I thought you weren't seeing her?"

"I'm not, except when I pose with her."

She was quiet and seemed satisfied. "I didn't know she had been posing. I thought she was a nurse. How did that come about?"

He regarded her suspiciously, because, though she was so quiet, it seemed to him, dense as he was, that there was a danger signal in her eyes.

"She is a nurse," he explained, relieved that she was not going to stir up an unholy row. "But it seems that there wasn't much doing in nursing circles so, when

(Continued on page 28)

"Just off the Line, Mr. Eddins"

THIS IS D. S. EDDINS, president of the Plymouth Motor Corporation...chief executive of a company that turns out three new Plymouth cars a minute, in the main Detroit plant...a busy man.

But here he is...about to start out with a brand new Plymouth just off the assembly line...one of the new cars which, at intervals, we put into test and research service.

Mr. Eddins may spend several hours driving over rough back streets and roads...up mean hills...through traffic...and on the highway, carefully testing this new Plymouth. His object being to see if he can discover, from the car's performance, new ways to make Plymouth a still finer car.

President Eddins does this quite often. So do most of Plymouth's executives...as well as the engineers who design the cars.

This kind of *extra* interest...of *never-ceasing* attention to quality...is in the very air, around the big Plymouth plant. At executive desks...at work-benches and machines...all up and down the twin, half-mile-long assembly lines...everywhere.

It is another big factor that makes Plymouth a great car...the greatest value of the low-priced cars, as Plymouth owners know!

PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

EASY TO BUY

Plymouth is priced with the lowest...terms as low as the lowest! You can buy a new Plymouth for $25 a month. The Commercial Credit Co. offers all Chrysler, Dodge and De Soto dealers terms that make Plymouth easy to buy.

TUNE IN ED WYNN, GRAHAM McNAMEE
AND ALL-STAR CAST
TUESDAY NIGHTS, N.B.C., RED NETWORK

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

The FLYING TELEPHONE never alights

Every minute of every day and night, Western Electric radio telephones are aloft—somewhere. Good weather and bad, they keep pilots in two-way voice contact with airports—help to maintain passenger and mail schedules on the country's major airlines.

The flying telephone is fitted for such strenuous service by the unique experience of its makers. Since 1882, Western Electric has been producing Bell Telephones—and applying the knowledge thus gained to other sound-transmission apparatus. Today, Western Electric communication equipment serves faithfully on land, at sea and in the air.

Western Electric
Leaders in Sound-Transmission Apparatus

The Prodigal Nurse

Continued from page 26

she got a chance to pose, she jumped at it. She's made a tremendous hit. But she knows a model's life isn't very long and I think she's planning to go back to nursing any day now."

"Have you done a lot of work with her?"

"Quite a lot."

Her smoldering eyes rested on him. "Oh, you have?" She leaned back in her chair. "So she expects to go on nursing? And she was mixed up in that disgraceful stabbing last night? Quite a girl, isn't she?"

"I'm sorry I mentioned that. She wasn't really mixed up in it. There was something about their contract—a private feud between Gallo and LeMarr. I've got a hunch Jane Leeds—you know her, she belongs to your set—was mixed up in it somehow, though I can't think how."

"You are doing quite a noble job defending her. Rather a Don Quixote, aren't you, Pat?" She rang for cocktails. "Someone kept her name nicely out of the papers," she meditated, "and I can well see why. It wouldn't look so well for her if she plans to go on with a medical career."

"I'm not standing up for her, I just know she had a bad break and had nothing to do with those two men. There's quite a lot in the paper about it anyway, and I'm darned glad Carlie managed to keep her name out of it. Celia's a good kid—" he stopped. Better not pursue that line.

She laughed. He was to remember that laugh. She raised her hand and tapped him on the shoulder. "Run along home, Pat," she said. "I simply wanted to know about this picture. Feminine curiosity, you know."

"Glad to have come," he said tenderly. "I can never see enough of you."

"Ah?" said Alita Brett.

When he had gone, she lifted the telephone from its rack, and called a number. "Morning Star office," came the answer back.

"I want to speak to one of your reporters," she said, "Mr. Jed Hay." She sat and waited and thought.

"Jed," she said after a time to the man who answered. "It's Alita. . . . Yes, thanks, very well. I've picked up a bit of news I thought might interest you. It's the inside story of the stabbing of that pianist, LeMarr, last night. Rather famous duo, aren't they?"

SHE listened to the voice on the other end a minute. "Of course there was something fishy about the story the papers got," she agreed with him. "Naturally nobody believes it. What? Yes, of course, there was a woman mixed up in it. There always is, as you say. And your gossip sheet missed it. It was nobody very important—just an artists' model who used to be a nurse. Celia Landis. The police must have the particulars for anyone who's interested enough to inquire."

She listened again. "Oh, I suppose they would have told if the man had died. Well, it's of no consequence. I can see you think it isn't a story but I thought you would like to know."

They talked for a while longer and she smiled. When she hung up there was a thoughtful look in her eyes. The thoughtful look which may mean nothing or may mean many things. She lit her cigarette and rose from the couch. Mrs. Brett was finished for the afternoon. And from the motionless cigarette between her lips the smoke floated upward without a curve, and she watched it as she might watch the aspirations of Celia Landis fade.

But Celia was not worrying about Alita Brett. She had not given Mrs. Brett, the lady who had divorced several husbands, another thought. What worried her was the feeling she was developing for Carleton Daklin. The thing that was developing between them. She tried to tell herself that he was not the kind of man she could love, that she did not admire him as she did Anthony Starr, that when she was with him she did not begin to feel the sense of happiness and of desire to do things that she had when she talked to Starr. But what has admiration or respect ever had to do with love? She wondered. All she knew was that when she was with Daklin the world became a place in which only amusement and worldly things mattered. There was no withdrawal into an ivory tower of effort and of aspiration as there was with men like Starr. Through all their ordered, superficial conversation at the luncheon table, Daklin's smooth, bright wit, his audacity of speech played over her like a sparkling fountain.

WHAT did she care for Alita Brett who, perhaps, had the moral code of an alley cat? At least Daklin, though he belonged to that world, scorned it. To Alita Brett his code might seem no different from hers, but Celia knew, she knew it was different. Everything that was vain in her rose to the flattery of Daklin, who could manage to tell a woman without saying it that she was more beautiful than all the other women in the room because she had soul, fire. Who could make her, without any difficulty whatever, believe it? And make her believe, too, that being beautiful and having fun was all that mattered?

Well, wasn't it? That was what Celia was thinking when she left him. He had said, so casually, that an account handled by East-West was sending some models to London and Paris—to show American clothes, especially shoes. Wasn't that carrying coals to Newcastle, she had wondered, and he said, no, that American designers were now better than any in the world. That it was about time they went over and took the offensive.

"Would you not like that trip, Celia?" He was studying her, so fine-spun, so delicately lovely. "You've had very little fun in your life."

"It sounds wonderful."

And she knew that if she went, Carleton Daklin would be on the boat. Well, why not?

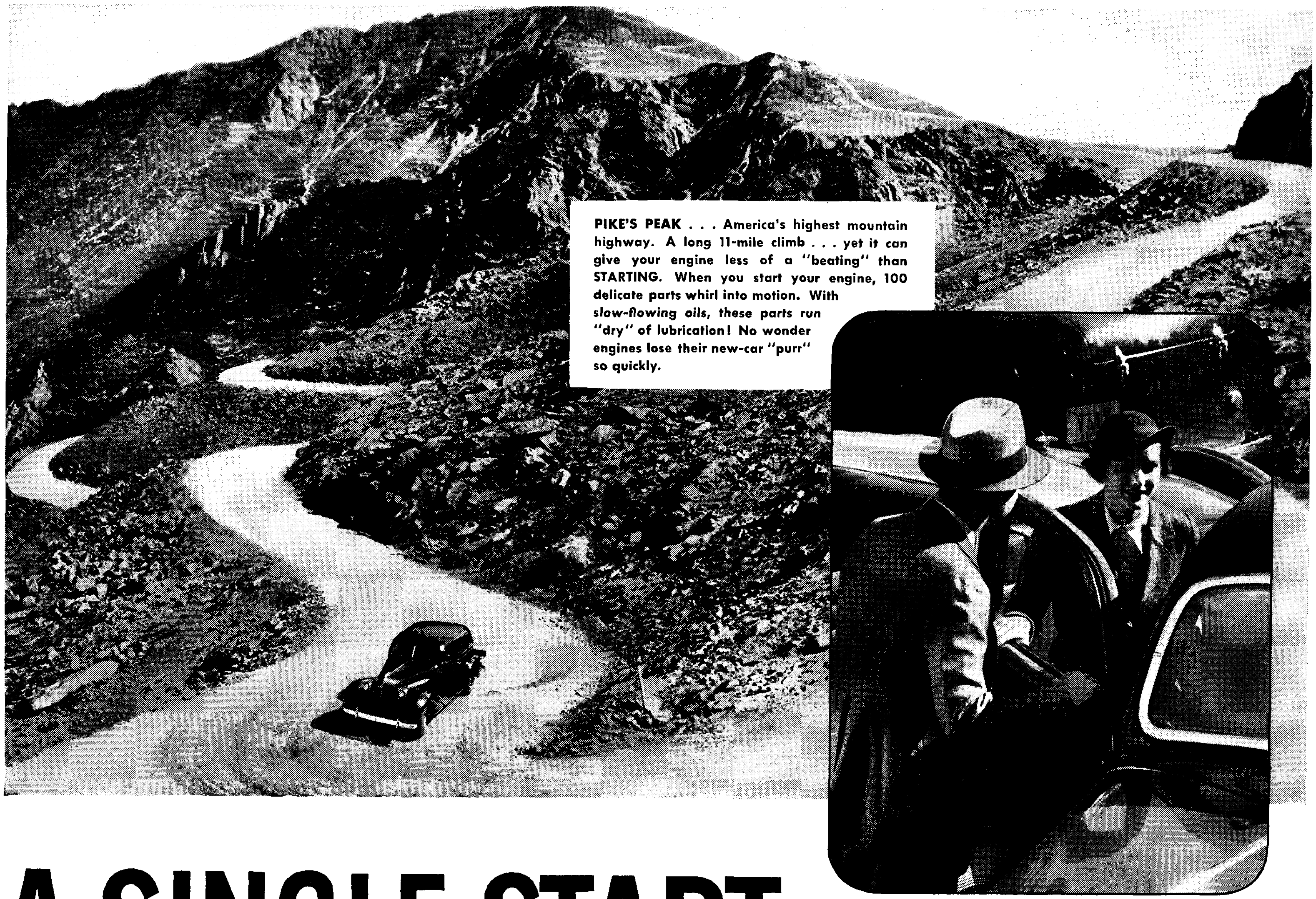
"I've had a delightful time," she said, offering her hand to him as she left him. She had said, untruthfully, that she had an engagement. Somehow, she did not want him to take her home. "And I can't ever thank you enough for keeping me out of the reports of that mess last night. It was my own fault. I shouldn't have gone up there with Jane. I knew it at the time."

"But you had to escape, didn't you?"

She had pretended not to understand that. But his smile and his look made her seem very archaic. It said that the world, nowadays, was being ordered by a new scale in which certain standards, her old standards, didn't weigh so much as hitherto. She went back to her apartment and it seemed that she still felt his hand on her hand, his look on hers.

She took her mail from the box and did not look at it. She was thinking of Starr. Thinking of Daklin. With Starr life would be building together—building—home, children, his work which would be her work, which would be the world's

(*Continued on page 30*)



PIKE'S PEAK . . . America's highest mountain highway. A long 11-mile climb . . . yet it can give your engine less of a "beating" than STARTING. When you start your engine, 100 delicate parts whirl into motion. With *slow-flowing oils, these parts run* "dry" of lubrication! No wonder engines lose their new-car "purr" so quickly.

A SINGLE START can cause more engine wear than CLIMBING PIKE'S PEAK

3/4 of your engine wear can occur in Starting . . . but now a New Oil CHECKS THIS WEAR

ENGINEERS NOW POINT OUT that the starting period can cause approximately 75% of engine wear.

Even in warm weather, it takes about 15 minutes to bring the average engine to efficient operating heat. During this "cold" period, you need a *fast-flowing* oil...one that gets quickly to all the 100 parts.

But after your engine is warmed up, you need an entirely different quality in your oil. You need a heavier, TOUGH oil.

It is easy to make either a fast-flowing oil or a tough oil. The problem has been to combine BOTH qualities in *one* oil.

Today, after an expenditure of over $3,000,000, Shell engineers have produced such an oil. The new Golden Shell Motor Oil is FAST-FLOWING yet TOUGH.

Oil technicians call the process behind it the biggest advance in 25 years.

And so it is possible for the recommended grade of the new Golden Shell Motor Oil to:

ADD a year to the life of your engine!

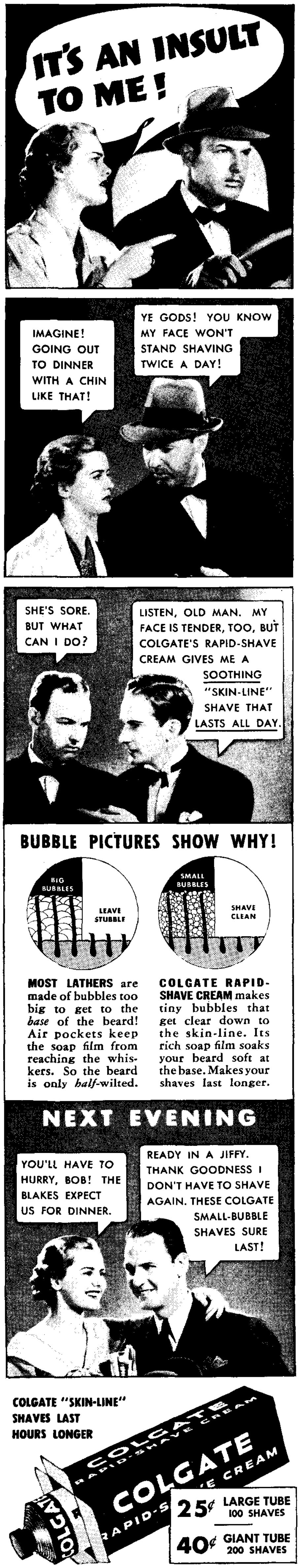
SAVE you up to 50% on your engine repair bills. (Many repairs can cost from $10 to $100.)

SAVE you a gallon of gasoline in every tankful. (The "drag" of an oil that is too heavy can waste over 5% of your power.)

Start protecting your engine with Golden Shell today. Now sold at over 30,000 neighborly Shell stations from coast to coast.

The New Motor Oil

GOLDEN SHELL



IT'S AN INSULT TO ME!
IMAGINE! GOING OUT TO DINNER WITH A CHIN LIKE THAT!
YE GODS! YOU KNOW MY FACE WON'T STAND SHAVING TWICE A DAY!
SHE'S SORE. BUT WHAT CAN I DO?
LISTEN, OLD MAN. MY FACE IS TENDER, TOO, BUT COLGATE'S RAPID-SHAVE CREAM GIVES ME A SOOTHING "SKIN-LINE" SHAVE THAT LASTS ALL DAY.
BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY!
BIG BUBBLES
LEAVE STUBBLE
SMALL BUBBLES
SHAVE CLEAN

MOST LATHERS are made of bubbles too big to get to the *base* of the beard! Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only *half*-wilted.

COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.

NEXT EVENING
YOU'LL HAVE TO HURRY, BOB! THE BLAKES EXPECT US FOR DINNER.
READY IN A JIFFY. THANK GOODNESS I DON'T HAVE TO SHAVE AGAIN. THESE COLGATE SMALL-BUBBLE SHAVES SURE LAST!
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER

25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES

40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

The Prodigal Nurse

Continued from page 28

work in a sense that nothing Daklin could ever be or do was the world's.

In their sitting-room Betty was reading the morning paper. "Glad you weren't mentioned in this LeMarr stunt," she said. "But did you see the item in Paddock's column?" She read it aloud: "The gorgeous Celia Landis is seen in all the hot spots these days with the tycoon of the advertising world. What's up?"

Celia leaned against a chair and said nothing. "It's none of my business, of course," said Betty. "But I hate to see that, Celia."

Celia felt a flash of resentment. Then that died. She liked Betty and respected her, and she knew that outside Starr, Betty was the best friend she had in the world. Betty stood for all the solid things that Celia had been taught to believe in. And the look on her face now was enlightening. It made Celia terribly conscious of herself as a person and as a rather silly one. It made her wonder about herself as Starr always made her wonder. Which was her true self, the one Betty saw or the one Daklin was bringing out in her?

She took off her hat and held it in her hand, looking at it as if there were something to be learned from hats that had never been learned before.

"Well, I don't know that I like it much myself," she said. "But it's only a gossip column and nobody believes what they read in those things."

"They believe you are seen around with Daklin." Betty was elaborately unconcerned. She tucked a cushion behind her back. "He's a married man," she said.

"Yes." She folded her gloves. "But they live their own lives, those two. I know. I was in their house. They have nothing to do with each other and neither cares what the other does."

"Here's that picture of you with Pat," Betty said. "Very good, too." As far as she was concerned, the subject of the Daklins was dismissed; at least so she made it appear. And if she wanted to ask why they did not get a divorce if they each wanted to live their own lives, she let that go, too, as none of her affair. Which, indeed, it was not.

CELIA went into the bedroom and put away her things. She knocked over a hat stand and threw it irritably back on the shelf. She went into the bathroom and pressed the smooth waves of her hair into place with her fingers, added some liquid polish to her nails. She seemed absorbed in what she was doing but in reality the thing that was uppermost in her mind was what was she going to do now? What was she going to do about Daklin and herself? She knew that she had come to a parting of the ways. What would happen if she went on as she was going? What would Betty think of her? And Starr? And Miss Cox? And what would she think of herself?

"Now what is all this fuss about?" her mind sputtered. She was all right. She was just going along making a living as a model. Certainly.

She went back into the bedroom and saw her mail where she had flung it on the bureau. She stopped and stared at it a second, for the letter on top of what looked like a lot of circulars was marked "St. Martha's Hospital, Office of the Superintendent."

She opened the letter and read it. Then she sat down on her bed and stared straight ahead. So this was how things happened. This was how life played into one's hands and left one to make one's own decisions. That was all you had to do, then, just go ahead and let things take their course and let them make for you what arrangements and occasions they would.

She got up and went back into the other room. "Read this," she said to Betty.

And Betty read the letter, which told Celia that at a meeting of the Board the day before it had been decided to offer her the post of Chief Nurse in St. Martha's operating-room. "We are glad to inform you that you have been strongly recommended," it read, "by our Supervisor of Nurses, Miss Cox, as well as by members of our surgical staff; in particular, Dr. Anthony Starr and Dr. Leslie Kallock." Betty looked up at Celia, then down at the letter again. "We should like to have you let us know immediately if you are free to accept this offer. The honorarium will be one hundred dollars a month."

Betty laid down the stiff sheet. "It seems as if that isn't very much," she said, "only a hundred dollars a month."

"No, not much," said Celia.

Betty said, "I forgot to tell you, Celia, that Dr. Starr dropped in while you were gone. Just a minute after you left. He wanted you for lunch."

Celia felt her sidelong glance and knew Betty had not forgotten at all. "He came in! And he wasn't angry—" she began.

"He said he'd been peevish the other night and had felt like a fool afterwards. I really didn't know what he was talking about, though he seemed to think I would." She swung her foot in a loose gold mule. "I'm crazy about that man," she said. "Better look out, Celia, I'll try to take him from you."

Celia said, "So he came!" She knew he had told Betty about the appointment and had begged her to persuade Celia to take it. But Betty was being herself, she wasn't urging anything. Celia thought about that. She also thought about Kallock. So the Daklins had made him see that Miss Landis was an excellent nurse! Her lips curled a little at Kallock.

"I don't blame you for not accepting this," said Betty, carelessly. "Not when you can make as much as that in a week." She emitted a sound between a sigh and a sniff. "Imagine offering you a hundred dollars a month for drudgery like that!"

Celia stood looking down at her. She walked to the window and looked at the wide view, at the sparkling river and the white smoke rising in spirals over in Williamsburg. In this moment, as often, it was absurd that she was a nurse, that she should be connected with the ugliness of life.

"I suppose Mr. Daklin," said Betty slowly, "would have a fit. He wants you for all his accounts." She did not look at Celia but seemed preoccupied with a run that was developing in her stocking, was staring at it with narrowed eyes.

And Celia knew what Betty was telling her to do. She thought of Starr and his level, appraising eyes and of Miss Cox. Betty was there in the room with her and Starr's picture was on the table—she turned and looked at it—but it was terrifying to know that in this whole scene, in the river and in the sunlight and in the smoke, only Daklin was real. Daklin who had a wife and who was making love to her, Celia, the kind of love that she had been told always was an insult. But she did not, could not think of it as an insult.

ABSENTLY she slid her hands up and down a windowpane. Up and down, up and down, on the smooth, cold glass. "A trip to Europe," she was thinking. "London. Paris."

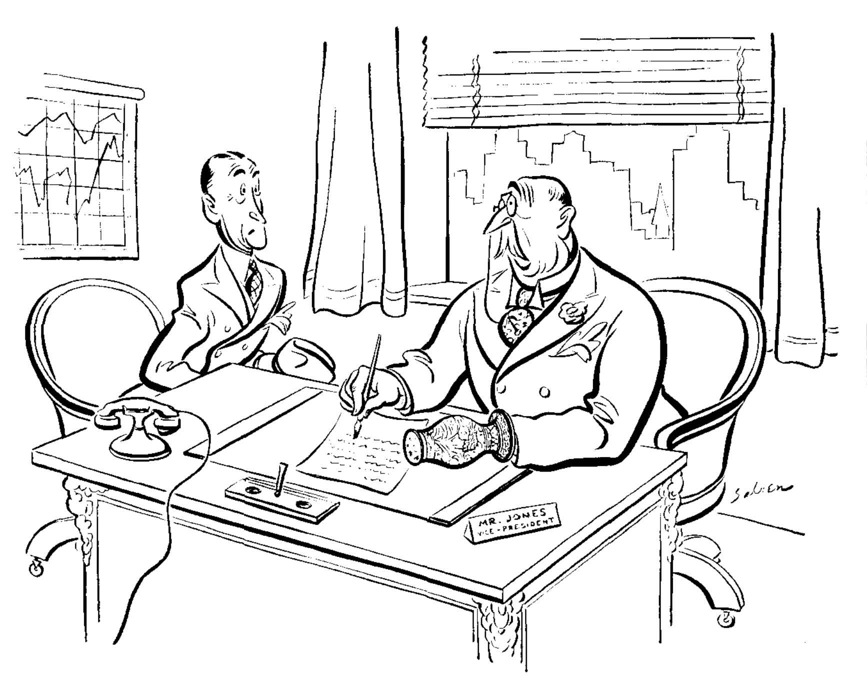
She let her hands fall and turned and leaned against the window. She gazed at Betty. Betty might just say, "Oh, Celia, we all have to lead our own lives. Listen, my dear, there's only one life to live and hadn't we better have all the fun we can?" But Betty did not say it. That wasn't how Betty looked at things. That wasn't, perhaps, what she herself believed, though how could she tell, she who had let go of so many beliefs. If Betty urged her to go on with modeling, Celia could say, "No, I ought to go back to my own job." Then she would feel that she had done something pretty fine. Now, as it was, she felt cheated. But what she said was:

"Well, he may want me for his accounts, but what I am going to do is to go back to St. Martha's."

"And I could cry my eyes out," she thought passionately.

And down in the streets the newsboys were selling the tabloid for which Mr. Jed Hay worked.

(To be continued next week)

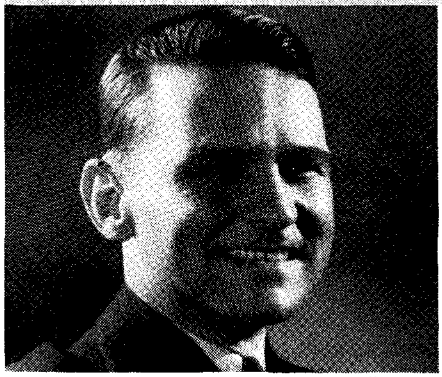


"I know, but my wife won't let me break it!"

WILLIAM SAKREN

18 TO 24 MILES TO THE GALLON OF GAS!

Say owners all over America . . .



MELVIN PURVIS, famous G-man, says: "One of the most surprising discoveries I've made is the way my new Dodge saves money! It gives me 19 to 20 miles to the gallon in city driving and as high as 22 miles in the country."

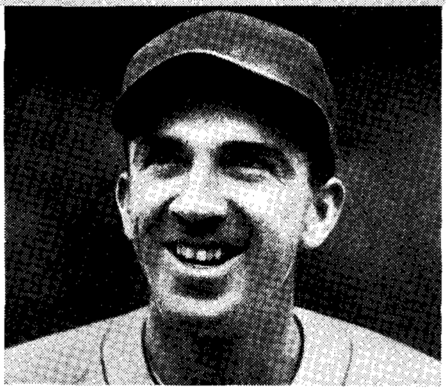
BING CROSBY, Paramount's popular singing star: "You're asking how I like my new Dodge—well, I'd just like to see the car that offers so much driving satisfaction at such a low driving cost."

WILLIAM HARRIDGE, President, American League, says: "Dodge is the most beautiful and most economical car at anywhere near its price. My Dodge gives me 18 miles per gallon of gasoline."

WARNER BAXTER, Famous 20th Century-Fox star: "The remarkable ease of operation, responsive power and true economy of my new Dodge give me a driving satisfaction that I have never before known."

That's why these men who could afford much more expensive cars drive the BIG MONEY-SAVING DODGE..

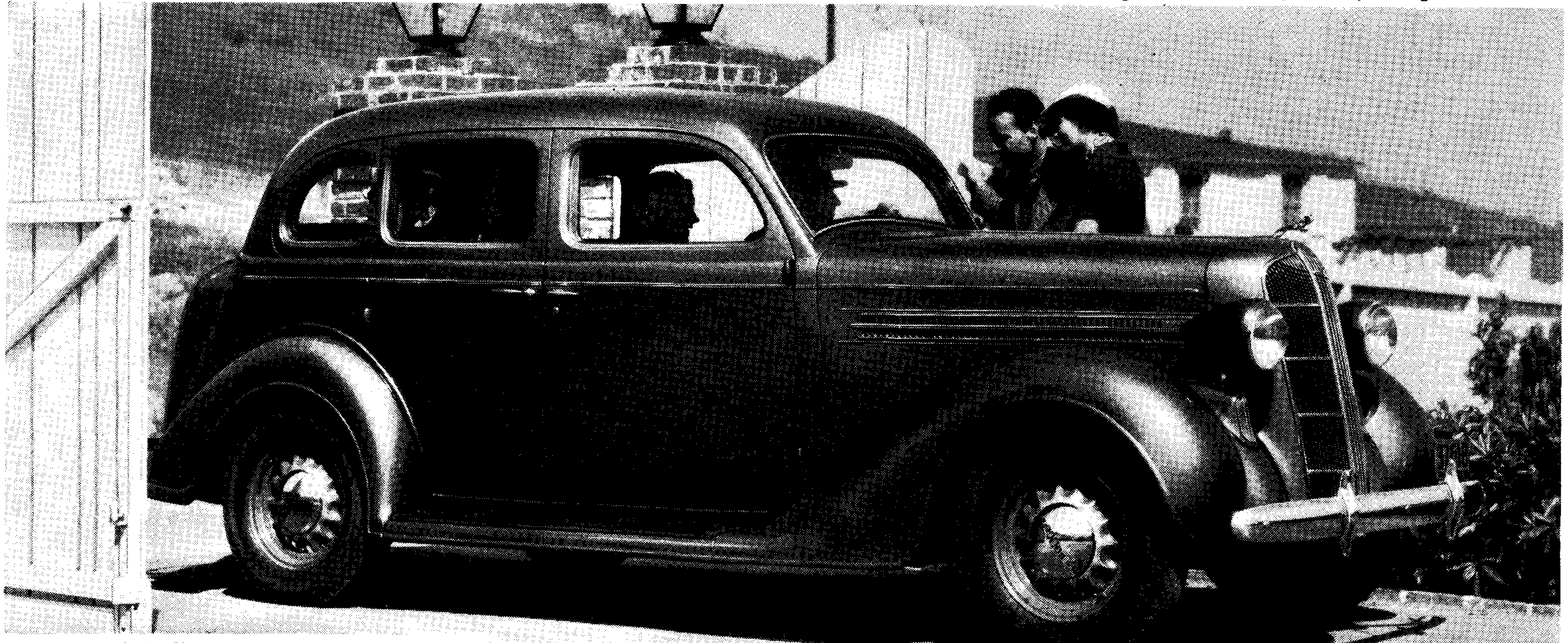
MAJOR M. E. TRULL, noted marksman: "Dodge scores a bull's-eye with me. I haven't found another car that has all the safety features my Dodge has, and I'm getting more miles to the gallon of gas than ever before."



CARL HUBBELL, well-known New York Giants' Pitcher: "My new 1936 Dodge has plenty on the ball. I'm getting 20 miles to the gallon of gas—4 more miles per gallon than I used to get with my old smaller car."

FRANK BUCK, noted "Bring 'em Back Alive" game hunter: "I have driven Dodge cars for years. This Dodge I have driven 3,500 miles and have averaged over 21 miles to the gallon. I don't see how you can beat a Dodge."

ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS, famous explorer: "Dodge helped me blaze the way through the trackless wastelands in the Far East. Many times we staked our lives on the dependability of Dodge cars."

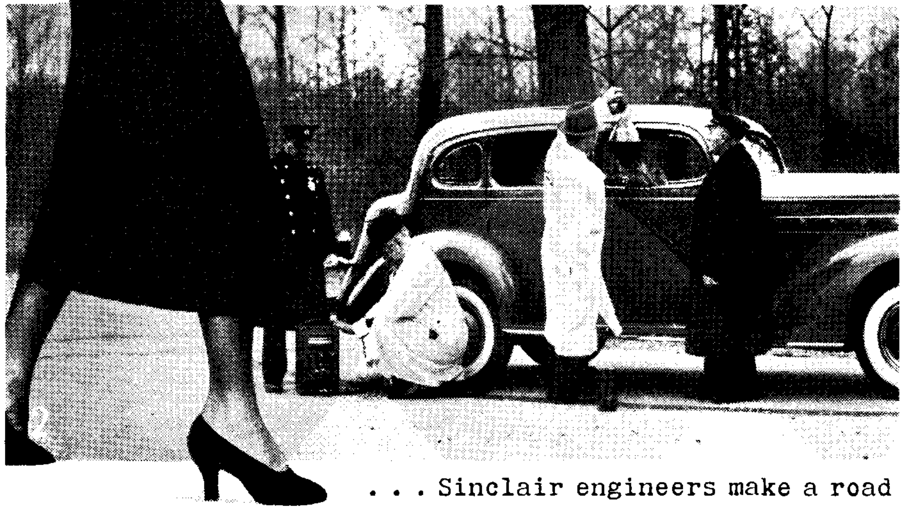


*Money-Saving Dodge Touring Sedan (with built-in trunk) $760**

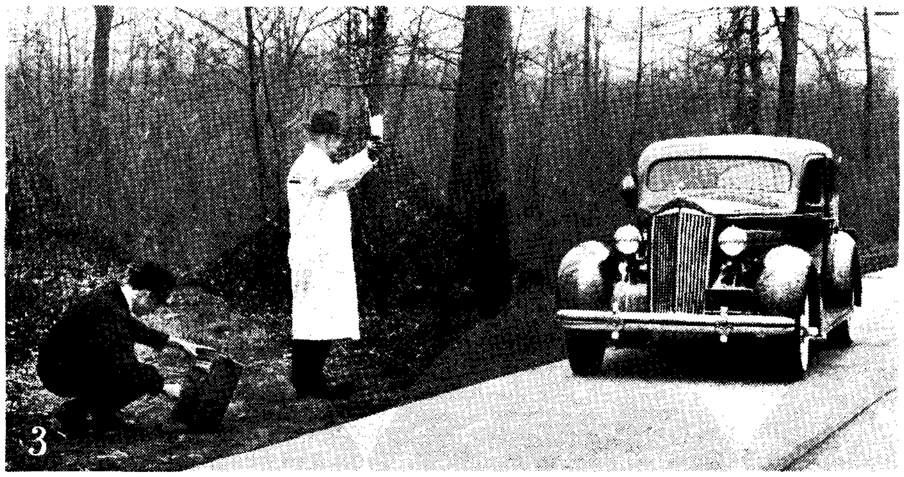
Big MONEY SAVING DODGE *new low price-only* $640*

** Coupe $640, Rumble Seat Coupe $695, 2-door Sedan $695, Touring Sedan (2-door with built-in trunk) $720, Sedan $735, Touring Sedan (4-door with built-in trunk) $760, Convertible Coupe $795, 7-pass. Sedan (with built-in trunk) $975, Convertible Sedan (with built-in trunk) $995. Dodge Trucks $570 and up. *List prices at factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Special equipment extra. Easy terms gladly arranged to fit your budget, at low cost, through Commercial Credit Company.*

Glamorous Gloria Swanson, famous for her beautiful clothes, rests after a spring shopping trip in New York. Meanwhile . . .



. . . Sinclair engineers make a road test for her in a 1936 Packard—pitting Sinclair H-C Gasoline against two other well known regular gasolines. H-C gave . . .



. . . enough extra mileage to enable Miss Swanson's chauffeur to get 16 more miles to the tankful. You, too, can get extra mileage for your car by . . .

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. . . asking your nearby Sinclair dealer for Sinclair H-C Gasoline. Try a tankful today!

Captain Jenkins' Ear

Continued from page 17

tower base, Desparto dismissed the guard. This the sentry opened, and stood aside. The three entered; the door closed.

It was a large, low-vaulted room of rough hewn beams. The leaded windows of the eastern wall faced the bay. The suck of the tide, the steady drone of the trade filled it with faint and troubling sounds, and at times the soft shatter of surf on stone. And in the center of the room, one slender hand on the table's edge and the other at her breast, a girl stood, tall and proudly erect.

"Roger!" she breathed distinctly.

"Frances," he said.

Hugh looked at her, and under the spell of her loveliness understood what arresting power had held his friend on the quay of Cartagena. Ramon Desparto was silent for a moment, his faint smile broadening at the perverse pleasure he had in the tense, suppressed emotion between the two. Then, walking elegantly forward, he lit a thin cigarette at the tip of a candle's flame.

"Francesca, my darling," he said, looking up, "you see what power your beauty has? I am certain Roger Blake allowed his brig to sail without him only for your dear sake."

"You are quite right, Desparto," Roger agreed without taking his eyes from the girl. "It is a custom of my country."

Desparto drew away from the candelabra. "It is a foolish one. Are all the English so foolish?"

"I was speaking of the Massachusetts colony."

"Ah; yes. Salem." The Spaniard smiled. "And Jurio," he murmured. "That excellent sailor who goes without you to give a spy's news to your admiral; is he also a Salem man?"

"He is, Desparto. You may not know what that means. It means he will sail under the eyes of your forts and give every *guarda costa* outside the slip before they have time to square away. Never fear! He will deliver his news safely."

"No! Not really!"

The Spaniard rolled his eyes in mock dismay.

"Of course he will deliver his news safely!" Desparto boomed. "I have not the slightest doubt of it! As a matter of fact, I have given express orders to every sloop master outside to allow your brig to pass unmolested! Do you understand? . . . The English always underestimate their enemies. It seems that Salem men, too, have inherited that fault."

ANOTHER spasm of laughter shook him. But he went on in a moment, his face harsh and absolutely mirthless now.

"You know, of course," he bit off, "what happened to your compatriot, Captain Jenkins. If I turned you over to the mob in the market place and told them who you were, you would lose more than your ears, my friends. But it's too crude for my nature, that. . . . My lieutenant may have been drunk. He acts out his parts better that way. But what he blithered that night was said under orders and deliberately for your ears—and Admiral Vernon's.

"Attend me! With Jurio's news, he will sail straight for the Boca Grande channel. Am I right? Well, at midnight tonight four ships are to be scuttled directly at the inner mouth of that channel. You may have noticed them anchored there? There will be no sign of them above water, I assure you, nor any sign of the waterproofed gunpowder kegs lashed to the upper decks. It is hoped when your great Admiral Vernon's ships strike, they will be blown to hell! If not, I have taken the precaution of placing a battery of brass cannon on the west slope of Tierra Bomba. Once within that narrow channel your ships cannot maneuver. And my gunners will sink you one by one, and at will."

He stopped, hesitating to make more effective his direful explanation. The two men from Salem could do nothing but stare at him, tight-lipped, while the eyes of the girl burned. The Spaniard ground out his cigarette.

"I made but one mistake," he said slowly. "I felt certain you would sail in the brig and I should be rid of you. Well, you did not. But I cannot allow you meddling with the affections of my darling Francesca. I shall, therefore, give you both the privilege of waiting for tomorrow's slaughter in a room of the tower." He tossed a careless finger overhead. "The view from the east is excellent. I shall have the pleasure of knowing you will see at first hand the annihilation of your Admiral Vernon's fleet. . . . After that, of course, you both die."

HE SPUN on his heel and pulled open the door. Roger came instantly toward the girl, arm outflung.

"Frances!" he cried.

She raised her finger to her lips. The sentry entered.

"This way, gentlemen," Desparto murmured.

The prison room, lit by a single lamp, was nothing but stone walls and two wooden benches. A great shouting and crying reached them late that night from the harbor.

"They make a din about it," Roger muttered without stirring from his post at the barred opening high above the quay, "sinking those hulks across the mouth."

"Pleasant notion of Desparto's, you've got to admit."

Roger turned. "Can't you see what it means, man? If we could get word out? They've moved half the batteries from the other channel forts to this side. Half the Spanish sail are inside the harbor. If Vernon knew—"

"If he knew he could walk his frigates through the Boca Chica and blow the Spaniard to bits before he knew what hit him. If he knew! But he doesn't. He knows something else!"

"If we could reach him—"

"You might try signaling," Hugh interrupted with dry bitterness.

There was silence again. The minutes dragged. The shouting from the port continued without abatement. Hugh looked up at his friend, eyes puckered.

"Didn't you ever think, Roger," he breathed in a bare whisper, "that she might have been working you to leeward with—" He stopped. Something in the Salem shipmaster's eyes arrested him. Strange! Blake would die that way, no doubt; believing in the girl. Well, it was good to have something to believe in up there, waiting for dawn. "I'm sorry," Hugh said, and stood up.

Quite suddenly the trap in the heavy door shot back. Both men looked there, startled. In the dark square the sentry's eyes glowed for an instant; then a swarthy face came into view.

"The captain has permitted you a priest," he said thickly, "to comfort your last hours."

The door opened; closed. A man of God stood quietly in the dim light, his cassock trailing the stones, his head deep in his hood.

(Continued on page 36)

One-two-three-and you'll own a Packard 120

1

Learn what a big part of the cost your old car will cover

It may be a surprise to you to learn how far the allowance for your present car will go toward the purchase of a Packard 120.

Of course, it is impossible to quote figures that will suit every situation. But in a surprising number of cases, *the used car allowance equals or exceeds the down payment.* Without obligation, have a Packard dealer appraise your car.

2

Discover the flexibility of the payment plan

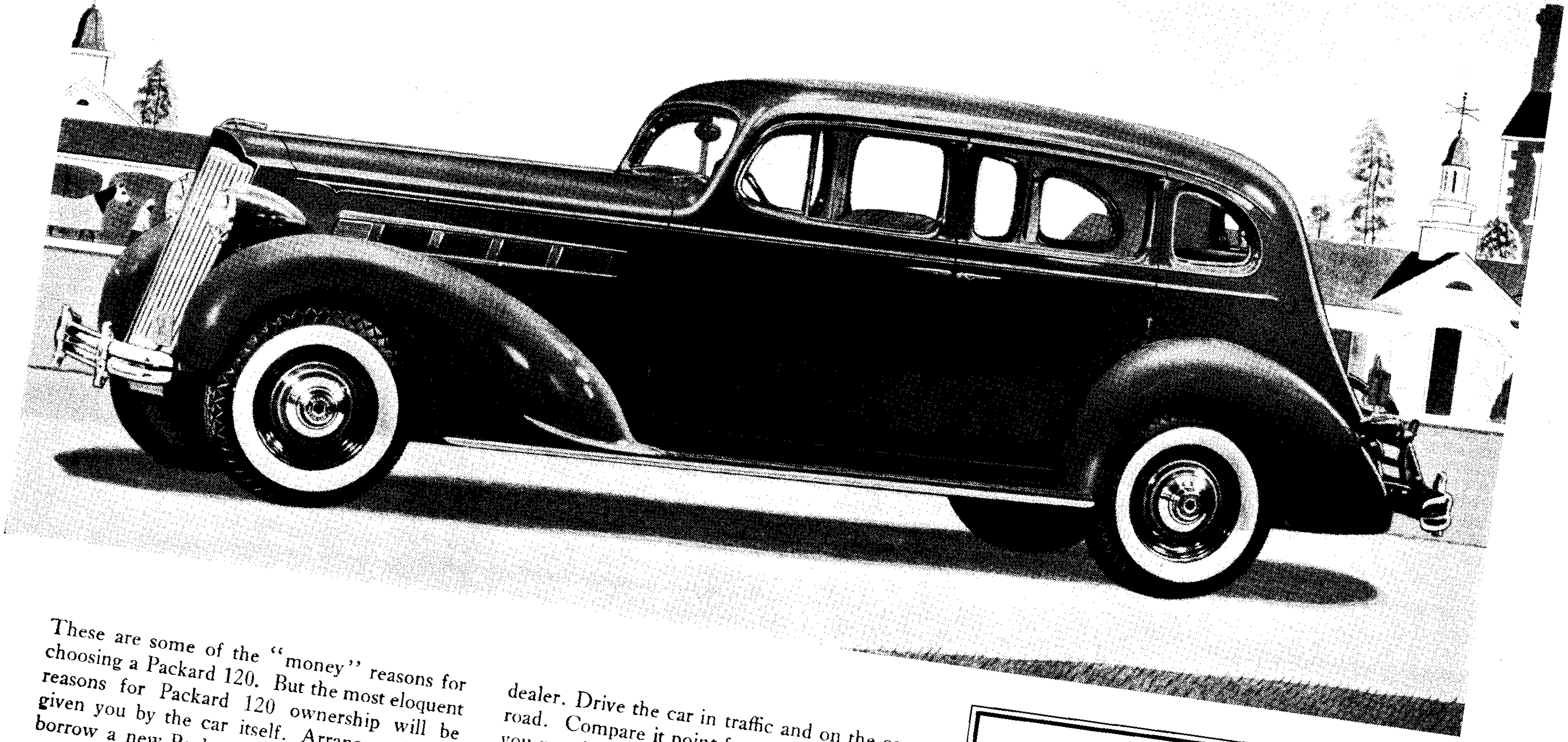
The monthly payments on a Packard 120 can be arranged to suit your income. Actually, these payments are never over a few dollars more than those you would make on some lower priced car. And remember, your Packard 120 will still be smart years after the last payment has been forgotten—thanks to Packard's policy of avoiding radical yearly style changes.

3

Learn how low the upkeep and service charges are

A Packard 120 is, we believe, the most service-free car in America.

And such routine service as you do require costs but little. The Packard dealer in your community will be glad to prove this to you *before* you buy the car. He can show you that typical charges for labor and parts actually average a little *less* than on the other prominent cars in the price class of the Packard 120.



These are some of the "money" reasons for choosing a Packard 120. But the most eloquent reasons for Packard 120 ownership will be given you by the car itself. Arrange today to borrow a new Packard 120 from your Packard dealer. Drive the car in traffic and on the open road. Compare it point for point with any car you may be thinking of buying. Do this—and we are confident that you will want a Packard 120 as you have never wanted *any* new car.

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—that the speed of freight trains has been stepped up 43% in recent years?

—that the railroads maintain their own "highways" —a quarter of a million miles of rails?

—that 44% of every dollar the railroads take in goes for railroad payrolls?

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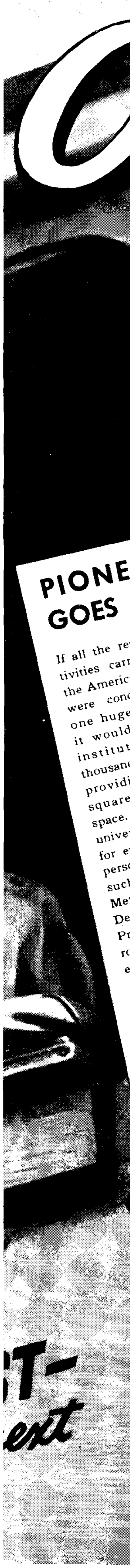
—that many railroads will carry your automobile to vacation spots for the price of a third ticket?

—that you are far safer on a railroad train than you are in your own home?



OK, buddy!”

IN THESE homely words you hear expressed the self-reliant spirit of one of the foremost industries of the nation, the American railroads.

They're driving ahead to new triumphs in service and efficiency — going after business, and getting it, in a way to make any railroad man justly proud.

Of course the recent lean years have not been easy; they have been tough for the railroads just as they have for almost any other business you can name.

But in face of tough times these dependable carriers have made their bid for increased business by stepping up freight train speed by 43%, by cutting the running time of passenger trains, and by increasing their comfort by air-conditioning, which means greater cleanliness, restful quiet, safe agreeable travel at its best.

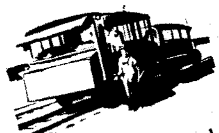
And at the same time there has steadily gone forward a vast program of improvement which only a man who works on the railroad could see and appreciate in full — $172,000,000 invested in the past six years in laying heavier rails — a third of a billion dollars spent during the same period in new track construction and *more than three billions* put into right-of-way maintenance — all of which make faster schedules possible with safety.

Yes, a lot has been happening to the railroads — astonishingly more than most people realize — wouldn't it be a good idea next time you have a trip to make, to go by rail?

We believe if you'll look about you with a friendly eye, you'll discover surprising evidence of how superbly the job is being done!

PIONEERING STILL GOES ON!

If all the research activities carried on by the American railroads were concentrated in one huge laboratory it would require an institution housing thousands of men and providing millions of square feet of floor space. Six railroads, two universities and ten supply companies alone, for example, maintain a permanent research personnel of about 1,000 people, engaged in such varied projects as Equipment Design, Metal Alloys, General Equipment Efficiency, Design and Performance of Signal Apparatus, Production Methods, Wood Decay, Metal Corrosion, Water Softening. Out of such pioneering endeavor come such devices as this modern Detector Car, which automatically reveals unseen interior defects in rails, and simply by running it over the rails defects can be not only discovered but marked with a splash of paint, assuring immediate replacement.



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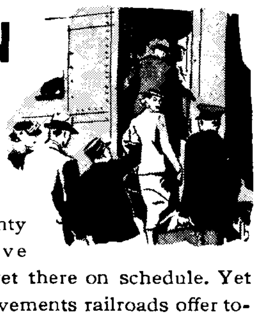

NO other transportation in the world can match the American railroads for speed with safety. And every modern convenience contributes to your comfort when you go by rail. Practically all through trains are air-conditioned — cleaner, quieter, healthier. You have modern lighting, excellent food, comfortable seats, plenty of room to move around, and you get there on schedule. Yet with all the improvements railroads offer today, fares have been steadily lowered. When you plan a trip for business or pleasure — call the nearest ticket office for new low rates.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

HEADQUARTERS: Transportation Building, Washington, D. C.

Captain Jenkins' Ear

Continued from page 32

"Señores," he murmured. "I come from the Señorita Francesca."

Roger's eyes lit up. "She is well?"

"She is well, señor. She bids me tell you I am to be trusted. If you doubt it, I am to remind you she has not forgotten the ear of Captain Jenkins."

Hugh stiffened. Roger stepped quickly forward.

"Reach inside my cassock."

Blake's hand searched swiftly beneath the coarse cloth. Astonished, his fist closed on the hilt of a sword; then another. He withdrew them quickly. Hugh's eyes went wide.

"By the Lord!" he cried.

"No; you are wrong," the priest growled. There was a slight quaver in his voice. "I am no priest: and may God forgive my blasphemy. For no other but my lady Francesca would I do such a thing. I am Sebastian, a poor Indian, who is her slave."

HE THREW back his hood, baring the shaggy head and wrinkled, pocked face of an old man whose eyes alone seemed burning with life. His hand came down from the movement, and the other dropped to his side heavily. The cloth of his cassock, falling from it, revealed instead of a hand and forearm nothing but a club of wood.

"There is a fast-sailing fishing sloop with two red lamps in the rigging waiting at the end of the quay. And my lady Francesca bids me say she, too, will be waiting."

Hugh eyed the sword in his hand. "Splendid!" he cried bitterly. "What shall we do with these? Beat down the castle walls?"

"Don't be a fool, Hugh! Get the swords out of sight." Roger was alert, tense. "Sebastian, how long before that sentry outside is due for relief?"

"Two hours at least, señor."

"In two hours we can be outside the harbor. . . . Sebastian, beat on the door. Cry out to the sentry you are being attacked. Now! At once!"

Blake stepped up. Kicking with his boot on the prison door, he seized the Indian by the throat. Sebastian's face creased instantly in a knowing grin. He cried out loudly, writhing as though in desperate struggle. The trap slid back in the door. Two eyes appeared.

"What's this? By the blood! Attacking a man of God! Devils! Swine!"

His face shot away. The bolts flew back; the heavy door swung open. Swarthy-faced, angry, he strode in. Sebastian gasped realistically and slid out of Roger's grasp. The sentry raised his musket. The Indian, behind him now, brought down the club he had for an arm at the base of the soldier's skull. He sank, groaning.

"Truss him up! Get at it, Hugh!"

It was done in an instant; the prison door closed and the bars shot back in place. Sebastian led the way now, hooded again, his cassock trailing. Roger and Hugh followed down the deserted stone steps, swords in hand. Reaching the level of the ground, nothing lay between them and the open quay but a narrow corridor, cut by a square of yellow light from the guardroom door. From within footsteps sounded. The shadow of a man fell across the light. Roger and Hugh flattened themselves against the wall. A moment more and Desparto appeared squarely in front of Sebastian. The Spaniard stopped. Roger could see the smile on his thin face.

"Back so soon, padre?" Desparto murmured. "I wager—" He broke off sharply. Something in the appearance of the cassocked figure arrested him. He reached forward, his fist tight on the Indian's cloth as he dragged him full into light. "Sebastian!" His voice went cold. With a single shove he sent Sebastian flying backward into the guardroom. His blade came out as he sprang in after him. "I will teach you to carry messages to spies!"

In the corridor Roger and Hugh heard the Indian's pitiful plea. "Señor, I did only—I am unarmed. I swear it!"

"I will give you enough steel to last you then!"

Roger leaped for the door, Hugh behind him. The guardroom was empty, except for Sebastian, who was on his knee, with the wooden club of his arm upraised to catch Desparto's merciless slash. It alone saved him. The Spaniard cursed. His blade cut down again on the helpless Indian in the dress of a priest. But Hugh, who had leaped to one side, caught the thrust with his own weapon. Desparto sprang back, astonishment in his eyes. He recovered at once; leaped to the center of the room, on guard. Roger thrust his friend aside.

"This man, Hugh, is mine. Guard the doors—" He turned to face Desparto, his eyes bleak. "You see, you were wrong. We meet again."

"This time it is you who have safe advantage!"

"It need not bother you. They will not interfere. But be quick! I have no time to waste."

He came forward. The blades crossed, vibrating for an instant in silent contention. Hugh guarded the door, grinning once more. Sebastian watched the conflict with burning eyes, remembering perhaps with sudden and fierce intensity a night of sweating agony he had endured once at the whim of this uniformed captain with the cruel, sardonic face.

Desparto was confident in the instant the blades held. This was his own game. He held his point elegantly. Then all in a moment he glided the blade, feinted, and drove for a low, crippling cut. Blake followed the attack like lightning. His parry was hard, almost savage. Desparto lunged once more, certain of the end. To his amazement his point met nothing but empty air. Blake danced away. The Spaniard, off-balance, spun back into line of defense. Roger attacked the blade strongly, driving Desparto back, timing his strokes with a sure skill. The Spaniard's sword swept down to parry a quick feint in low line. It was a mistake—his last. Roger's point was up, inside the other's guard, a straight and perfect lunge. Seeing it, Sebastian growled in his throat.

Surprise, dismay, flew into Desparto's eyes as the thrust went home. He staggered, his weapon slack in his hand. Pierced through the heart, he sank down, that look of pained astonishment frozen forever on him.

ROGER turned at once for the door. He led the way quickly along the gloomy corridor, Hugh following and Sebastian bringing up the rear. The end of the quay was deserted, except where a sloop with two red lamps swung its mast in the stars. Farther down the quay there was the babble and shouting of holiday excitement where the torches moved, preparing the doom of the English fleet.

The two men leaped to the sloop's deck at once. And Sebastian, reaching the bollards, cast off the lines and clambered aboard. Hugh was already on the main halyard. A space of dark water grew between them and the quay wall.

"Sebastian!" Blake cried angrily. "She is not here! You have tricked me!"

"No; he has not tricked you. I am here, Roger. At your side."

The rich contralto came from a cloaked figure tailing the halyard with Hugh. Blake had not recognized her. The hood fell back from her head and he saw her eyes on his, gray-blue beneath a cloud of chestnut hair, like the eyes of Massachusetts women. The sloop leaned down on the wind; the first burst of spray shot aboard out of the dark surrounding night. . . .

The first pale band of gray on the eastern board revealed the sloop reaching northward on a cobalt sea with peaks of foaming white. The girl and Roger Blake stood in the waist, tasting the strong, wet wind as they faced the breaking day. He raised his arm, pointing where the horizon seemed to part to allow the entrance of the upper sails of a fleet. The hulls lifted rapidly; bore down as the sun burst above the sea. Admiral Vernon's frigate stood in the lead to windward, all gold and white in the dawn. To leeward of her a small brig swept along, lean and sleek as a racer beside the high-pooped, ungainly British men-of-war. Seeing her, the young Salem master smiled with pride.

"Jurio," he said.

AT THAT instant the frigate's forward gun spoke. They saw the bursting cloud of white smoke. Off the sloop's reaching bows a jet of water exploded into the air. Hugh sprang to his feet.

"By my teeth!" he roared. "They're gunning us!"

"What else would you expect? This sloop is Spanish from her eyes to her stern. They take us for a scouting don."

"And once they find the range—"

Blake grinned. "They are not Salem gunners aboard her, Hugh."

"There's nothing in our locker but moth-eaten Spanish flags!"

Roger dove for the locker. The frigate showed her teeth again. This time the ball fell closer, spitting brine. Blake came back on deck with a square of canvas.

"Bend this to the halyard, Hugh."

"That canvas is white!"

"Bend it!"

The white canvas flew aloft to the peak and flattened out in the wind. Hugh, eyes upraised, broke suddenly into an uproarious laugh. For the flag was not all white at all. Roger had painted upon it with quick black brush strokes, the outline of a human ear. The frigate, too, saw it. Her firing ceased. A cheer broke out instead. And they knew its import, there on the frigate's quarterdeck, a homemade ensign with nothing but an ear painted on it—the historic ear of Captain Robert Jenkins!

But Francesca's eyes were on the brig, where she boiled the water from her bows. The girl turned to Blake as the craft drew close.

"Beautiful, Roger," she murmured. "She is so beautiful."

"She is Salem built," he replied quietly. "We will give our news to Vernon, and go aboard of her at once. . . . The trees will be turning red in Salem this time of year; and the wind from the sea will be cold and hard and strong from the west of north." He put his arm about her. "It is different, Francesca, darling. You will love it."

She nodded, lifting her face to his. "I know I shall."

Sebastian put the tiller down. And the man from Salem, solidly swaying beneath the symbolic flag of Captain Jenkins' sacrifice, hailed in a booming voice the admiral of the British fleet of war.

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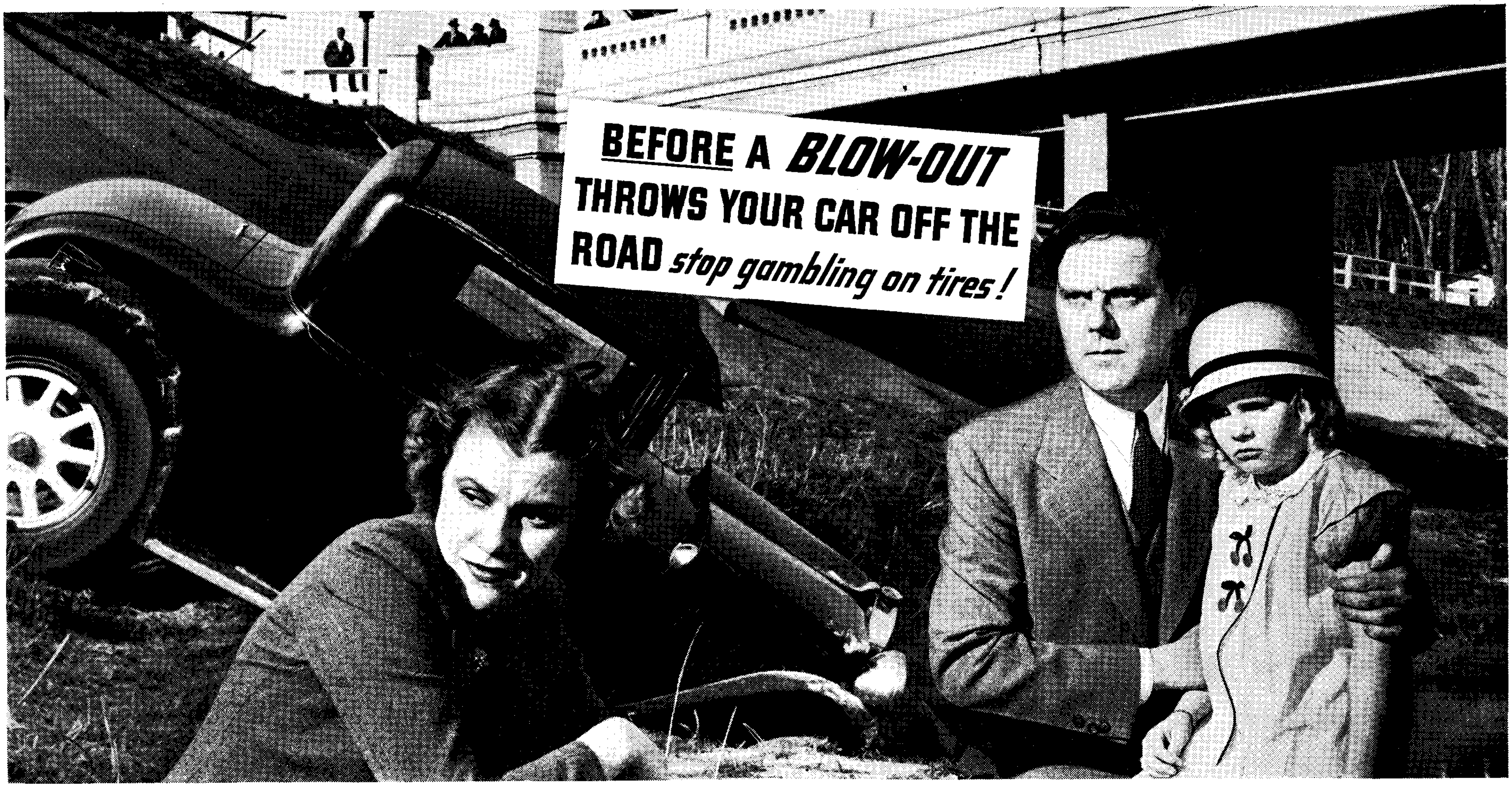

BEFORE A BLOW-OUT THROWS YOUR CAR OFF THE ROAD *stop gambling on tires!*

NO OTHER TIRE IN THE WORLD GIVES YOU GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION!

Husband: "I wish that wrecking car would come and pull us out of this mess."

Wife: "Yes, I'd like to get home and forget about this blow-out. It gives me the creeps."

* * *

A blow-out is something you can't forget in a hurry. That helpless feeling as the car is snatched from your control—the terrible drag that sets in—the trees, poles, ditches and head-on traffic that block your way to safety are incidents that will haunt you for months.

Let's face the facts. Because, unless you're protected, the chances are better than even that *you* might have a blow-out some day. Here's why:

Today's cars travel faster and faster. 40—50—60 reads the speedometer as the miles fly by. And don't forget, at these high speeds terrific heat is generated *inside* the tire. Rubber and fabric begin to separate. A blister forms. You can't see it. You drive on. Bigger and BIGGER this invisible menace to your life grows until, sooner or later, BANG! A blow-out! And then it's too late.

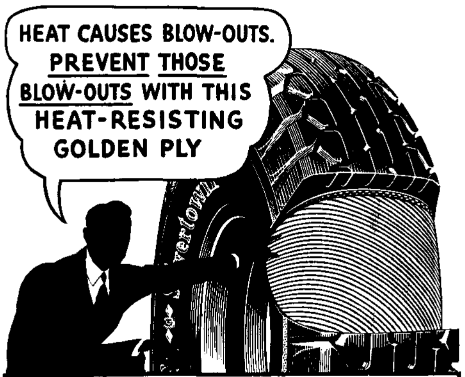
If you could only realize the necessity for having *real* protection against this motoring hazard that kills or injures thousands every year, you'd see your Goodrich Tire dealer about a set of Silvertowns for your car without delay.

Safer in two ways

First of all, Silvertowns are the *only* tires in the world built with the Life-Saver Golden Ply—a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist internal tire heat. By resisting this heat, the amazing Golden Ply keeps rubber and fabric from separating. It keeps blisters from forming. And when you prevent the blister you prevent the high-speed blow-out.

In the second place Silvertowns have a specially-designed tread. Big center ribs, that act like the windshield wiper on your car, sweep away water at the first sign of a skid, giving the big double outer rows of husky Silvertown cleats a *drier* surface to grip.

Vacation days—long drives to the country, seashore, or mountains are just ahead. Enjoy them to the utmost. Equip your car with Goodrich Golden Ply Silvertowns like thousands of others have done who believe in *"safe tires for safe motoring."* Remember Silvertowns cost not a penny more than other standard tires.


HEAT CAUSES BLOW-OUTS. PREVENT THOSE BLOW-OUTS WITH THIS HEAT-RESISTING GOLDEN PLY
Silvertown

FREE! A million more motorists pledged to safe driving is the Goodrich goal for 1936. Prove that you want accidents prevented. Join the Silvertown Safety League at your Goodrich dealer. He'll get for you—free—a handsome emblem with a red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light fails.

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

18 YEAR OLD BASE 5%
15 MONTHS OLD BODY 95%

COL. GLENMORE INVITES YOU TO TRY
Glenmore's TOM HARDY Famous Blend
A BLEND OF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKIES

Faithfully yours
—Col. Glenmore

Black Magic

Continued from page 15

superstitious. I'll admit, though, I'd as lief a cat had a little of some other color on it."

"Yeah, most people feel like that. There ain't no color except just black on *that* baby! Well, I don't see how to do nothing with the case. That colored boy told the cops he got the blood on him when he turned the witch doctor over to see if he was dead. He'll have some trouble proving that. Still, they didn't find no knife and they didn't find no money on the boy."

"Money?" I asked. "Is there supposed to be robbery in the case?"

"I don't know what's in it. The report around here is that this wizard took in a lot of dough, but we can't find he used no bank. The cops didn't find no money in the place. A lot of women come to see him and it might be a woman case. He give 'em love charms."

"Don't you think Waling did it?" I inquired.

"He might. If he didn't do it, I guess we won't find out."

I SAW O'Malley the next day. The newspapers said the police had pinned the murder on Waling.

"Well," I said, "it seems Waling told a lot of his friends that something was going to happen to the wizard if the girl kept on seeing him—and it happened, all right."

"Yeah, the colored boy's in a spot."

O'Malley was going back to the wizard's apartment. He asked me to wait while he talked again with the man in the meat market across the street. When we entered the apartment, the cat came out from behind one of the papier-mâché figures and rubbed itself pleadingly against O'Malley's legs.

"Good Lord!" I cried. "It wouldn't have anything to do with you before."

"It looks like he's got it figured I'm okay. You fed this cat?" he questioned the police officer.

"I give him some water. I didn't have any orders I was to feed him."

O'Malley unlocked the kitchen door and we went out into an unpaved court. All around us were the backs of other buildings. The cat went out with us and kept rubbing itself against O'Malley's legs. We went back into the apartment, and went through it and out into the street, and the cat went along with us close at O'Malley's heels. As we approached the third house the people suddenly vacated the doorstep and fled in all directions. We turned into the house and went about to the different apartments, questioning whoever we found there. When we came to the front apartment on the third floor we found it locked. O'Malley pounded on the door and shouted: "Open up there! Police!"

AFTER a long interval the door was unlocked. It didn't open, though, so we opened it ourselves. A giant Negro with a brutal face stood as far from the door as he could get, with sweat pouring down his cheeks. He backed away along the wall, as we came in, and then crouched in a corner, staring at the cat.

"Where's the money, fellow?" O'Malley demanded.

The man didn't answer. O'Malley went about, searching the room, and the cat kept close beside him, and a lot of people had gathered in the hall. I heard them whispering to one another, "The cat! The cat done point him out to 'em!" Then the huge Negro staggered across the room and pulled out a bottom drawer in the closet and in the recess under it we found about eight hundred dollars.

"Fair enough!" O'Malley told him. "We found the key and we got the money. Now where's the knife."

The Negro, still staring at the cat, fumbled in his clothing and handed him a long case knife that had been hidden in his trouser's leg and O'Malley put the handcuffs on him.

"Give me the pieces, O'Malley," I requested, a half-hour later at the station house, "so I can put this case together. Was it merely robbery?"

"That's right. This big black guy we pinched is named Pete Langon. Pete heard them stories about the Greek keeping money in his place, and times when he seen the Greek go out he went and experimented to make a key to fit the Greek's back door. The day he got the key to fit, he went in there and locked himself in and was looking for the money. Then the Greek come back sooner than Pete expected, and the Greek knew Pete, and so Pete bumped him off. He found the money after.

"Pete was scared over being in the wizard's place and he was superstitious over what might happen to him because he'd killed the wizard. The dead wizard and the cat was in the kitchen, and he was afraid to go out that way. So he unlocked one of the doors into the hall of the building and got out that way without nobody seeing him. He didn't think till after that he'd left his homemade key behind him."

"That's not enough explanation," I objected. "How did you know that it was Langon?"

"Say, listen! I didn't. The way I figured the case was this: Waling said he found the door unlocked. If he was telling the truth, whoever left the door unfastened wasn't the Greek; a guy like that wizard don't leave no doors unlocked, whether he's in or out, especially with a report around that he kept money in the place. So someone else had been there. Well, then who? Them people around there was curious about the wizard and they watched who come to see him, particularly strangers; and they all agreed that the only strangers that come there about the time the wizard got knocked off was Waling and the girl. So whoever come there must have been someone they was used to seeing in the neighborhood and so hadn't noticed.

"I seen that much before I found the two keys to the kitchen door, and right then I'd ought to have seen all the rest of it. One of them keys looked to have been filed several times before it was got to fit. I'd ought to have said right then: 'Whoever could come here that many times to fit a key without no one taking notice of him lives in a house with a door onto the court; and he could only fit his key times when the wizard was out, so he must live where he can see the Greek go in and out.' Then I'd ought to have went straight to the right house, because Pete's is the only one on the same side of the street that's got bay windows so that you can see the Greek's front door. Yeah, I'd ought to have done that, but I went dumb and didn't see it. So then I had to go a long way around before I found this Pete."

"THAT'S what I want to know," I said. "You mean the cat."

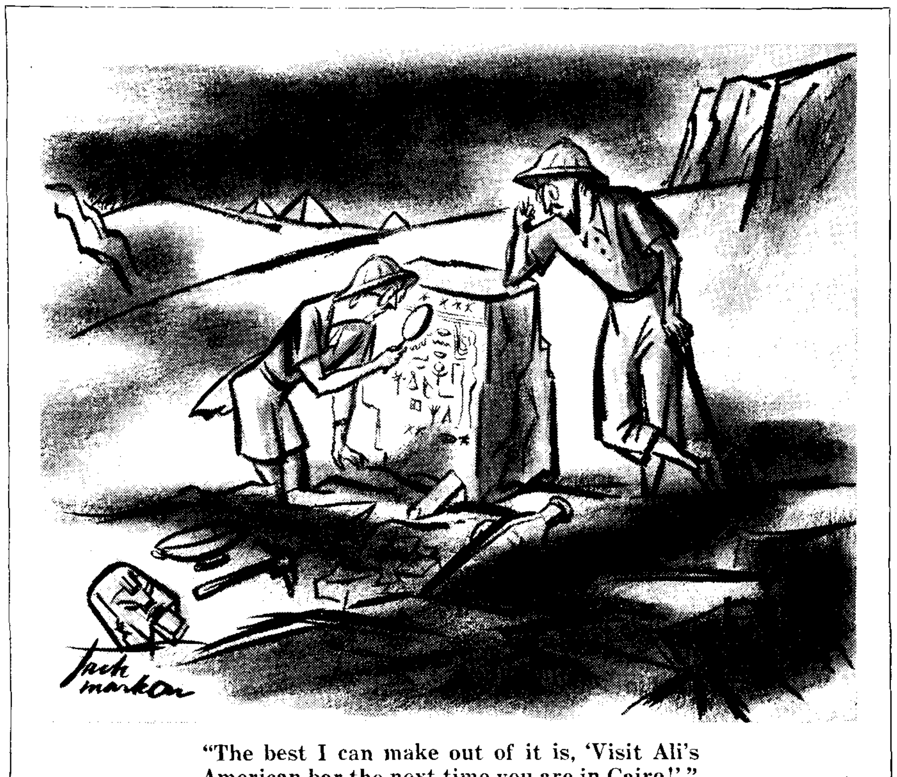
"Sure. Why, that was this way: Them people around there all knew the wizard's cat, and lots of 'em are superstitious and was afraid of it. I figured they might have suspicions who bumped off the Greek, but they weren't telling 'em. I and you and the cat walked along the street, and when they seen us coming, people got out of the way in front of the house where they expected that we might turn in, and that pointed out the house to me where the guy lived that they thought had maybe done the killing. We went in there and when I found a scared guy I knew that it was him."

"Yes," I declared, "but Langon and all the rest of them believed the cat had led you to him. How about that?"

"You ain't so dumb you think that? I wanted that cat to go with us; so I went to the market across the street and bought me a piece of fish, and put it in my pocket. That black devil would have followed me all over New York as long as I had the fish, but Langon thought the cat was showing me where to go and that scared him into confessing."

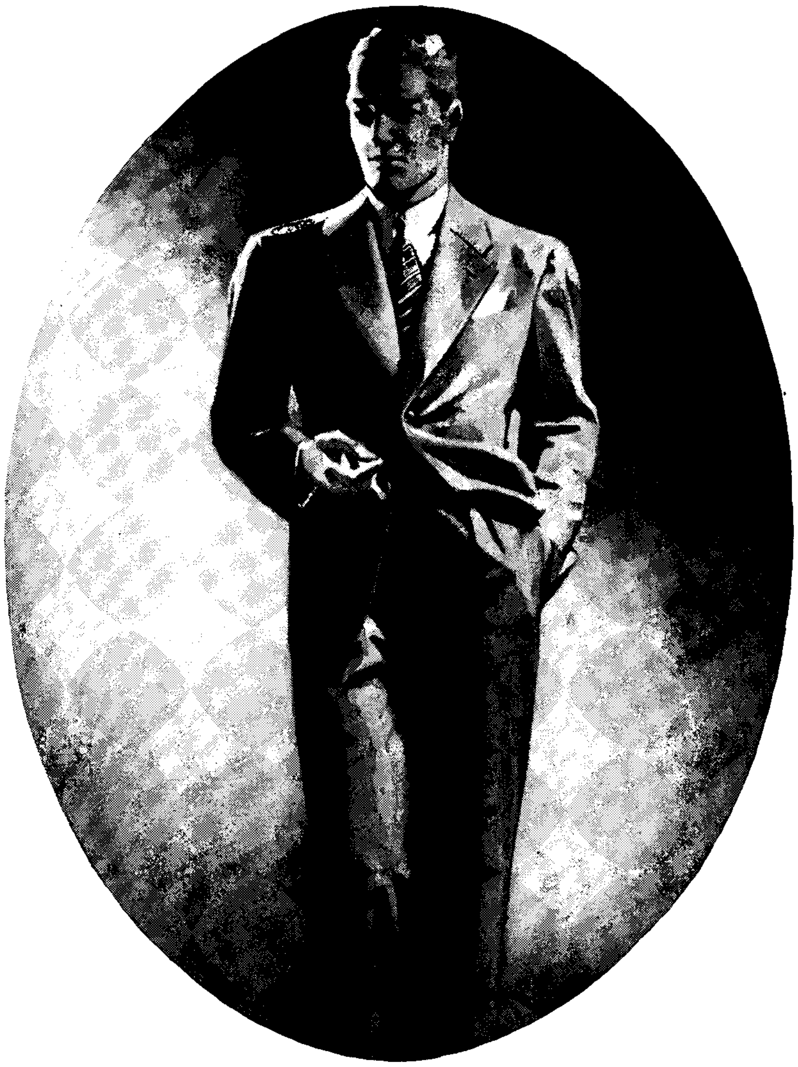
"It certainly did," I admitted, "and I give you credit."

"I guess there don't nobody get no credit. A smart cop had ought to solved the case without that foolishness with the cat. So just forget it."



"The best I can make out of it is, 'Visit Ali's American bar the next time you are in Cairo!'"

JACK MARKOW



It is said to be the most widely demanded suit in the world...

● This Summer, the words *"Palm Beach Suits"* will be on the lips of millions of men. For these words have become the symbol of comfort and style ● Yet, how many men know that "Palm Beach" is a patented fabric... made of special cool yarns and cleverly woven and tailored by Goodall?

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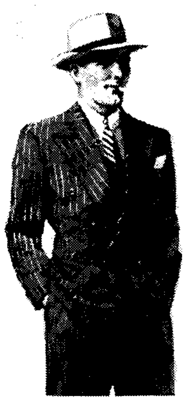

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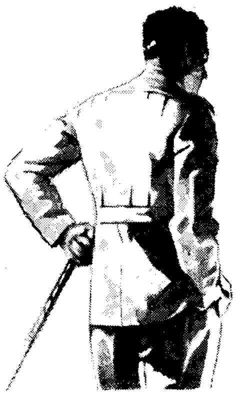

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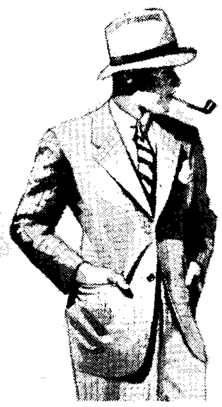
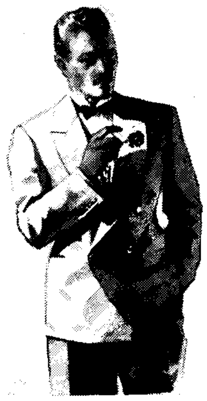


● New weaves... new patterns—in the 1936 Palm Beach. See the airy-light screen weave, with tailoring qualities that belie its feathery weight.



● The Palm Beach Tux: white single or double breasted jacket, black tux trousers.

Model above shows the new notch lapel, with long, graceful swing to bottom button. $18.50.

● Own a new white, a blue, and a grey ...if those are your winning colors. When you feel like wearing the coat of one with the trousers of another...just mix them to suit the morning's mood. Three suits cost you about fifty dollars... and with three suits, you have nine possible changes!

● Slacks that tempt you with a cheap price tag are often bad actors. The New *Palm Beach Slacks* may cost a trifle more, but they're a real investment.

Smart, cool, washable, comfortable... with a shapeliness that stays right with them. Handsome patterns and lively shades . . . . $5.00.

● *Boys' and Students'* Palm Beach suits are styled and tailored like the men's garments. Same handsome weaves, patterns and colors. Smart, sturdy, washable; great for all Spring and Summer wear...

Boys' suits with shorts, knickers and longies; and of course, extra slacks. $5.75, $6.75, $10.75, etc.

● *Palm Beach* owes its fame to its special yarns and patented weave. Never confuse Palm Beach cloth with others, such as linens, cottons or worsteds. Always look for the Palm Beach trademark label shown at the bottom of this page. It is sewn in every garment made of the genuine cloth. The price for all men's two piece suits is...

$16.75

At all good clothiers

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UNTIL...
GOOD THING YOUR RADIO AUDIENCE CAN'T SEE HOW YOUR "SWEETHEART" TREATS YOU OFF THE AIR!
DON'T I KNOW IT! YOU'D THINK I HAD BAD BREATH OR SOMETHING!
WELL, BAD BREATH'S NO JOKE. IF YOU'LL TAKE A FRIENDLY TIP, HUGH, YOU'LL SEE YOUR DENTIST.
SO THAT IS WHY SHIRLEY ALWAYS DOES SUCH A QUICK FADE-OUT AFTER THE SHOW!
HUGH TAKES THE TIP
MOST BAD BREATH IS DUE TO DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS BETWEEN THE TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.
O.K. DOCTOR...I'M SIGNING UP WITH COLGATE'S!
AFTER THEIR NEXT BROADCAST
WHY DON'T YOU COME UP TO MY HOUSE TO REHEARSE NEXT WEEK'S SONGS, HUGH?
GOOD IDEA!
AND WHAT A GOOD IDEA THAT SWITCH TO COLGATE'S WAS!
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!
Now-NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
20¢ LARGE SIZE
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Tested and Approved 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau

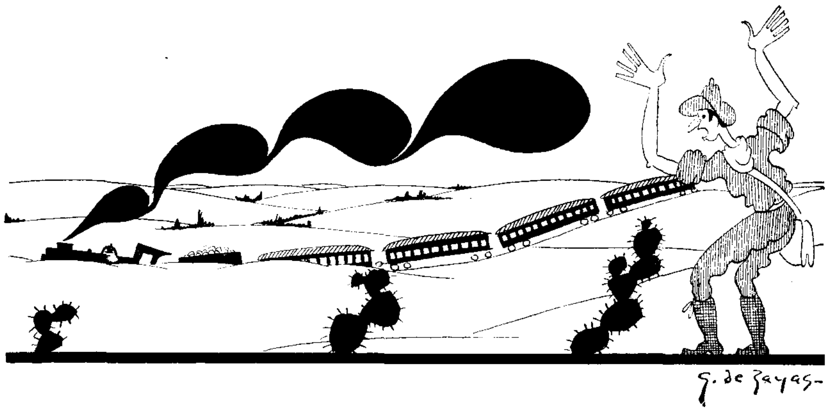
Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY let bad breath interfere with romance—with success? It's so easy to be safe when you realize the most common cause . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special *penetrating* foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

So brush teeth, gums, tongue with Colgate's at least twice daily. If not entirely satisfied, send empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J., and get double your money back.



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

American lakes have been known to develop mats of vegetable matter so deep and strong and so covered with wind-blown dust that they appeared to be solid ground. In one case a railroad line was constructed over such a surface and the mistake was not discovered until the first train ran over the track—and sank out of sight.—*By Vance Deval, St. Albans, New York.*

Water from the River Jordan is distilled, bottled and sold in nearly all Christian countries, including the United States, which has at least two companies that retail it for as little as fifty cents a bottle, with affidavits which testify to its authenticity.—*By Miss Bert Stern, Denver, Colorado.*

"Coal trees," trees that have remained complete through the ages which turned them into coal, are one of nature's strangest sights. They are found in mines, standing in their normal position and as perfectly formed as the day they reached maturity, except that their roots, trunks, branches and even their leaves have been converted into black, gleaming coal.

Few arts have greater scope and variety than that of bell-changing, the ringing of bells in church towers and belfries to create tuneful combinations. Although four bells will produce only 24 changes, eight bells will give 40,320, while twelve bells make possible 479,001,600 variations without a single repetition.

In Japan a person is not allowed to bet more or less than 20 yen, about $6, on a horse race; in France a man cannot become a fisherman or a merchant seaman until he has served in the navy; and in Greece the police are not permitted to enter a private house between sunset and sunrise, even to make an arrest.—*By Dolly Dugan, Dorchester, Massachusetts.*

Not long ago a Parisian art faker so skillfully made an "antique" tapestry that it defied detection and sold for a record price. Later, an assistant confessed that the tapestry had been made of hand-woven thread, worn down by having been dragged behind a motorcar, given a musty odor by a certain smoke, faded by ultraviolet rays and even ingrained with centuries-old dust collected from the vault of a church.

Up to 1840 American hotel registers sometimes competed in interest with the publications of their day. Guests not only entered their names and addresses but also their business, merits of their product, their choice for President, reason for leaving their wives at home—and puns, poems and indecent stories. After their departure the proprietor entered his opinion of them with phrases such as "constantly drunk," "fat but pretty" and "forgot to settle."

Poison ivy is the only plant that actually "fights" anything that disturbs it, dexterously using the hollow, fanglike tubes which fringe its leaves. When a leaf is gently touched by some harmless object it quickly aims the nearest tubes toward the irritant and ejects poison on it for a distance of three inches.—*By Virginia Mandracia, New York City.*

The recent death of an aged man in a little one-room cabin near Canisteo, New York, disclosed the fact that he and his brother had lived there together as strangers—divided by a chalk line and silence pact—for the past 62 years. During all this time neither had ever crossed the line or spoken a word to the other.—*By Mrs. Florence B. Smith, Elmira, New York.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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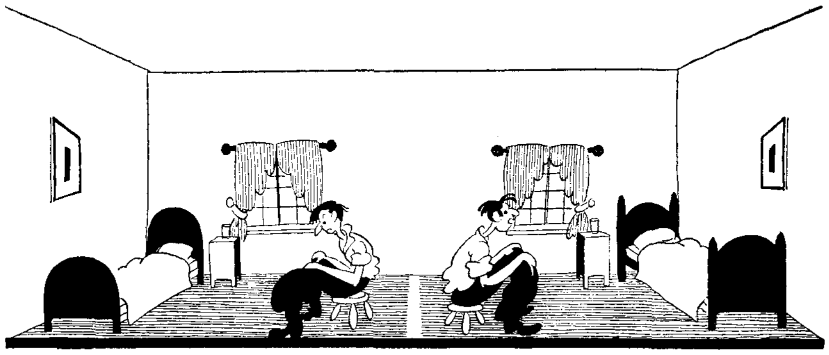


Statesmanship in High C

Continued from page 22

by Irvin Cobb as the inspiration of his Judge Priest stories. Becoming an expert court reporter, he earned money enough not only to pay off back debts but also to finish his law studies at the University of Virginia. Admitted to the bar in 1901, at twenty-four, he went into politics as a matter of course in Kentucky.

After eight years, first as prosecuting attorney and then as county judge, the people of the First District sent him to Congress, deciding that a man with Alben's accurate knowledge of Republican turpitude ought to be given to the whole country. Re-elected seven times, he made a cracking good congressman, not the least of his achievements being the creation of the Railroad Mediation Board. As a consequence, the temperamental Kentuckians dumped out a Republican in 1926 and sent Alben W. to the United States Senate, re-electing him in 1932. Remarkably able, and progressive to a degree that sets him apart from most Southern Democratic leaders, he was an "original Roosevelt man," and not even Joe Robinson has made a more vigorous fight for every feature of the New Deal.

At His Tongue's Tip

There are, of course, certain disadvantages under which Senator Barkley will labor when he takes the platform in Philadelphia. The Republicans, for instance, are already hinting that he is motivated by the fearful fascination that impels a criminal to visit the scene of his crime. Just as the Democrats are asking how Senator Steiwer can keynote effectively after having voted for almost every New Deal measure, so are Chairman Fletcher and his associates referring joyously to Senator Barkley's rip-roaring address in 1932, particularly emphasizing this paragraph:

"Do we propose to reduce the expenses of government, or merely to hold conversation about it? Do we propose, as our opponents have done, to let not our right hand know what our left hand is doing, and keep our lips ignorant of both? Our answer again is emphatically *No!* We propose to reduce the expenses of this government not only for its own sake and that of the people, but as an example to smaller units throughout the nation."

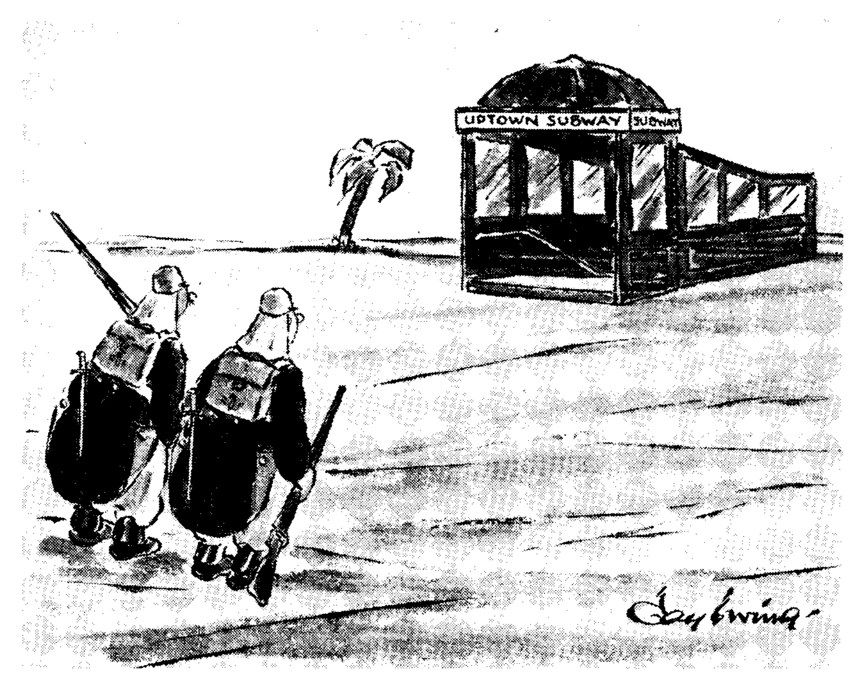
Will this worry Senator Barkley? Not at all. In the course of a recent address, a sort of warm-up for Philadelphia, he met the seeming embarrassment head on, and butted it out of the way without mussing his hair. When he spoke as he did in Chicago, how was it possible for even the wildest imagination to vision the further ruin that Republican ineptitude would be able to work between June, 1932, and March, 1933.

What were the conditions that faced Franklin D. Roosevelt on that fateful March day? Ah, but Alben W. can hardly wait to ask himself that question and answer it. As he tells it, industry and agriculture prostrate; the banking system of the country plunging to the abyss; millions of men, women and children, America's present bulwark and future hope, facing the terrors of hunger and homelessness; the heavens and the glory of the sun shut out by low-hanging clouds black with despair, and the priests of Baal, responsible for this enormity of disaster, wringing their hands, stunned and helpless in the face of the results of their own stupidities and rapacities.

A task of undreamed magnitude, complicated by terrible urgencies, and calling for courageous decisions made without regard to the expectations and pledges of an earlier and happier day. The wonder is not that mistakes have been made, but that so few were made, and carping indeed is the criticism that will pick out a few paltry errors of judgment and emphasize them to the minimization of splendid achievements.

In a voice that will give the radio a run for its money, the senator will proclaim that recovery is *here*, with only a few sectors of the depression remaining to be mopped up. Visit his office these days, and his face is incandescent as he goes over the reports of the great industrial corporations, and compares the profits of 1936 with the deficits of 1932.

Let no one make the mistake, however, of looking on Senator Barkley as a mere spellbinder. He is that, but also a whole lot more. A brilliant lawyer, with every possible fact and figure at his tongue's tip, and the gift of orderly and attractive presentation, even such of his speeches as seem to be made up of pure emotionalism will, under analysis, show a persuasive reasoning that is remembered long after the shouting dies.



"By golly! If we had a nickel, we'd soon find out if it's a mirage or not!"

JAY IRVING

SWING OVER TO KOOLS. They're the sensible hot weather smoke these steamy days. They're cool. They're refreshing. They're cork-tipped so as not to stick to lips. And each pack brings you a valuable B & W coupon good for classy premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) So give your throat a break. Switch from hots to KOOLS! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, P.O. Box 599, Louisville, Kentucky.

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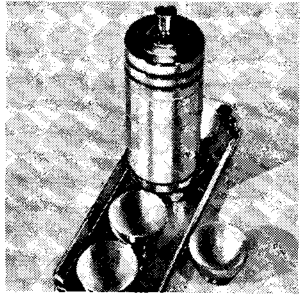
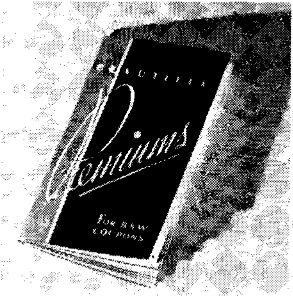


Chase Cocktail Set—Shaker, 300 coupons; 4 cups, 175; tray, 200; set, 650



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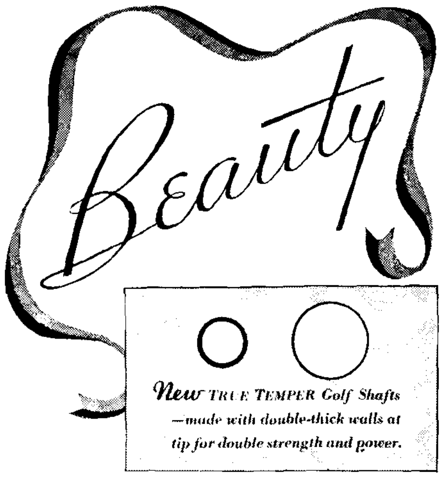

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You can obtain clubs of your favorite make, with the New TRUE TEMPER Shafts in the finish your fancy dictates and in a weight and flexibility exactly suited to your height, strength and speed of swing.

Your pro or dealer can show you new, improved 1936 Model Clubs, shafted with TRUE TEMPER Steel. If you are interested in better golf equipment, write for copy of "Golfing Progress." It's free.

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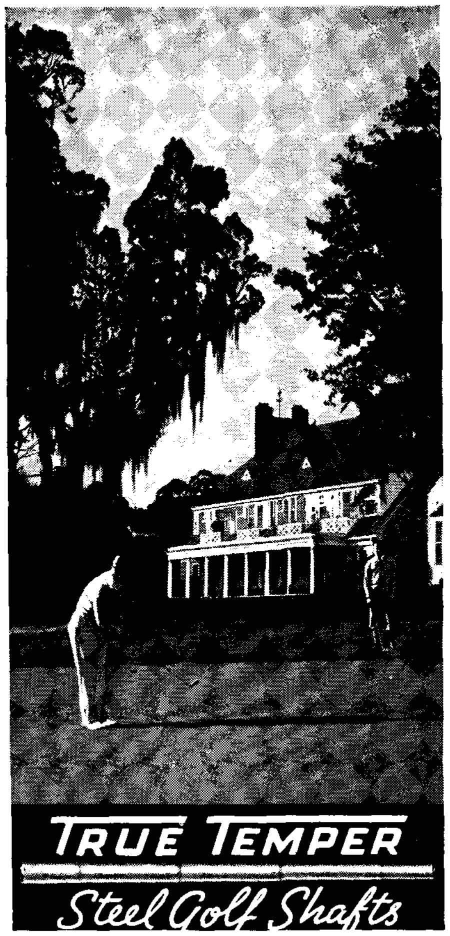


The Singular Horseman

Continued from page 9

"You know," explained Elena, "the essence of poetry is exaggeration."

Terry began to intone again, quietly—you might say after the modest manner of the fellow to whom you can listen or not, as you please.

"*Purple eyes,*" he droned, "*set in a square frame!*
How beautiful!
Gray and black his body, like new silver and old,
His two trembling ears are yellow—"

"Yellow ears?" said Barry. "On a gray horse?"

"The Chinese had the most exquisite sense of color," cried Elena.

The table hummed with low laughing. Dyke tried to keep from laughing but somehow couldn't hold in. He bellowed loudly.

Terry was not offended. "Oh, is it funny?" he said, and smiled in a pitiful sort of way, as though he wanted to see the joke. But Elena's glance ruled a bright line across the table and poured fire upon Dyke Vincent.

"Do you happen to know, Dyke," said she, "that Tu Fu is the greatest poet in China?"

"Is he—of China?" said Dyke. "Sorry, Elena. Awfully sorry, Barnes."

"Not at all," said Terry. "Of course one doesn't get the full effect in translations. They used to chant them—like this—"

A stallion squealed just then from the stables and we heard a pounding against a wooden wall like a dozen drummers breaking their big bass drums. Barry Casimir-Jones pushed back his chair.

"There goes Starboard again!" he exclaimed. He pulled his chair up to the table again and sighed. "Well, no good of me going out to see him. The villain! He's got to wear his tantrums out."

"I hope he's not killing one of the grooms," said Elena, darkly. "He's going to do a murder one of these days."

"But murder?" said Terry. Barry rolled his eyes toward me but I could not speak; I could hardly swallow.

"It's the whole trouble," said Elena. "You people just breed horses for speed, speed, speed—just running machines to rip across country and crash themselves and kill their masters—I think Mr. Barnes is right. A lot of horses are better left to poetry."

"Come, come," said Barry.

"FRIGHTFUL!" said Terry, opening his eyes again.

"But I mean to say, Elena," said Barry, "how many riders are killed, actually?"

"Take in this very last year!" exclaimed Elena. "Tommy Wayland *worse* than dead; and Margaret Vane—"

A good bit of stage thunder came out of the stables once more.

"Frightful!" breathed Terry. "Shouldn't he be destroyed?"

"He should," said Elena, "except that his bloodlines—well, you wouldn't understand, but—

"He's never been ridden in a race," said Casimir-Jones, sadly. "He bolts, or runs the wrong way, or jumps a fence; he can't be trained; and God knows that it's a peril even to keep him in a box stall."

"Have you tried apples?" asked Terry.

"What?" exclaimed Barry.

"I mean," said Terry, "have you tried to gentle him with apples and things?"

"I have tried things," said Casimir-Jones, when he was able to speak, "but I have not tried apples!"

The wretched dinner ended at last, and I had to face Casimir-Jones in a corner of the library. He said: "Ah . . . your young cousin is an interesting chap; very unusual."

"Ha . . ." said I, because for the second time that evening I could say nothing else.

"Well," said Barry, "in the most unexpected places. . . . However, let's try this Monnet."

We tried it, but I had almost lost my sense of taste. At the earliest decent moment I rounded up Terry and told him that we had to go home. His eyes begged me silently, like the look of a hunting dog when it sees the master done up in shooting togs, but I was happy to pretend not to understand. The "good night" between him and Elena was a thing to remember. She wanted him to come again, any time, and read Tu Fu to her. They had progressed to first names.

"If you'll come over tomorrow morning," said Elena, "I'll teach you to ride. You know . . . on a *very* gentle horse!"

ON THE way home I wished to heaven that we could talk freely but we were in an infernal all-weather body with nothing between us and the chauffeur. Instead of speaking my thoughts, I was forced to keep on thinking and all that I could envision was that inevitable future meeting with Casimir-Jones. No explanation would be possible. How could Barry believe that I had allowed the young scoundrel to tie my hands with a promise before he began his crooked operations?

At last we were standing in the hall of my house but when I saw the face of Terry my teeth shut over the words that were rising. I could only say: "At least you made yourself . . . different!"

"Yes, sir," said Terry, and swallowed. The act seemed to give him pain, I am glad to say.

"Where did you run on this damned Tu Fu?" I asked.

"In a newspaper review," said Terry. "It seemed so cockeyed that I bought a copy of the book. I wanted to see what people *will* read."

"Where did you get that stuff about dead poets not dying?" I demanded.

"It was all in the review, sir," he said.

"What do you expect to get out of this?" I asked.

"Two days of heaven; and then . . . nothing!" he said.

"You can't stay here for two days," I said. "I won't father this damned imposture for another moment."

"I'll move to the inn, sir," said Terry.

Of course, he could not do that.

I said: "Stop 'sirring' me . . . and go to bed . . . and be damned!"

"Yes, sir," said Terry.

It is difficult for me to record the happenings of the next two days because the mind turns from pain and from shame, but I cannot rub out of my brain the voice of Terry—he had a squawking baritone that lacked both the high notes and the low—as he roamed through the house singing. He was so happy that the servants loved him, but whenever he saw me his manner changed abruptly. He was like a frightened rabbit. Naturally, I saw very little of him because most of the time he was at the Casimir-Jones house with Elena, reading poetry aloud to her . . . or taking riding lessons! In the meantime, I avoided all society and refused to answer the telephone; the honk of an automobile on the nearest highway sent echoes of fear through me because I felt that a neighbor might be coming to call.

It was not until Sunday afternoon that Barry Casimir-Jones sent me the following note:

"Dear Jack:

"I have tried to get you on the phone half a dozen times. You're not running out on me in the pinch, are you? Elena is completely dizzy about young Barnes. He makes me a bit crazy, too, but not in just the same way. He's coming over here for supper tonight, and I'll expect you with him, without fail. Things are getting a bit thick. I think you know what I mean."

I saw, in fact, that I would have to show my face again in public, so I drove over with Terry, merely saying to him on the way: "Your two days of heaven are over, my lad. Tomorrow you leave. That will end my agreement with you, I believe."

He took the decision in a sick silence which lasted until he got to the house of Casimir-Jones. He was wearing riding togs, which I thought rather odd for Sunday supper, until Elena met him at the house and took him in tow at once. She had just the horse for him to take a lesson on, she said, and fetched him off at once toward the stable. They walked arm in arm, the girl laughing up at him as they chattered. As I looked after them, I felt a dash lonely, for, of course, I could not tell how the sky was to fall on both their heads before the evening was ended.

These Sunday suppers at the Casimir-Jones place had been fixtures since Elena was a twelve-year-old. A score of her intimates were sure to turn up together with a few friends of her parents. After Elsie Casimir-Jones died, Barry continued the parties as a matter of habit. This Sunday only a few of the early birds had arrived before us, so that Elena was able to excuse herself to give the riding lesson. Also, I was able to have a few words with Barry.

He said: "This is serious, Jack. It's no filly and colt affair. The poor girl trembles when she speaks his name."

I answered him: "Tomorrow, the whole thing will go up in a puff of smoke. Now stop thinking about it and don't ask me any questions."

He looked hard at me for a moment before he said: "Very well. I'll let it go at that."

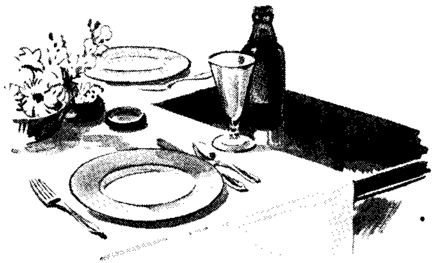
"You let it go at that," I told him, and turned to look out the window.

THE sun was not down and a pale, golden moon was rising over the stables, which stand very close to the Casimir-Jones house, a convenience most places do without. I cannot hold with the oversensitive people who are afraid to be to leeward of a barn and I enjoyed, at that moment, the big, honest face of the stables with the weathercock jaunting on one foot above the roof. There were the pastures, too, with the last warmth of the sun on a field from which the brood mares and their foals were being driven toward the barn. In a nearer paddock Terry Barnes was riding an old brown gelding around and around the enclosure while Elena leaned at the fence and gave advice. They were not close enough for me to study the faces, but I could see how the impatient young rascal allowed his elbows to flop and his knees to loosen. Inside the adjoining fence a groom was leading beautiful Starboard around and around in circles, with a sack of oats tied in the saddle.

"Why don't you give up the brute?" I asked Barry. "Why not before he outright kills someone? He'd have a value in the stud, what with his bloodlines and all. You'll never make him tractable that way; he has to be ridden and ridden out before he'll be worth a hang."

(Continued on page 44)

"NOTHING CAN TAKE THE PLACE OF A GOOD COLD BOTTLE OF BEER"



"IT LOOKS SO WELL WHEN SERVED..."

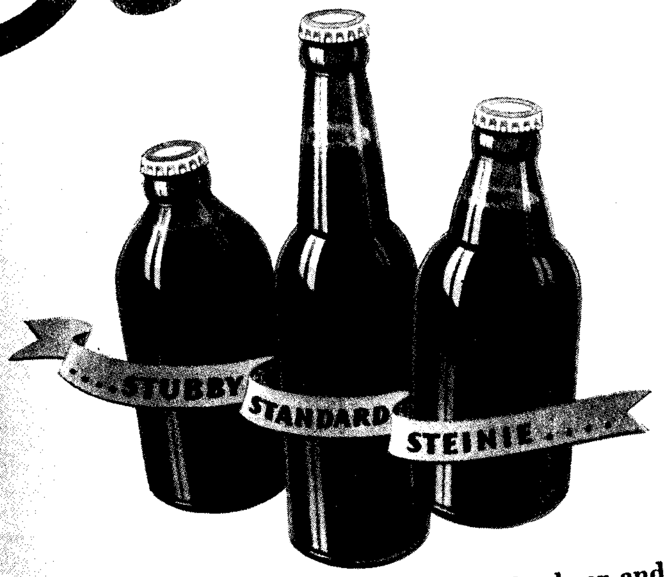
says the hostess. And no one can question that bottles are more attractive on your table than solid-walled containers. That they are more in keeping with your home. That *bottled* beer or *bottled* ale is more inviting when you pour it.

"IT TASTES SO GOOD..."

says the man who knows his brew. And everyone with a discriminating taste will agree that it has the true flavor of well-brewed beer. The flavor that comes straight from brewery to you . . . unchanged.

"IT KEEPS SO WELL . . ."

say those who always have an ample stock on hand. That's because glass itself is impervious to the chemical reaction of beer or ale. It requires no foreign substance as a protective lining. The container causes no change in taste, no change in odor, no cloudiness.



Stubby and Steinie, the new bottles for beer and ale, fit more comfortably into your refrigerator because they are one third shorter than the familiar standard shape, yet hold the same amount of beer or ale.

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BUY IN
GLASS

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BEER
ON HAND

"IT COSTS SO LITTLE..."

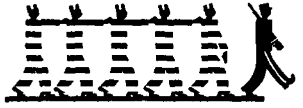
say those who count their pennies. Re-using the sterile, sanitary bottles makes the container cost only a fraction of a cent per bottle of beer or ale. A beer can, on the other hand, costs two cents or more and is useless once opened.

20! *Twenty what?*

Chorus Girls?

NO!

..years in Sing Sing?



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C. 6-36

The Singular Horseman

Continued from page 42

"I know it," said Barry. "But why not ask Elena to give up the pound of flesh nearest her heart? Remember that Starboard belongs to her. She gentled him. He used to play with her like a dog when he was a yearling. He'll still follow her about. She can do anything except sit on his back and she keeps hoping that the time will come. It's one of those hopeless things. Like death to me, Jack, every time I think of that wastage!"

People began to pour in, at about this time, and Elena came back to the house. She found a dozen of her friends at the windows laughing at Terry on the old horse. It was amazing to see the way she faced them down, blooming with enthusiasm. She cried out: "You'll see! He'll make a fine rider, some day. He has rhythm in him. That's what makes a horseman, or a *poet!*"

Their laughter passed into feeble smiling.

HER father said: "By the way, does Terry Barnes ever talk about any poet except that Chinaman, Tu Fu?"

This turned her blank, for a moment, but she murmured: "No . . . I don't think so. . . . But that's the way a great enthusiasm is. It eats up all the little things!"

I had a grim hope that Barry might pursue the theme he had opened up but he had struck on it only by chance and he let it drop. The big room was buzzing with talk, now, for nearly everyone had come in. The sun had set; there was more moon than daylight to show Terry still jogging his gelding and the groom still patiently walking the stallion. I happened to be watching from a window when Elena paused beside me and said: "Isn't Terry patient? He's so . . ."

"What?" I snapped, and dimmed her happiness a bit.

"So tractable," she finished, and went back among her guests.

A moment later, Terence came into the room and Elena attached herself to him with a rather sickly smile. It was at this instant that I heard Dyke Vincent exclaim something that was chiefly wordless but that had a damn or two worked into the woof.

When he felt my eye on him, he muttered: "I never heard such a lot of maundering rot. Uncle Jack, will you come over with me and see if she's really out of her mind, or not, sir?"

I went over with Dyke. By the red of his neck I knew that he was not in a fit frame of mind to talk to a girl. He got Elena into a corner with me and said: "Now you talk turkey, Elena, will you?"

"Are you going to be a silly idiot about something, Dyke?" she asked.

"I don't know what you call silly," said Vincent. "That's why I want Mr. Whitlock to be the judge."

She gave me her hand and her smile. She had as sweet a way about her as a yearling filly that's never felt a strap.

"Speaking of silly," said Dyke, "is that damned Tu Fu anything else?"

"Dyke, you're speaking of one of the world's great poets!" said Elena.

"Yeah, he's God, I guess," said Dyke. "And that cockeyed, slab-sided four-flusher of a Barnes is the prophet, I suppose?"

"Steady, Dyke!" said I. "There's no use spurring downhill, you know."

"I've had quite enough of this; are you boiled, Dyke?" she asked, and started to leave. But I touched her arm and she remained.

"I think Dyke has something to say," I told her.

"Buckets full," said Vincent. "I've been looking you over. I'll tell you what you need. The same thing that Starboard ought to have. A master; and I'm not going to talk any more. I'm going to *do* something about it!"

It was rather strong talk. It left me a bit dazed as Dyke turned on his heel and stalked away from us. I hardened myself to endure an outburst from Elena but she amazed me by saying: "Dyke *is* rather sweet, isn't he?"

"Ha!" said I. "Sweet?"

Then another thought came to me, and I added: "Do you think the foolish fellow is going out to ride Starboard now?"

Certainly, I should have understood before and kept Dyke from leaving the room. I heard the words and the name of the horse; I knew perfectly well that Starboard was a savage devil and that while he might be handled in the muck of a plowed field, he never should be attempted in a narrow paddock in the dusk of the day; but though I knew these things, poor Dyke was well out of the room before I hitched things together. Then I started after him, saying to Casimir-Jones as I passed him: "I'm afraid Vincent is going to try Starboard. He has to be stopped." Unfortunately, I said it loudly enough to reach every ear in the room, so that as Barry and I hurried out toward the paddock everyone else was following along. We came up in time to see Dyke settle into the saddle as the groom loosed the head of Starboard. Elena was running forward, crying out something.

I shouted: "Dyke! Dyke! Get off that horse!" Then as Terry came panting up beside me, I added to him: "If that brute murders Vincent, you and your damned Tu Fu are to blame for it!" Everybody was babbling; I heard Elena shrilling a protest; then the hoofs of Starboard beat the breath out of us, and we were still. It was horrible to watch. The stallion fought like a cat, not like honest horseflesh. He rubbed Dyke loose against the fence and then flung him like a stone out of the saddle. I hoped for an instant that the stone would keep on rolling until it reached safety under the lowest bar of the fence, but poor Dyke wound up in a tumbled heap well inside the paddock with big Starboard coming at him like a devil. I heard Casimir-Jones screeching: "Who has a gun? Who has a gun?" Then I saw Terry Barnes run in between Dyke and the horse.

IN THE quiet of retrospect I can see that a lad with Terry's blood would feel a compulsion to do such a thing but at the moment the pictures moved too quickly for me to think at all. The eye got ahead of the brain, so to speak. In that bewildering flicker of images I saw Starboard rear to strike down Terry; and the next bit of the film showed the boy dodging the hoofs and getting by miracle into the saddle. Starboard answered by going right over backward.

The end of the day gave a filthy light, the light for a murder, you might say, and I did not make out exactly what happened, except that when Starboard got to his feet again, a rag of humanity was still in the saddle. The moon and the sunset showed us Terry's face streaming with blood.

Starboard soared among the stars again and came down on the other side of the paddock fence with such a shock that the rider whipsnapped in the saddle. It made me inches smaller to see what happened to him. Then I heard Casimir-Jones shouting something and saw a gun in his hand. I gripped it and yelled in his ear that his bullet was as apt to hit the rider as the horse.

It was a tremendous thing to watch, that battle. Even the women stopped screeching, after an instant, and huddled closer to the fence while Starboard danced between the sky and the earth. That brute would hit the stars and leave sparks in my eyes and then bang the ground with a force that made me shiver. At last he raced right down the slope.

"The creek . . . and the wall!" shouted Casimir-Jones.

We heard the crash of the horse in the water.

"That's the end," said Casimir-Jones, starting to climb through the fence. But then the beat of hoofs began again and we looked, expecting to see a riderless horse fly over the farther ridge; but when the silhouette appeared the rider was still in place, a senseless weight that swung from side to side.

Then we were silent again.

Elena Casimir-Jones was superintending the lifting of Dyke Vincent from the ground, but as soon as the good fellow felt his feet under him he came back to his senses. I heard him ask what had happened. Young Tillinghast answered: "That Terry Barnes, who was learning to ride . . . he ran in and kept Starboard from savaging you . . . he's riding Starboard now, unless he's dead in a ditch."

THE daylight was gone. There were only the moon and the stars and all of us waiting silently in the shadows. When anyone spoke, it was in a murmur. Elena whispered at my shoulder: "Uncle Jack, did you know about him all the time? *Will* he come back alive?"

I chose to answer only the second question and to lie about it. I remembered the helplessly swinging figure that Starboard had carried over the black rim of the hill but I said: "He's a Barnes; of course, he'll come back."

When I got my breath, after that, I explained: "He thought he had to be different from the rest. He thought. . . ."

"I know," said Elena, and leaned her head against my shoulder. However, she did not weep, for the Casimir-Jones strain is purest thoroughbred.

I heard her father say: "I should have destroyed Starboard long ago. I want everyone to know that I take full responsibility for this. . . ."

"Wait a minute! What's that?" called someone.

Then I heard a horse trotting down the lane behind the house towards the stables. It came into view from among the trees a moment later, a downheaded, beaten horse with the rider bowed far over in the saddle.

"It's Starboard!" I muttered.

Here Elena came alive suddenly and ran off crying: "Terry! Terry! Terry!"

The rest of us hurried on fast enough to see Terry Barnes slip out of the saddle and lean drunkenly staggering against the shoulder of the stallion. Starboard had his bellyful of fighting, at last. The moon was full on Terry's face and it was not a pretty thing to see. His clothes were ripped to rags and more than cloth had been torn; yet being of the Barnes-Whitlock strain, he managed to walk to the house with little help, though he collapsed inside the door. I remember poor Elena with an arm under his head, crying up to us: "Will he die? Will he die?"

Of course, a fellow with such bloodlines was bound to pull through. He and Elena make a happy pair. There is only one subject for silence in their house: poetry and poets are taboo.

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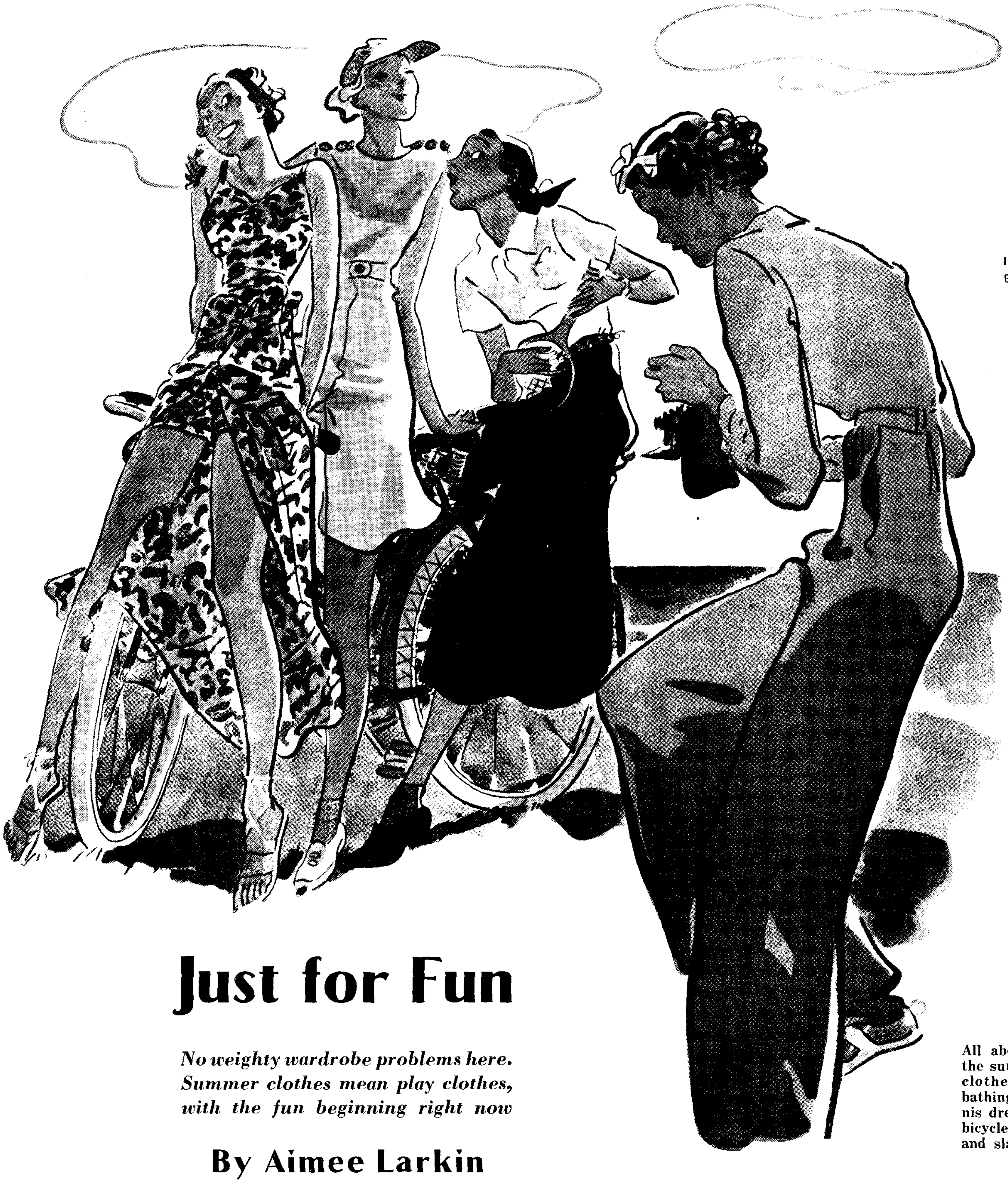


ILLUSTRATED BY
EARL OLIVER HURST

Just for Fun

No weighty wardrobe problems here. Summer clothes mean play clothes, with the fun beginning right now

By Aimee Larkin

All aboard for a snap of the summer's popular play clothes—printed cotton bathing outfit, white tennis dress, culotte golf and bicycle costume, with shirt and slacks, at the camera

NO SOONER do we get ourselves accustomed to seeing the gals looking like South Sea Islanders, with a little here, a little there, than they start covering themselves up.

That's this summer's play clothes news. A definite trend toward more clothes, rather than the less-and-less each season has brought us for quite *some time.*

It may be modesty. It might be strategy. But our guess is that it's just old Lady Fashion taking a swing on her pet pendulum. She couldn't go any farther toward the nudist camp. So she just up and swung back.

This season's fashion high light is the culotte—divided skirt to you. Whether its sudden leap to popularity is due to the bicycle, or the bicycle's mushrooming vogue is due to the new skirt, is something for stylists to wrangle over. Fact is that any fashion-conscious woman has to buy both, if she wants to keep at the head of the procession. Be pedal pushers, girls, and do your pushing in culottes.

A well-cut culotte flatters any figure. Sedater souls whose architecture kept them off shorts can mount one of America's 6,000,000 bicycles in a culotte and feel not only devilish but healthy. Young things who used to wear the briefest briefs will get into culottes, too.

Shorts are no longer smart. Oh, yes, we'll wear them. (I will, for one.) But they don't mean headlines, even if they're just as comfortable and practical as ever. And shorts, dear ladies, will no longer be seen on every tennis court.

Culottes, on the contrary, will go everywhere. For golf, where they're exceptionally strong. For tennis, cut *shorter than for other sports.* For the street. Even for tea-dancing at summer resorts!

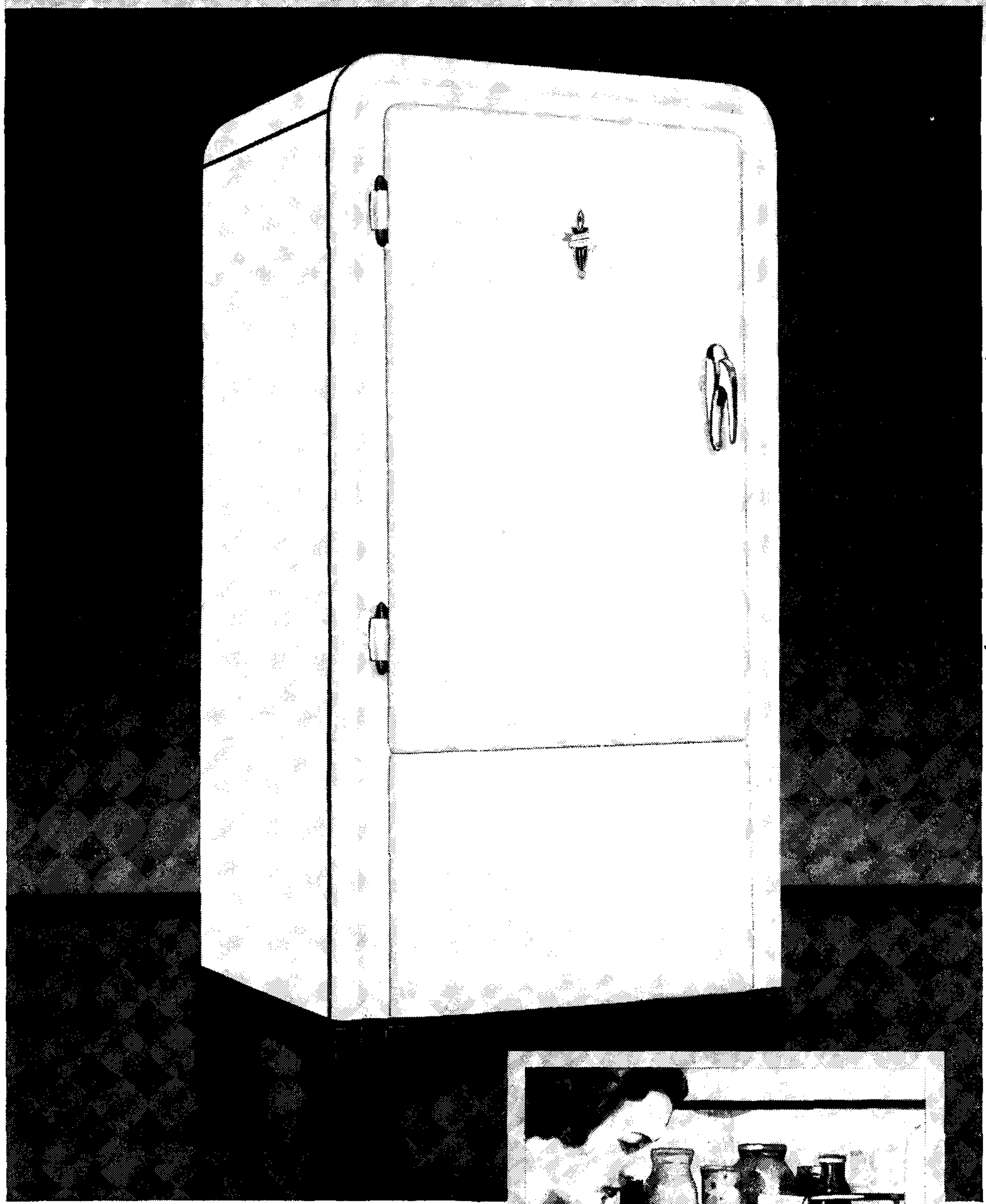
Versions of the culotte that trot about town look just like the conventional skirt, slightly circular, with pleats at center front and center back. Only when the wearer gets in or out of a car or walks up steps can you tell she's registering Paris, London and New York in a big way.

Some culottes are like dresses—upper and lower all in one. But the popular choice is the separate blouse and skirt. Fabric for the skirt may be anything you'd use for a regulation sports dress, but sharkskin or one of the synthetic alpacas is tops. Other smart choices are *very rough shantung, heavy linen, jersey* for utility, and many novelty-weave cottons such as basket weaves, shirtings, and so on. The blouse is very often a tailored shirt, but this is optional. By all means register culottes, even if you have to economize somewhere else where it shows less.

Another fashion that covers is the

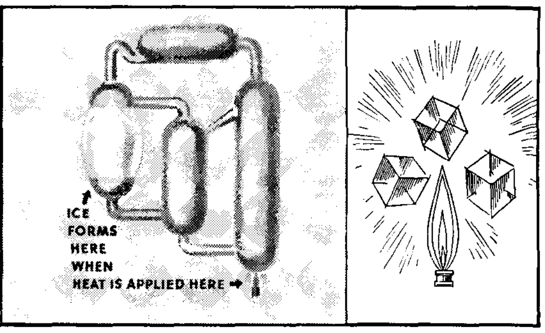
How a single word... SILENCE

EXPLAINS THE MIRACLE OF ELECTROLUX PERFORMANCE



Its simpler, entirely different principle of THE FLAME THAT FREEZES brings 3 great savings to you

This simplified diagram shows why Electrolux needs no moving parts. Because of its remarkable simplicity, Electrolux offers real savings on running cost, on food bills, and by the practical absence of all wear.



LISTEN to an Electrolux for hours and you won't hear a noise. Your first thought, if you've ever owned another kind of automatic refrigerator, will be "What a comfort—what a joy to live with a refrigerator that is permanently silent!"

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But the silence of Electrolux has an even more important meaning—for the basically different operating method *behind* this silence is the reason for every one of Electrolux's exclusive advantages. A tiny gas flame—"the flame that freezes"—takes the place of all moving parts. It circulates a simple refrigerant which, by being alternately heated and cooled, produces constant, unvarying cold without force or friction.

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● *Electrolux is also sold in Canada*

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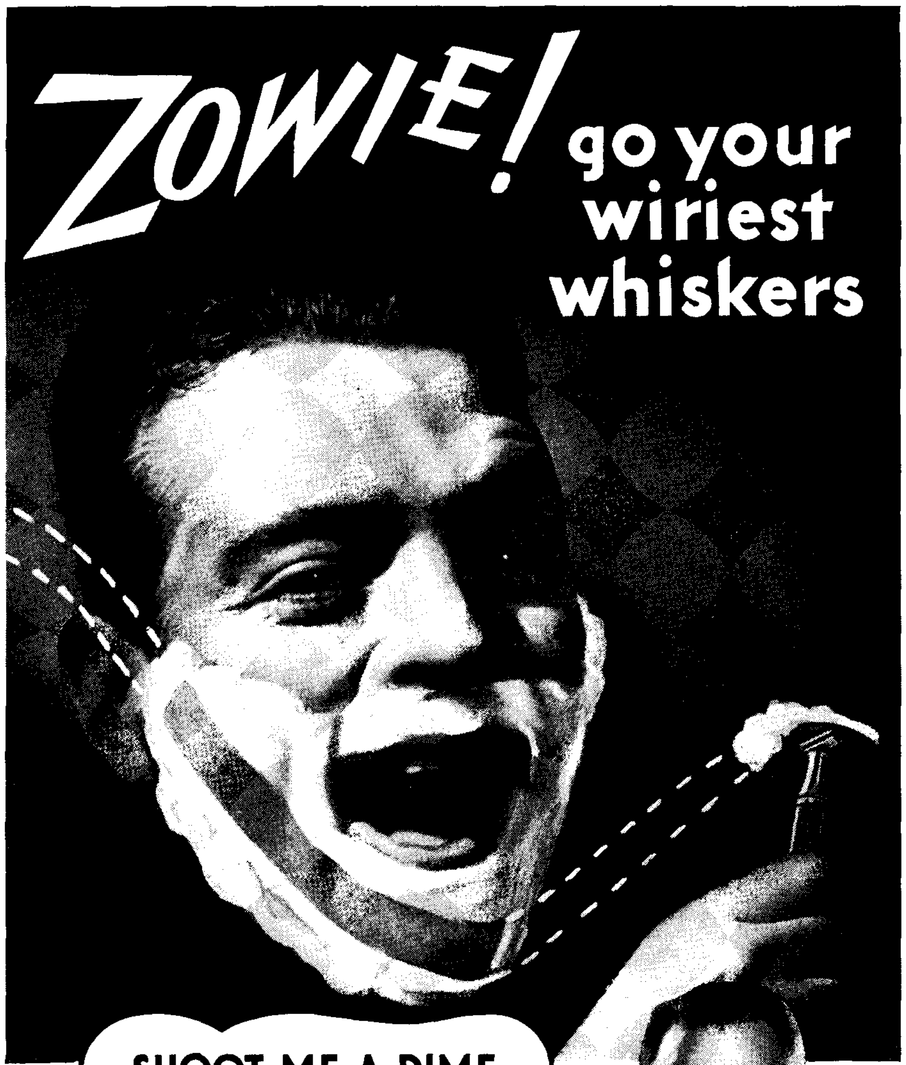
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"MEN, have you heard the *news*? I've found a way to make your shaving much easier, quicker and more comfortable. Yes Sir! And here's how: Instead of making only one kind of shaving cream that tries to fit everybody, I'm making *two* kinds, one especially for *your* type of skin and beard. Just listen:

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"These creams are taking the whole country by storm. When *you* try the one that's made for *you* . . . you'll say it's simply wonderful! Will you let me prove that? For just one thin dime I'll send you my Skin Tester Kit, containing five (5) Mennen products. Included in the five are demonstration tubes of my Lather Shave and Brushless. Have you ever heard of such a bargain in shaving supplies? So send that coupon."

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Name..........

Address..........

Just for Fun

Continued from page 46

pajamas—back with a bang. Remember the old flowered horrors, with trousers cut like an upside down calla lily and overall straps on your shoulders? If you remember—forget. This year's pajamas are made up of tailored shirt and long trousers with pleats—very casual and mannish but extra trim. Sleeves may be long or short but never non-existent.

You'll wear such pajamas at the beach, when sailing, when sipping long cold drinks on the terrace at home. But their most effective background is a set of tumbling breakers. And here you'll meet a bit more evidence that the girls are covering up.

First thing you'll notice is a flock of those new full-length beach coats, many equally long capes and some to the knee. Lots of these have fixed or detachable hoods for still further concealment. No longer is the mermaid known for her sun tan.

Your Choice for the Water

Bathing suits are of two main types. One is the popular swim suit with fitted uplift effect, either maillot or with skirt attached, in novelty wool knit, in rubber or in shiny lastex that does things for the figure. The other is the dressmaker suit, starring fabric with printed or woven design—flowered challis, cloky cotton, silk shantung, sleek synthetic jersey—with attached or detachable skirt and cut just a bit higher, just a bit longer. The average eye may not see the difference, but it's there.

Color, this year, even invades the tennis court. (All the same, we still believe that nothing is smarter than the whitest of white.) Color is seen on the golf course, too, but grayed considerably. Gay up your outfit, if you like, with a brilliant scarf, belt, headband or bandanna, if you don't fancy the popular visor. Visors will figure for tennis, golf and bicycling, and hankies will cover the same heads alternately for all three sports. It's no longer smart to look windblown.

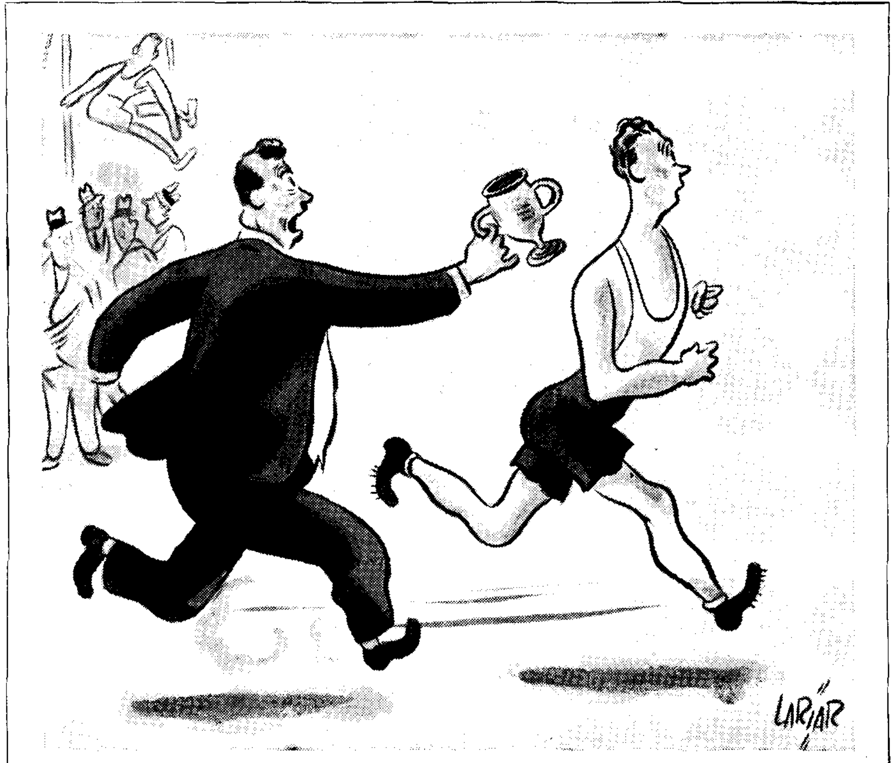
Other accessories you'll need are the "Brooks type" sweater and the lightweight raincoat. This sweater, as every woman knows, is of the coat variety, bound in grosgrain tape and buttoning clear down. Some wear it conventionally. Others turn it round and do it up the back.

Anyhow, get a cardigan sweater like this—if possible, with pockets. Pockets are another item we favor nowadays.

Shoes play the cover-up game, too. Experts tell us that the extremely cutaway shoes of the last few seasons did a lot of damage. Feet were cut and blistered. Worse still, they spread. The present idea is more support and more protection. So, instead of the show-the-toes sandal, we have one that displays a single toe and no more. Even the fabric shoes that used to space their straps like wide lattice now close up, so feet are merely air-conditioned and not exposed. Then, just to be contrary, we have the heel of the foot in the clear in some of our new exhibits. A strap around the ankle keeps the shoe from flapping.

Heels are in the news lately. The notion is to suit your foot and your comfort in heel height.

Yet the really conservative woman hasn't been forgotten in the season's play clothes mode—and this includes some of America's smartest, both young and not so very. Such a woman wears the good old brown-and-white or black-and-white sports shoe—now back, if it ever went out. Though she may wear a culotte for golf, she chooses a simple white dress for tennis, circular, gored or pleated, with skirt to the knees. The shirtmaker frock also stars in her wardrobe—one of the biggest successes of the winter cruise and resort mode and still going strong. But even such a lady may indulge in a gesture as characteristic as anything you could pick for the summer of 1936. When she lunches or dines at a smart restaurant, she pulls off her hat. Of course, she's taken her usual time and thought in selecting the top note she discards so casually. But she has good English and American backing for parking her hat with her handbag instead of keeping it on her head. After all, if you extended the covering-up idea to everything you did and wore, that would be logical. And what woman ever was—or wanted to be?



"Stop, Jones, stop! Look; you've won the cup!" LAWRENCE LARIAR

Bumping Down to Mexico

Continued from page 11

dining at a swagger restaurant maintained by one of the breweries, then attending the theater, and after that taking my choice between a night club which has no floor show but plenty of barroom, and a gambling casino where, provided I could get in, I could buck the tiger without stint or limit. But as I wasn't particularly ambitious I merely went to the theater.

Perhaps you will, too, in which case let me warn you that when you buy your tickets you won't have any handed to you. Instead the "girl" at the ticket window—she was an old ogre with a mustache when I saw her—will swing a hinged, perforated board out at you with a lot of rolled-up pieces of paper sticking in the holes. Grab as many of those as you want seats, unroll them and thereon you'll find your numbers, after which, when you get inside, you must also find your own seats. It's quite simple and lends an element of chance to going to the theater in Monterrey that is lacking in this country. In other respects, though, there is no uncertainty whatever about the Mexican vaudeville theaters. They are all alike. In all of them the chorus girls are always built like Percheron draft horses, the costuming is always terrible, the jokes are always unprintable and the music is *always good.* There'll be no jazz, however, no blues singers and no crooners, because the musical taste of even the peons has not yet reached our levels.

Getting out of Monterrey looked like a problem. We were headed south and, as all we could see in that direction was high mountains, we thought we were in for some immediate and extensive climbing. Those mountains fooled us, though, because as we approached them along a winding road they opened before us as the Red Sea opened before the Children of Israel, allowing us to pass through on an almost level highway. We did so at high speed, and as it is all asphalt for the next 178 miles, clear to Ciudad Victoria, we had plenty of opportunity for observation. It was all interesting. The country is beautiful; it is citrus fruit territory down here, and yet what impressed us most, and it will also impress you, was that, in calendar time, we were rapidly losing centuries.

Filling Station Etiquette

In Monterrey, where smoke came from smokestacks and the buzz of machinery was in the air, we had been living in the year 1936. We were quite sure about that, and yet when we reached Montemorelos, only fifty miles to the south, it was only 1636. We were certain about that, too, because there were the thatched houses, the plows made of crooked sticks, the creaking two-wheeled oxcarts, and the natives wearing white pajama clothes and shuffling along in sandals, or else seated in the shade around their homes making pottery, weaving baskets, training game cocks, or just looking at a spot. On a warm day, not because he's lazy but because he's comfortable, a Mexican peon can sit and look at a spot longer, and with less movement, than any other human on earth.

In Montemorelos the only modern touch is the necessary one of a filling station. We patronized it, which reminds me to tell you that in Mexico you buy gasoline by the quart and not the gallon. At any rate, you get it by the liter, which is about the same as a quart, while what you pay for it is about the same per liter as per gallon in the United States. However, don't let that frighten you because, since the exchange rate is about four to one in your favor, the actual cost of gas and oil is practically the same as it is here.

Another suggestion regarding filling stations that may be of value to you is this: Don't let any of the horde of attachés that will swarm all over your car with rags, wrenches and what-nots do anything to it. They'll want to. They'll want to polish it, and take it apart and do all sorts of chores in connection with it that you hadn't ever thought of, but don't let them. It won't do your car a bit of good if you do; and also, in being served by the proprietor himself, be sure that he doesn't, or that *she* doesn't (because at one station a barefooted squaw serves the public), put the gasoline in the radiator and the water in the gas tank. They might because their ideas as to how automobiles operate are still rather vague.

Across the Tropic of Cancer

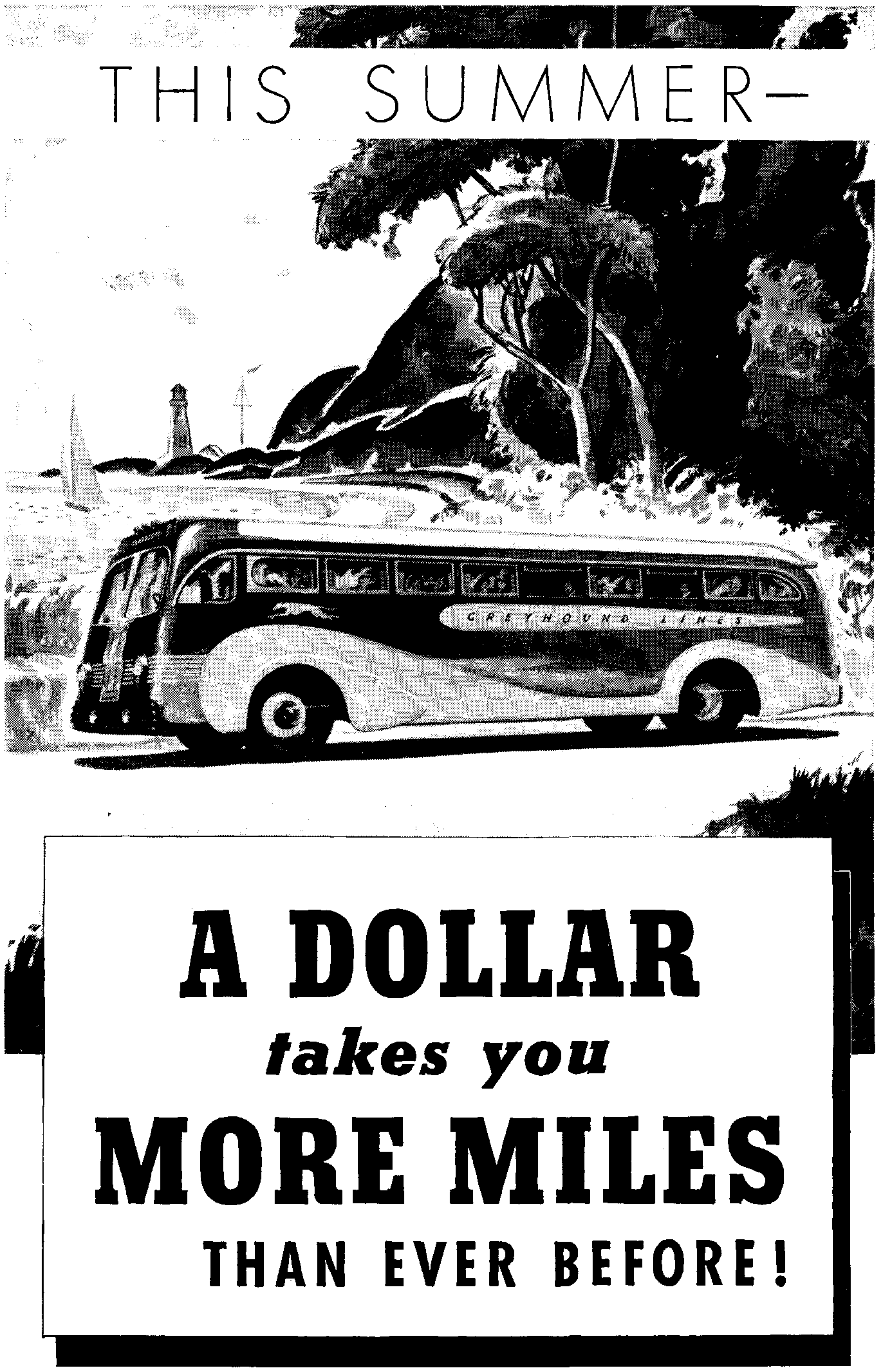
In Victoria, 128 miles south of Montemorelos, the first evidence of antiquity that I noted—except, of course, the cathedral, which is only 400 years old—was the cab horses, quite a number of which are always to be found, asleep on duty, around the plaza. Merely looking at these horses aroused an archeological suspicion in my mind, and so to confirm it I stopped and examined some of their brands. Yes, I was right; they had really come over with Cortez, while the barouches and the flat-topped phaetons to which they were attached were very visibly of the model of the year 1880.

In fact, when you look at these cab horses around the plaza in Victoria, and at the flat-roofed, one-story houses that surround the square, and at the old church sitting on the hill above it, and at the primitively garbed natives asleep under the trees and on the benches, and then when you turn the corner and your gaze falls on a modern brick high-school building, with a playground full of well-dressed, clean boys and girls, the latter all wearing dark blue skirts with shoulder straps and white waists, the contrast is so great that it makes you wonder if what you are seeing is really real. One hopes that it is and yet who knows but what, after the end of the next revolution, the schoolhouse may not be closed up and the children, grown-ups by that time, all happily dozing the days away beneath the trees in the plaza?

There is a nice, clean hotel in Victoria, called the Hotel Victoria, but if you want to eat there you must arrive at mealtime. We didn't. It was about noon, too late for breakfast and too early for lunch, and there was nothing for us to do, so we were informed and so we believed, except to drive on, *unwatered* and unfed, for another four or five hours to Ciudad Valles. I here emphasize "unwatered" because—let this be a warning to you—unless you are a native of the country, one, that is, who has been brought up since he was weaned on a mixed diet of malaria parasites, typhoid fever and other bacteria, none of the water that you will find anywhere between Monterrey and the City of Mexico will agree with you.

A few miles below Victoria, although there was no stripe across the highway to tell us about it, we crossed the Tropic of Cancer and were in the Tropical Zone. But we didn't need a stripe to tell us where we were. We knew anyhow. It wasn't particularly hot but the increasing height of the palms, the size of the cacti, and the density of that mat of lush green vines that weave every-

(Continued on page 50)



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(Continued from page 49)

thing into a jungle through which the right of way for the highway had to be hewed with machetes, and which furnishes cover for countless deer and wild turkey and ocelots and peccaries and big snakes, and beautiful green jay birds with saucy tails and yellow beaks, and millions of parrots, and many man-killing Mexican tigers, told us, regardless of the exact whereabouts of the Tropic of Cancer, that we had certainly crossed it.

Also, when we were about forty miles south of Victoria we began to cross a series of tropical rivers at intervals of from ten to twenty-five miles. In the middle of the bridge that spans the first of these, the Guyalejo, I stopped and got out of the car to take some pictures.

I suddenly became conscious of the fact that it was two in the afternoon, that we hadn't had a bite to eat or a drop to drink since seven A.M., and that we were both hungry and thirsty. However, my wife encouraged me by saying that it was only about seventy-five miles to Valles and "with this kind of road to run over we'll make it in close to an hour."

"Well, I reckon we can hold out that long," I replied, and then, just as I was making a mental memorandum of the statistical fact that at this point, where a trail branches off to a little town called Limon, a lot of sugar is raised, and that the dividing lines between the sugar patches are attractively marked off with rows of tall banana plants, I heard my wife, who was driving, give a loud groan. I looked ahead and groaned also. We were both justified. The smooth concrete over which we had been skimming serenely for 400 miles ended abruptly right there, and its place was taken by loose, broken stone that varied in size from as large as your fist to as large as your head. It had never been rolled or packed and therefore shifted around under us, tore at our tires and literally bombarded the underside of our car.

News Travels Slowly

There were ten miles of this. It took us an hour to make it—although I thought it was a week as I was expecting a blowout every second—and then, just as the road got better so that we could put on a little speed, we sighted a tall, brick smokestack a few miles ahead of us. We wondered what it could be. It looked like civilization, but as we hadn't seen any of that since leaving Monterrey, or even been threatened with any, we were very curious. Naturally we would be, because if there was any civilization around that smokestack there might also be food and drink, and there was! We rounded a curve, and over yonder, off to the right, hidden *from* us up to that moment by the heavy vegetation, stood the handsomest building that I think I have ever seen.

You will also appreciate its beauty in case you make the trip. It's only a two-story red brick building, but it has a sign on the side of it reading Hotel Mante, and you can believe we headed for it. It's a polyglot institution like the Tower of Babel. A Spaniard operates its rooms, a Chinaman runs its restaurant, a Frenchman owns its bar and serves everything, while clean-looking Indian boys work as waiters. The combination may not sound attractive, but it satisfied us. My wife and I thought it grand; we ate and drank for an hour, and then, with our vigor renewed, we again took to the road.

And now let me explain why it was that neither in Monterrey, 300 miles away, nor in Victoria, less than a hundred, had anyone of whom we had inquired regarding eating places enroute told us about Villa Juarez and its lifesaving station, the Hotel Mante. The answer is they never heard of either the town or the hotel. In that country, wherein men and women live and die without ever getting twenty miles away from home, news travels slowly, and as the aforementioned hotel, together with the aforementioned smokestack, which is the main chimney for the biggest sugar refinery in Mexico, have only been there five or six years, their existence is as yet unknown to their nearest neighbors. With Valles, however, the town where we thought we would have to eat, it's different. That town, without having advanced an inch in all of that time, has been there for several hundred years and so is well known.

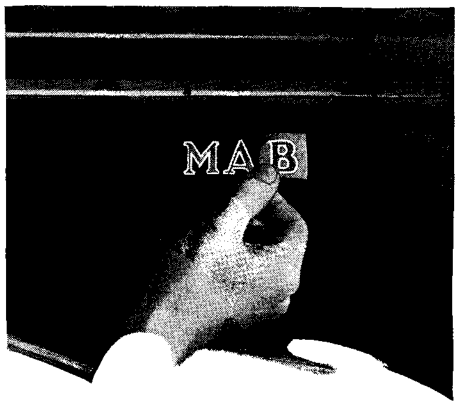
On the Rocks

However, we made no stop in Valles. Having had all our wants attended to at the Hotel Mante, and as it was only five o'clock, and also only forty-five miles to Tamazunchale (pronounced Thomas and Charley), which place boasted two hotels, we just kept rolling along. Out from Valles the road, lined on both sides with noble palms, first took us along a straight and level stretch, then it wound with us up into some low hills, then dropped with us down into a shallow ravine, from which, emerging steeply, it delivered us without warning into the middle of a primitive Indian village, of bamboo huts with thatched roofs, which has undergone no change in appearance since the beginning of the Christian Era. But perhaps I should modify that statement somewhat, because the inhabitants of that quaint and attractive place do wear some clothes, whereas back in the earlier time brackets they probably didn't.

Much as we wanted to, we didn't take time to inspect this village carefully. We didn't even learn its name because the road—this highway that I'm writing about, which, ever since it had ceased to be concrete, had become entirely unreliable—now pulled another surprise on us by coming to a dead end at the top of a steep, rocky incline which led to the wide, the beautiful, the swiftly flowing and the *unbridged* Tampoan River.

And how did we cross it? Well, I'll tell you. I got out, walked down the rocky incline and inspected a ferryboat, which was anchored there awaiting the arrival of its next victim. This ferryboat was one of those ingenious cable affairs that by merely turning itself either head first or stern first makes the current carry it both back and forth across the stream. It was not more than twice as long, and only half again as wide as our car, but as it looked seaworthy, and as there was just no other way to get over to the other side of the river, I wigwagged to my wife to come ahead. Of course, I wasn't sure that when she came sliding down that polished incline, polished by many others who had also slid down it, she'd hit the boat. But she did; she hit it dead center, so that in a few minutes, after much casting off of ropes by the Indian crew, and with the engineer of the contraption pulling vigorously on a lot of mysterious lines that connected the craft with the overhead cable, we were off. It was a very interesting although uneventful voyage, at the termination of which we landed, without a bump, on the far side of the Tampoan, where we once again took to the highway. And once again we found it to be entirely unpredictable. At first it was bad, narrow, dusty and full of ruts, then, for a few miles it was like a race track, and then, before we could slow up, it was loose stone again and had bombarded our bottom so fiercely that we had to stop while I got out and got under and removed our radio antenna, which was completely wrecked and dragging.

After this slight mishap, and as we



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had at least another hour of daylight in which to make the twenty miles to Tamazunchale, we took it slowly and were glad of it. The country is very wild, very interesting and, of course, one hundred per cent tropical. It is the land of the Huastecs. Four centuries ago, when the *conquistadores* took Mexico, and for no one knows how many centuries preceding that event, the Indians in this section were living exactly as they are living today. It is thus a country in which time has marked no substantial changes. Go back five hundred years, or even a thousand, probably, and on the day which just accidentally corresponds with our Sunday, it was the custom of the Huastecs to take with them that which they had for barter—corn, beans, skins, fish, pottery, baskets—and go to Tamazunchale for a market day. They either went along narrow trails, which are worn many, many inches deep in the solid rock, or else loaded their stuff in dugout canoes and paddled it down what is now called the Moctezuma River.

At Tamazunchale we were not sorry to find that the bridge which there crosses the Moctezuma River was completed. We used it, looking down without regret upon the abandoned ferry landings, and at its end, instead of following the highway straight ahead, turned to the right to get into the village, where we spent the night at the town's leading hotel. This hotel, the Vega, has four rooms in it, and as we were lucky enough to get the last one—thereby causing a bride and groom who got in five minutes behind us to have to sleep on the stone floor of the porch—we at once stabled our car in the patio and went out to search for food.

We found it in the form of eggs, hard bread and canned butter which, along with beer and bottled mineral water, were served to us by a native girl who spoke perfect English and explained it by saying that she had lived for several years in Detroit. She told us that she had come back home because the new highway will turn Tamazunchale into a tourist town in which a restaurant will make money. Which is a fact. Already the desecration is under way: already the peace of a thousand years has been ruined by the installation of an electric light plant, a small ice factory, two filling stations and a pool hall. Nor is that all. Over in the market place, where hundreds of Indians were seated on the ground eating around small fires, we quickly discovered other horrible evidences of the rapid advance of civilization.

A Bit of Eden

For instance, there was a merry-go-round propelled by man power and patronized solely, as far as I could see, by excited, adult male Huastecs, who were getting a great kick out of the hobbyhorses. Also, in addition to quite a number of small gambling tables operating under candlelight, there was a brilliantly illuminated keno game going which was being very liberally contributed to by the Indians. This was very interesting. Grains of corn were being used as counters, and as the Indians cannot read numbers the keno cards are made with pictures, so that instead of having to fill up a row made up of, say, 4, 6, 11, 23 and 19, a winner must complete one composed of a cat, a cow, a maguey plant, a palm and perhaps a pineapple. The proprietor of this game, who wore two six-shooters, while his pair of assistants packed only one each, is clearly an advance agent of modern culture: a missionary from Chicago, perhaps, who is very successfully leading the innocent, guileless Huastecs into the pathway of the higher life.

In the morning, when we awoke at six-thirty, it was up to me to discover the whereabouts of the bathroom. There is none in Tamazunchale, and so, stepping carefully over bride and groom slumbering on the stone floor of the porch, I went out into the patio, to the old well, shaded by some huge palms and big banana plants, and drew up a bucket of cold water with which we washed our faces. I liked it. So did my wife. It was a bit of Eden, without the evidence of a plumber in it, and yet, because the proprietor of this Hotel Vega plans to enlarge and modernize his establishment, it won't be long now until tourists will be kicking because the water in the taps isn't hot enough, or because there are not enough towels in the bathroom.

Onward and Upward

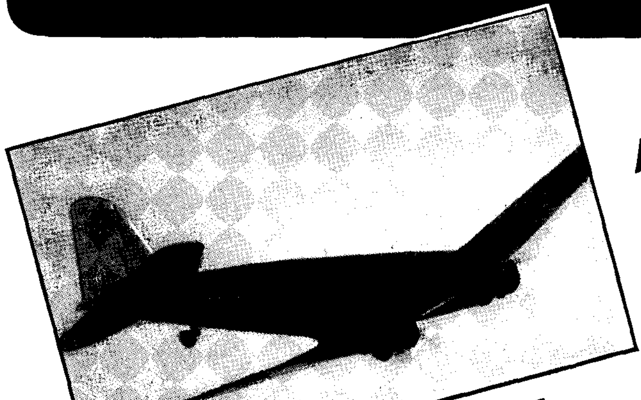
As soon as we left Tamazunchale, which is only 500 feet above sea level, we began to climb, but as the first few miles of the graveled road are quite good we didn't realize how rapidly we were ascending until, at the end of maybe twenty minutes, we made a turn which provided us with a glimpse backward and downward. It was astonishing. I have no idea what our altitude then was, but already the Moctezuma River looked like a silver ribbon beneath us, while at the same time, and for the first time, by looking at the opposite side of the canyon we were running through, we saw farms set on edge. I mean that literally. The mountains that here hem in the river rise up almost perpendicularly, and as the only land available for the Indians to use is the straight up-and-down stuff on their sides, it is there that the farms are located. Once in a while, of course, one of these Indians must stub his toe, or something, and fall clear off his farm, in which case what happens to him? Do the alligators in the river get him? One could shudder to think about this, but we didn't because we were soon too busy doing shudders on our own account to have any to waste on strangers.

In order, however, that you may understand why we shuddered I must tell you just a little about the road which connects Tamazunchale with Jacala, only sixty-four miles away. To begin with, it took the engineers, assisted by a whole army of peons, three years to make their preliminary survey over just that short distance. They had to do it by taking their shots and running their levels from slings swung over cliff edges; and then, when the real digging started, even the laborers working with picks and drills and crowbars had to tie themselves to the trees above to keep from going down to the bottom along with the rock they were loosening.

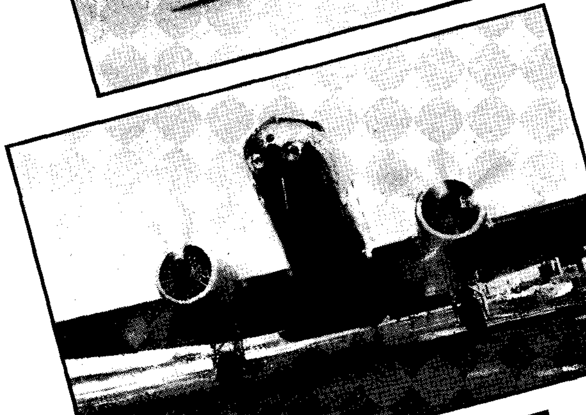
In other words, for practically this entire distance—and for about forty miles beyond Jacala, for that matter—this highway is a shelf, thirty feet wide, cut out of almost solid rock. In case you are interested in engineering figures I can give you a few. In building this stretch of 64 miles of highway it was necessary to excavate more than *four million* cubic yards of material, more than half being rock. Furthermore, this work was all done by hand: sheer man power. In fact, every bit of the broken stone, 1,610,000 cubic yards of it, which has gone into the foundation of the entire 763 miles of highway was cracked open by men with hand hammers. But that's Mexico! In that country men are cheaper than machines, and that is what has made it possible for the government to complete this colossal job at a cost of only *sixty-two million pesos!* Think of it! That is less than twenty million of our dollars, and yet it is inconceivable that our government could build such a road through such a country (if it had one) for less than two hundred million of our dollars. But Mex-

(*Continued on page* 52)

When 9 Tons Swing to Earth at 60 Miles an Hour

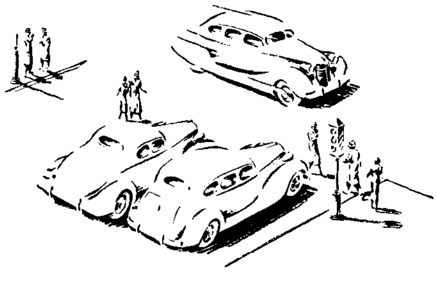


1. Non-stop from Chicago at 180 miles an hour! Flight 12—"on time"—cuts throttles and gently banks to come in for the landing.



2. The two wheels touch the ground at better than a mile a minute—and now its headlong speed must be checked—instantly placed under control.

3. On the ground in port—after brakes and brake lining have accomplished "the toughest stopping job in modern transportation."



"BUT I DRIVE AN AUTOMOBILE . . . NOT AN AIRPLANE"

That's just the point. Where an airplane stops once, you have to stop hundreds of times. You want to be just as sure of your brakes as the airplane operator. You can be. When you have your brakes relined, specify the same brake lining airplanes have come to rely on—American Brakeblok.

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HEAVIER than the biggest cross-country buses—traveling at far higher speeds—and equipped with only two-wheel brakes—these modern air transports make greater demands on brakes and brake lining than any other form of transportation.

That's why it really means something to you when we say that American Brakeblok is used as original equipment by the manufacturers of most airplane brakes.

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THE SAFETY BRAKE LINING

It's no longer just you -but YOU, INCORPORATED

It may not be fair to ask you to think seriously of the future while you're still finding rice in your clothes. But the partnership you planned is now YOU, Incorporated—engaged in the business of living.

As General Manager of this business you hope it will be a solvent, "going" concern, whether or not you are alive to provide for your wife. And, as time goes on, there may be other members of the family—youngsters who will also be stockholders in YOU, Incorporated.

How can you plan your finances so as to safeguard the interests of this family as a whole? A satisfactory answer to that problem almost always includes adequate life insurance. For what other plan can take care of you, if you live—and your family, if you die?

It's to your advantage to enlarge your life insurance program as soon as possible, because the same annual premium buys more now than it will each succeeding year. For instance,

At Age 20	12% more than at Age	25
" " 25	13% " " " "	30
" " 30	15% " " " "	35
" " 35	17% " " " "	40

It will pay you to see how well the Northwestern Mutual's family protection and old-age income plans serve the needs of YOU, Incorporated. The cost of Northwestern Mutual insurance has been so low for so many years that each year approximately half of its new insurance has come from members previously insured in it. Send for the new family budget book *"Building a Lifetime Plan for YOU, Incorporated."* It will help you build a well-balanced lifetime financial plan.

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Please send me the *YOU, Incorporated* Budget Book. I can save $------ a month. If this were invested in a Northwestern Mutual plan, what income could I receive at age 55 60 or what income could my family receive in case I die?

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The assets of the Northwestern Mutual, as reported to state insurance departments, now total a billion dollars—a great estate administered for the mutual welfare and protection of more than 600,000 policyholders with 3 billion 700 million of insurance in force.

(Continued from page 51)

ico, you see, is in one respect a primitive country. Its ideas of value are not all measured in terms of money. Its government, therefore, can do things for much less than ours can.

We kept going, onward and upward but mostly upward. Before we were an hour away from Tamazunchale we were 5,000 feet above it and still climbing. Such rapid ascent, especially along a shelf whose surface of sharp, shifting rock kept constantly tearing at our nerves and our tires just naturally tangled up our emotions so badly that we didn't know what to think about first. We marveled at several things. For instance, the day before, in order to get from temperate to tropical weather and also vegetation, we had driven several hundred miles along a comparatively flat coastal plain, whereas now, by merely climbing 5,000 feet, we had lost all we had gained. Yes, perpendicularly speaking, we were again in the temperate zone, but with the tropical one so directly beneath us that by driving close to the edge we could look straight down through the equivalent of seven or eight hundred miles of assorted climate!

We also, of course, marveled at the scenery, and yet we didn't say much about it. What was the use? Nature is sometimes so big, so overwhelming and so beautiful that words will not fit it. That country is an indescribable wilderness of tremendously magnificent mountains through which man, in his impertinence, has scratched for himself a highway. And the mountains resent that violently by every now and then turning loose with an avalanche from above that comes thundering down and completely covers the road.

At an elevation of about 6,000 feet above sea level, and at a point where there was a sheer drop of 2,000 feet, we rounded a turn and we stopped. Any man of ordinary prudence would have done the same thing, because right there, not a hundred yards ahead of us, were boulders as big as beer barrels still rolling merrily down the mountain; one of those slides had entirely blocked the highway. The situation looked hopeless to me. To an Indian foreman, however, who was already there with a gang of laborers, it was very trivial. Being familiar, as he was, with the ways of avalanches, he assured me that this one would be over just as soon as a certain large boulder on the slope above, which was already trembling, had worked itself loose and come down.

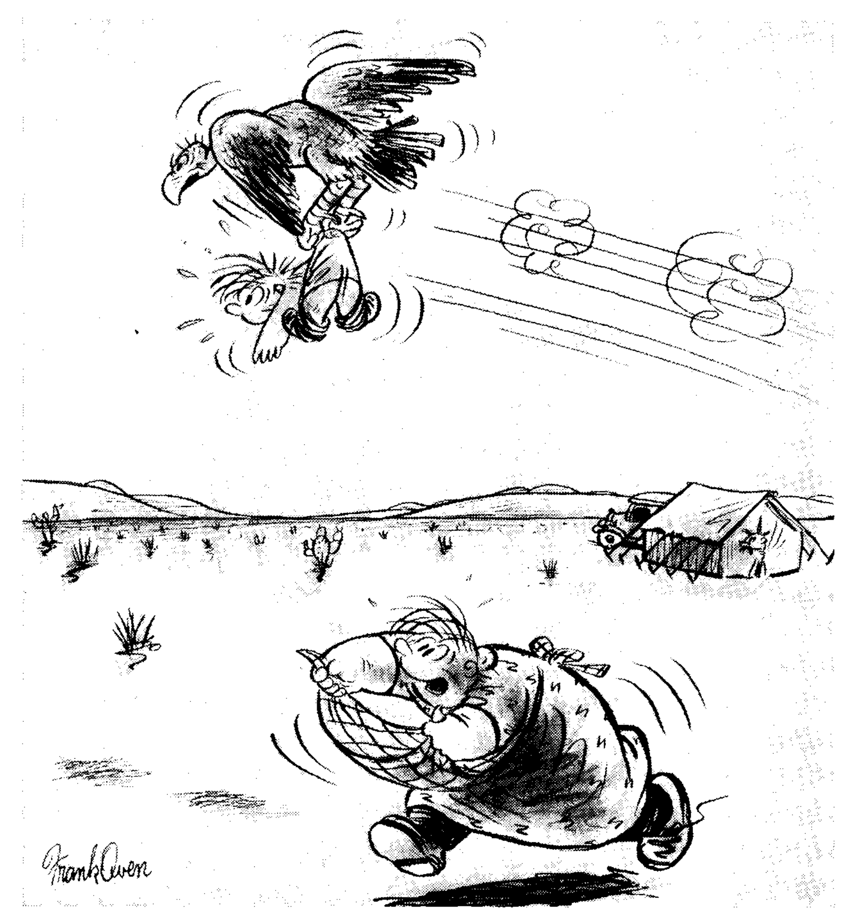
In Higher Altitudes

I doubted his statements but they were all correct. Within a few minutes, with a tremendous roar, and bringing with it all the small fry in its path, down came the big boulder, whereafter the foreman and his men immediately went to work to clear a road for us. This they did in about an hour by rolling the larger rocks that were near the brink over into the precipice, thereby providing us with a narrow, rough trail, not more than six inches wider than our car and on the very edge of eternity, along which we were to drive.

My wife drove it; we were across; we were safe. We heaved a pair of very heavy sighs of relief; and then almost instantly we retracted them because from that avalanche on for the next ten miles the road was plain hell. I'll not try to describe it. I'll only say, as an illustration of what it was like, that about two miles from the slide we had to come to another stop on account of construction work. It was on a curve, on the outside of which, as usual, there was nothing between us and the tropical regions below except a vast amount of emptiness. Furthermore, as the road was covered with about a foot and a half of loose rock, the rear wheels began to spin and the car to skid the instant my wife tried to get by a truck that was in

Philbert **By FRANK OWEN**

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"The safety pin, Philbert! Undo the safety pin!"

the way. That skid settled it. She quit.

"I can't do it," she said. "I can't even look," and with that she got out of the car and walked on ahead. I took the wheel and I made it, but I don't know how. I just stepped on it, stepped hard and, with the engine roaring, stones flying in all directions, and the rear end swaying back and forth like an old-time bustle in a wind storm, I went around that truck. For the next few miles it was all like that, with our front wheels never knowing what our hind wheels were going to do, so that by the time we hit some fairly smooth road, and also sighted the mining town of Jacala, we were pretty well shaken up.

From Jacala—where a really beautiful Mexican woman, whom I had to arouse from her afternoon siesta, revived us with a delicious meal of *tortillas*, *frijoles* and *sopa de arroz*, which is another gastronomic triumph achieved by frying unboiled rice and flavoring with tomato juice—the road all the way to Mexico City, 166 miles, is good.

It is so good that reckless drivers sometimes make it in three hours, and yet it was along this stretch, more than anywhere else, that we felt apprehensive that, both personally and in our engine, we might develop motor trouble. The prospect of higher altitudes created the doubt. So far we had gone but a little higher than 6,000 feet. At Jacala we were up a mere trifle of 4,800, and yet just one look at the mountains ahead of us, piled up there for a hundred miles, range after range, in masses more impressive than any we had yet seen, convinced us that we were again going to climb, and that this time, in case either our own motors or the one in our car happened to have anything wrong with their automatic oxygen-feeding arrangements, we would certainly hear from them. But we didn't. Our hearts never missed a beat, while our motor just settled itself down to business by carrying us up to 8,200 feet without so much as letting out a single backfire, or emitting a pant.

Climate that Caresses You

As a just tribute to the genius of American automobile engineers I would like to add this: Years ago, when I used to live in the City of Mexico, which is up 7,700 feet, the best we could get out of our cars was thirty per cent of their power rating at sea level; whereas, just now when we flashed past the 8,200-foot mark we were making sixty-five miles an hour, *and were doing so without having made any change whatsoever in the carburetor adjustment since leaving New York!* Nor is that quite all. A few days later, and still without changing anything, we climbed to 9,866 feet, stopping and starting on heavy inclines, and the car, apparently, never noticed it.

To this tribute to American genius, however, we must add another, equally sincere, to the genius of Mexico, because if its engineers—all young men, and all graduates of Mexico's own schools—hadn't done a truly marvelous job of road building; hadn't, in fact, almost accomplished the impossible by lifting us over range after range of mountains with never a heavier grade than six per cent anywhere, no such motor performance as that recorded would be possible.

And now, if you will pardon me for having taken you off on the foregoing detour, we will get back on the highway again and finish our run into Mexico City. It was a brief one, only about sixty miles, and as the road was perfect and we didn't have to slow up for anything until we reached the outskirts of the capital itself we were at the door of our hotel within less than ninety minutes after passing over the summit of the road.

As regards the City of Mexico itself, although I could write a book on the subject, I will say only this: No one ever visited that town and regretted it afterward. It is beautiful, it is kindly, its climate caresses you, its history fascinates you, its antiquity astounds you, its architecture amazes you, its flowers overpower you, its liquors soothe you, its foods set you afire, its night life delights you, its bullfights disgust you, its peons amuse you, its shopkeepers adore you, its upper classes ignore you, its bootblacks pester you, its politicians perplex you.

At Your Own Risk

In short, Mexico City is a truly wonderful place which, *perhaps a year from now*, you can easily get to via a triumphant highway that will take you through the most gorgeous mountains in America, and from the tropics to timber-line, without ever once asking you to shift from high back into second gear. Yes, when this road is finished you can do exactly that, but not now. Nor, despite the fact that the Mexican government, yielding to the demands of hotels which want tourist business, has declared the road open, are the engineers who are doing the big job willing to concede any more than that the road is there, it's passable, and you can travel it *at your own risk*.

The chief engineer of all of Mexico's highways emphasized those four words. He asked me to emphasize them in this article, and then added that it might be a year, perhaps even a little longer than that, before the surfacing of the stretch between Tamazunchale and Jacala will be fully completed.

In the meantime the question of when you start is entirely up to you. It's like this: If you happen to be one of those nonchalant nuisances who sit on the back of their necks and drive with an air of disdain, and who look upon a flat tire as a major disaster, my suggestion is that you think it all over for eighteen months, and then make your trip to Mexico by train. But on the other hand if you are a real motorist—one of the old Glidden-tour type, who knows a spark plug from a tire wrench, and who looks upon a bad road as something to be conquered and not cussed, you can start tomorrow, enjoy yourself tremendously, and get back with enough to talk about to last you for three months. Yes, for six months, maybe, in case you are lucky enough, as we were, to run into a fog in the mountains north of Jacala.

That was some fog. It was fifty-three miles long, and was so thick and lumpy in spots that once, when a man just ahead of us ran into one of those spots, and shattered it, he got out and picked up some of the pieces to carry home with him as souvenirs. When we emerged from that fog, after having used up six hours in making fifty-three miles, we were again in Tamazunchale eating hard bread and canned butter with the girl from Detroit. Two hours later we were in Valles, where we spent the night, and then, the next afternoon at six o'clock, having driven 465 miles in ten hours, with an hour out for lunch in Monterrey, we were back in the United States.

Taking everything into consideration, we had had a wonderful and interesting trip. You can have an equally wonderful and interesting one in case you care to undertake it. And don't let the fact that probably you cannot speak Spanish deter you from going. You don't need to speak Spanish. Nearly everywhere you will find someone who can speak a little crippled English. But even if you don't, the natives will manage to understand you, while you, yourself, will be astonished at the ease with which they can make you understand them.

30 seconds TO MAKE IT!

SHE has no fear, for her Hamilton tells her *to the second* how much time she has before the wheels of her train begin to roll. Thus from one end of the land to the other, from thousands of terminals and wayside stations, commuting trains and famous "limiteds" leave and arrive ON HAMILTON TIME.

Transportation today is a marvel of accurate timing—truly. Yet it's a marvel matched in nearly every phase of modern life. Today you'll find "the watch of railroad accuracy" on the wrist of the transport pilot, of the program director in the radio studio, of the scientist in the laboratory.

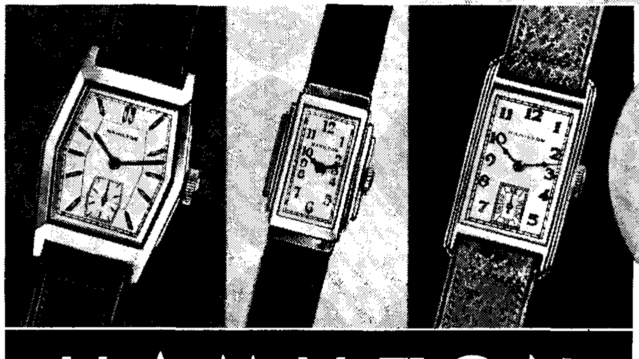
And, we might well add, on the slender wrist of mademoiselle as she enters her box at the opera. For the new Hamiltons are as beautiful to see as they are dependable to live by. You'll find Hamiltons in every style you could wish—for men and women—from $37.50 to $1000. Illustrated folder upon request. Hamilton Watch Company, 840 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

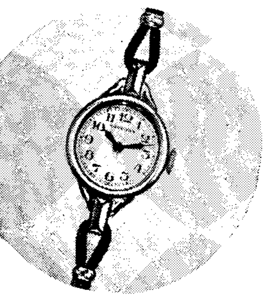
LEFT *to* RIGHT

TURNER. 17 jewels. 10k filled gold, white or natural yellow. With applied gold marker dial (shown), $40. With smart black enamel dial, price, $37.50.

GAIL. A Hamilton to fit modest purses. 17 jewels. 10k filled gold, white or natural yellow. Silk ribbon, $37.50. With filled gold bracelet . . . $40.00.

SHERWOOD. 19 jewels. 14k solid natural yellow gold. Case curved to wrist. Inlaid black enamel dial, $75. Applied gold numeral dial (shown), $77.50.





(ABOVE) Round watches are "it" today, and this is the little lady that started it all—the Hamilton ALCOTT. The ALCOTT has 17 jewels, a case of 14k filled gold, white or natural yellow. With a silk (shown) or leather cord, $52.50. With a filled gold bracelet . . . $55.

HAMILTON

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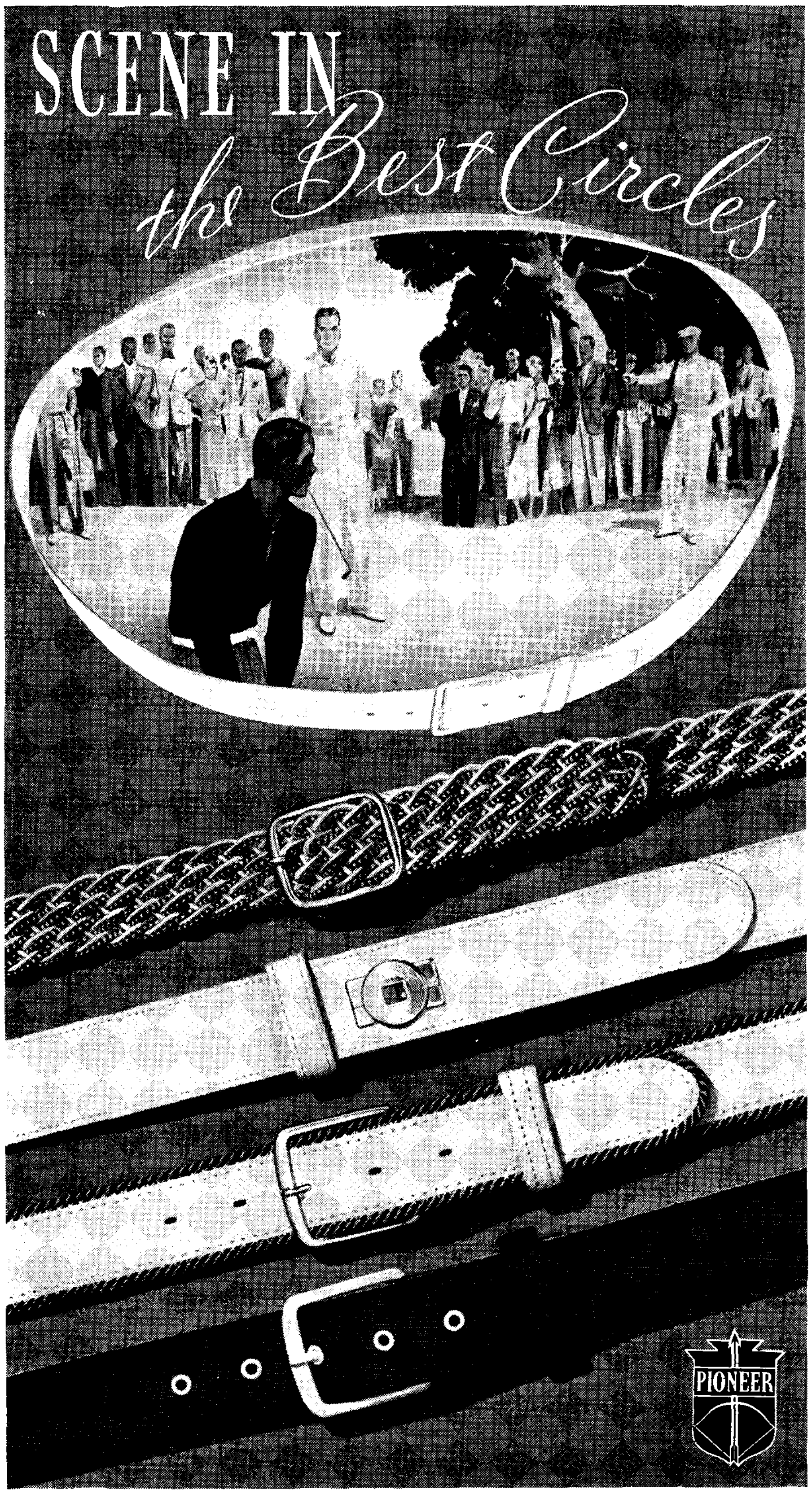

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Dependable Quality . . . Correct Style . . . Since 1877
PHILADELPHIA

Trouble Shooter

Continued from page 21

the Irishmen near the engine called out: "You want help, Mr. Peace?"

Campeaux said: "What are you going to do, Miss Normandy?"

The girl swept the scene with a long glance. There was no give to any of these men.

She said to Peace: "Please," and took hold of Mitch Dollarhide's arm She went across the track and climbed up the wheel hub to the seat, beside Campeaux. Dollarhide went around, crawling in the back of the buggy. Al Brett was broadly grinning now.

"No luck tonight, boys."

"Not tonight," said Overmile.

Al Brett lifted his reins; Campeaux turned the horses around, driving them straight through the mud toward the trackless grade beyond. Fires far off to the north laid fitful beacon lights along the way. Brett said coolly: "Don't worry, Leach. I'll blow a hole through your guts before the summer's done." He had one more look at Frank Peace—a long, smileless look. "See you in Laramie, Bucko," he said, and rode away.

Overmile had left Peace's horse beyond the track. Peace slogged through the mud and swung into a thoroughly wet saddle. He came back, following the rails until they suddenly quit. Loose ties lay scattered ahead, indicating where the steel would march tomorrow. He paralleled the ties, his partners riding behind him, and came at last to the pure dirt grade running north. Leach Overmile rode abreast; Tarrant and Morgan made a pair behind. The engine's headlight died out and they traveled beneath the uneasy, leaking sky, the western wind slapping strongly on them. Deep rain pools were forming, water channeled all the ruts, and yonder they saw Campeaux's rig appear abreast another grader's fire and sink then into the murk.

"If it keeps rainin'," said Overmile, "you'll want pontoons on your trains."

Due ahead, the lights of Fort Sanders blinked intermittently; and, riding quietly, after a time, they turned into the Fort Sanders road. A low line of buildings sat in scattered shape, marked only by faint lights burning. A sentry wheeled from the darkness, palms slapping curtly on his gun. "Halt! Who's there?"

"Frank Peace—and party."

"Sergeant of the guard—post number one!"

A LANTERN bobbed out of the guardhouse hard by, drawing the hard-slanted rain against it. The sergeant came on and lifted the lantern above his head, revealing his own long, heavy-boned jaw. Above a stiff mustache a pair of old soldier's eyes showed a sad, surly gleam.

"Hello, Malloy. We're putting up."

"Come right ahead, Mr. Peace. You'll want Lieutenant Millard?"

"Not till morning, Malloy."

They splashed beyond the guardhouse and got down. Malloy called back: "Egan, take the hawrrses. You'll go to the same house, Mister Peace. That one to left of General Gibbon's."

Egan came. But Overmile was restless and he had changed his mind. He got into the saddle again. He said to Peace, "I'll be back after a while."

"Laramie?"

"Yeah," said Overmile, turning.

The others walked down the dark line of buildings, skirted a picket fence and entered a house beyond. Sergeant Malloy had followed them; he lighted a lamp and went out again. Phil Morgan said: "Overmile's a fool."

"He's twenty-four years old," grunted Peace.

Within five minutes they were bunked down. Rain drummed along the house. Peace dragged a hand across his face. He stared toward a ceiling he couldn't see, remembering Eileen as she held to him on the dark stairway landing.

. . . Overmile's voice woke him. Overmile was standing beside the bed, vague in the chilly pitch-dark. "Frank. She's at the hotel in Laramie. Damn Morgan for thinkin' different."

Peace left Fort Sanders early the next morning with Lieutenant Archie Millard and six troopers, bound south for the old Virginia Dale stage station. Overmile went along, but Morgan decided to wait for Peace in Laramie.

THERE was a sun shining and a soft wind running out of the west. Less than a mile ahead of them the smokestacks of the Union's construction trains funneled up a black smoke.

"Mormon Charley will be there all right," said Millard. "But I doubt if you'll get any help out of him. He doesn't like to see the road cross this country."

"Talked with him recently?" asked Peace.

Millard said: "I was down that way last week."

Overmile cast Peace a glance of amused understanding. Millard caught that and flushed a little. He was an ideal figure, hale and robust and ruddy, with the typical cavalryman's flare for the picturesque. Beneath a raked hat the edges of his hair showed a tawny color and his long mustache was of the same shade. It was easy for him to blush, his complexion being as fair as a woman's; but he had a strong, sweeping chin. "Damn you, Leach," he muttered.

"Well," drawled Overmile, "how is the mountain beauty?"

"We're not discussing that," said Millard briefly.

They trotted briskly along the open plain, passing a solid stream of six-mule freighters lumbering from end of track toward Laramie and toward Salt Lake. The yellow embankment of the right of way was directly beside them, Casement's Irishmen dropping ties methodically. They came to a small rise and stopped at Peace's command near the end of steel. For the space of a quarter mile here Casement's ambulating construction town littered the plain—his enormous portable warehouse, his collapsible shops, his great horse and mule compounds. The boarding train lay on a siding, the drying clothes of the Irish paddies hanging out from bunk cars like so much festival bunting. A solid string of supply trains stood on the main line, waiting their turn to feed the endless line of freighting wagons bound away for the grading camps and bridge crews flung like a thin skirmish line fifty and a hundred miles ahead.

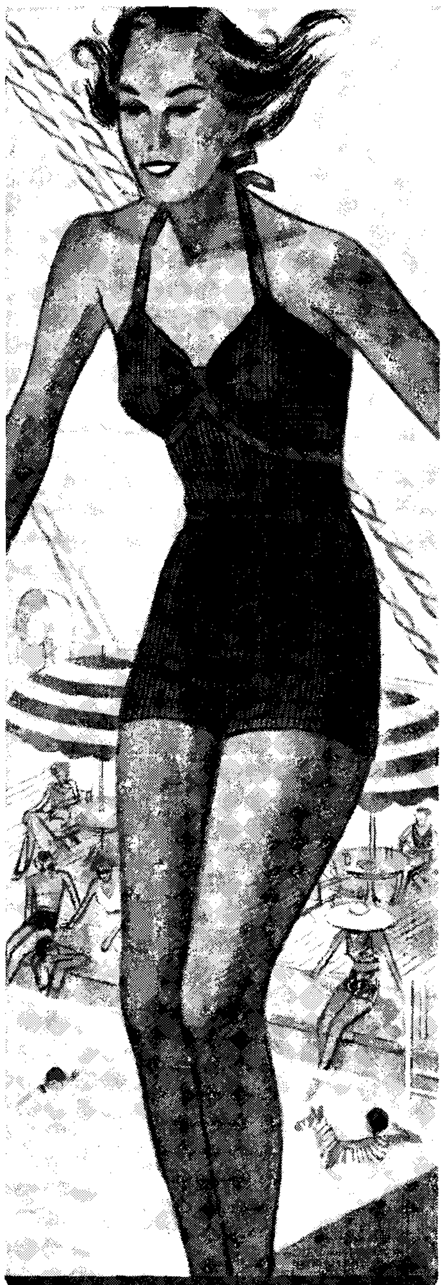
A thousand men worked at this immediate spot, the interplay of all that human traffic setting up a restless, antlike scene of confusion under the sun. In the foreground, end of track surged forward thirty feet at a time, like a dull brown inchworm.

"Pretty," said Lieutenant Millard.

The little column of men pushed forward, leaving behind the crack of all those sledges, the groaning of the freighters, the lash of men's strident voices, and the nervous chuffing of the engines. A trail led up the gentle grade in the direction of Sherman Summit, soon turning aside to enter a narrow pass leading toward the peaks of the Medicine Bow. The last echo of the engines died behind and then there was only a long riding calm, with the soft

it's New ☆ ☆

and it's NEWS!



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And the flawlessly smooth, the clear-cut grace that results from these features is a shining characteristic of every B.V.D. 1936 Swim Suit! The B.V.D. Company, Inc., Empire State Building, New York City.

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SWIM SUITS

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squeal of leather breaking the drone of a warming day. Millard's men sat relaxed in their saddles, all old troopers whose skins were as weathered as the leather gear beneath them. Their Spencer carbines lay tucked in saddle boots; their revolvers hung at their hips, and they kept watching the higher ground around them with a taciturn attention. Later in the morning they stopped to roll their overcoats and went on again in shirt sleeves.

Millard said: "We got a wire from Sidney this morning. A band of Dog soldiers of the Sioux tribe raided Elm Creek station and killed five section hands."

"Bad year coming up," said Peace.

"How's Eileen?" asked Millard.

Peace said, "Good," and let it go at that. Millard had known him too long not to understand the clipped finality of that single word. He appraised Peace carefully. "Seen Latimer lately?"

"Last night in Cheyenne."

Millard said, in a rather quick way: "He's smart. Seems to smell the grading jobs that won't make money for him. Twenty years from now when this country settles up he'll have his interest in it—coal and cattle and land. Some men draw money to them. He's that kind."

AT NOON they stopped for water and a long rest. The shape of the land here was all rolling, broken by buttes and small domes and outcrops of round disintegrated rock. The stage trail led through a low pass, leaving the Medicine Bow peaks over against the west. Scrub trees and a few stands of the fragile-looking aspen grew along the way; the hills were as green as they would ever be. In the afternoon they came upon the Fort Collins road, struck a feeder to Cache Creek and around five o'clock arrived at the Virginia Dale stage station, pitching camp there.

Virginia Dale had the reputation of being the best station on the Overland stage route, its low log buildings and its corrals and barns sitting pleasantly beside a creek running down from the Medicine Bow range.

A lank man came out of the main house and walked over to the camp, showing them an interest which was neither friendly nor unfriendly. He said: "Hello, Archie," barely nodding at Peace and Overmile. He gave the troopers one careless look.

"Mormon Charley still here, Reese?"

"Out on a hunt right now. Back tonight."

Millard turned his fine big body half about. There was a girl looking at him across the yard. She stood in the doorway of a small cabin farther down the creek and Peace, sending his glance that way, saw merely a round, dusky face. Immediately afterward she retreated into the cabin. Millard said: "I'll see you later," and went that way in long strides.

"Mormon Charley's girl?" asked Peace.

Reese shaved himself a thin slice of plug tobacco. "Yeah—that's Cherry."

Overmile and Peace swapped glances. Reese saw that. "She's good enough for your lieutenant, boys. Half Injun or not."

Peace strolled over the little meadow, Overmile with him, and sat down on the porch of the stage house. Shadows crawled out from the Medicine Bow, turning this little valley blue. The troopers' mess fire sent its fresh wood-smoke odor keenly across the air. Reese came up. He said: "Supper?"

"Yes," agreed Peace. "All three of us."

Reese shook his head. "Just two. Millard always eats with Mormon Charley and the girl."

"Know his ways pretty well, don't you?" asked Peace.

"Should," said Reese. "He's regular with his visitin'." He went into the house and began to yell through it in an Indian tongue.

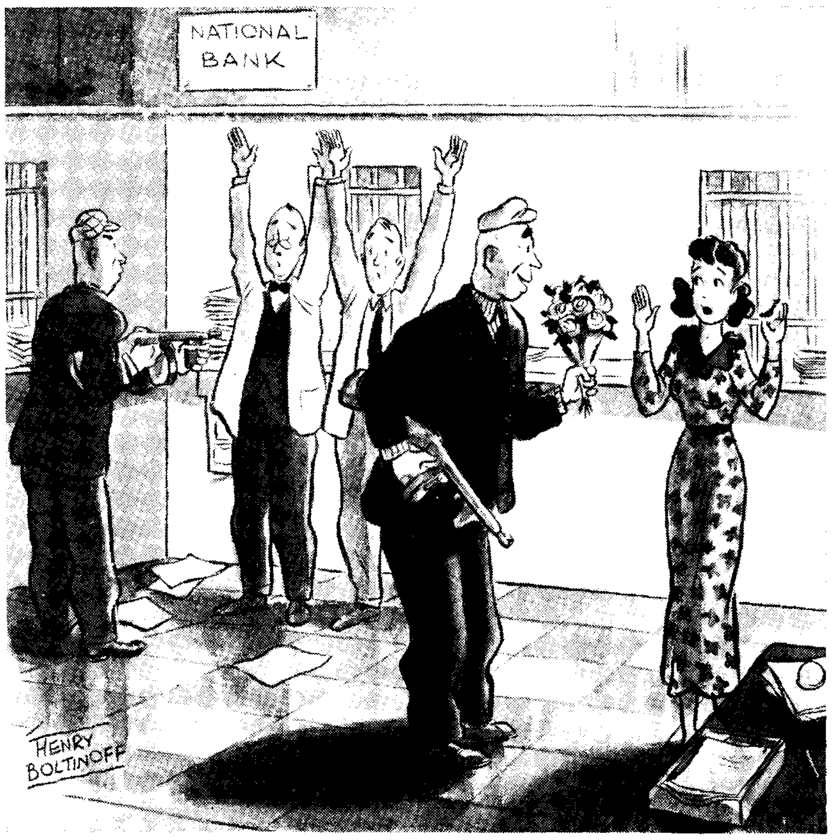
"Another squaw man," pointed out Overmile.

"Reese? Yes, I knew that." Peace scrubbed his shoulders against the back of the chair. Millard had gone into Mormon Charley's cabin. He was still in there, with a quick twilight laying its successive layers of powder-blue stain across the sky. A few men began to collect around the yard; a peaceful Ute and his woman came out of a ravine, bent over on their ponies, and made camp down by one of the corrals.

Peace said: "When did all this start, Leach?"

"Last November in Cheyenne. Mor-

(*Continued on page* 56)



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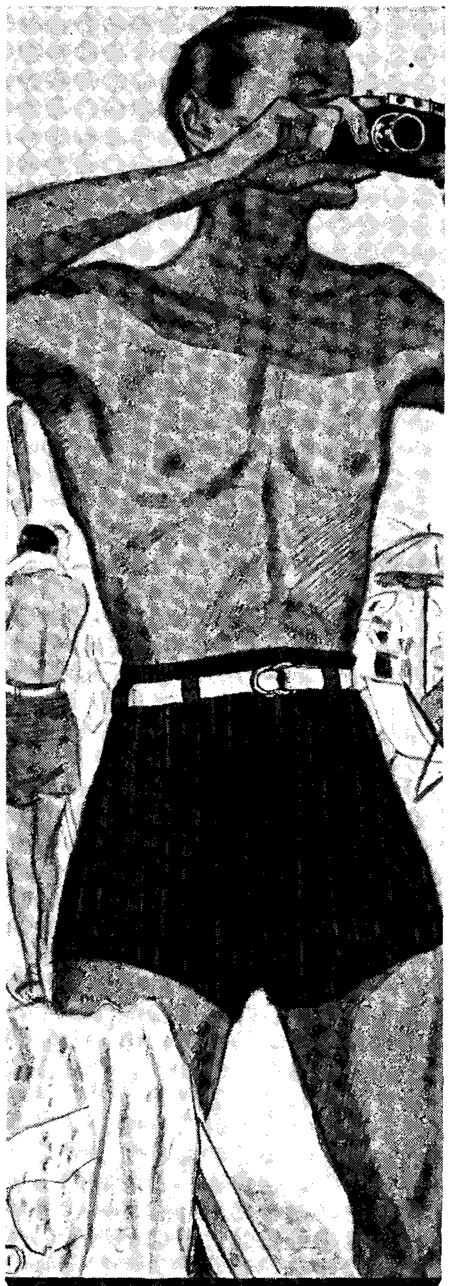

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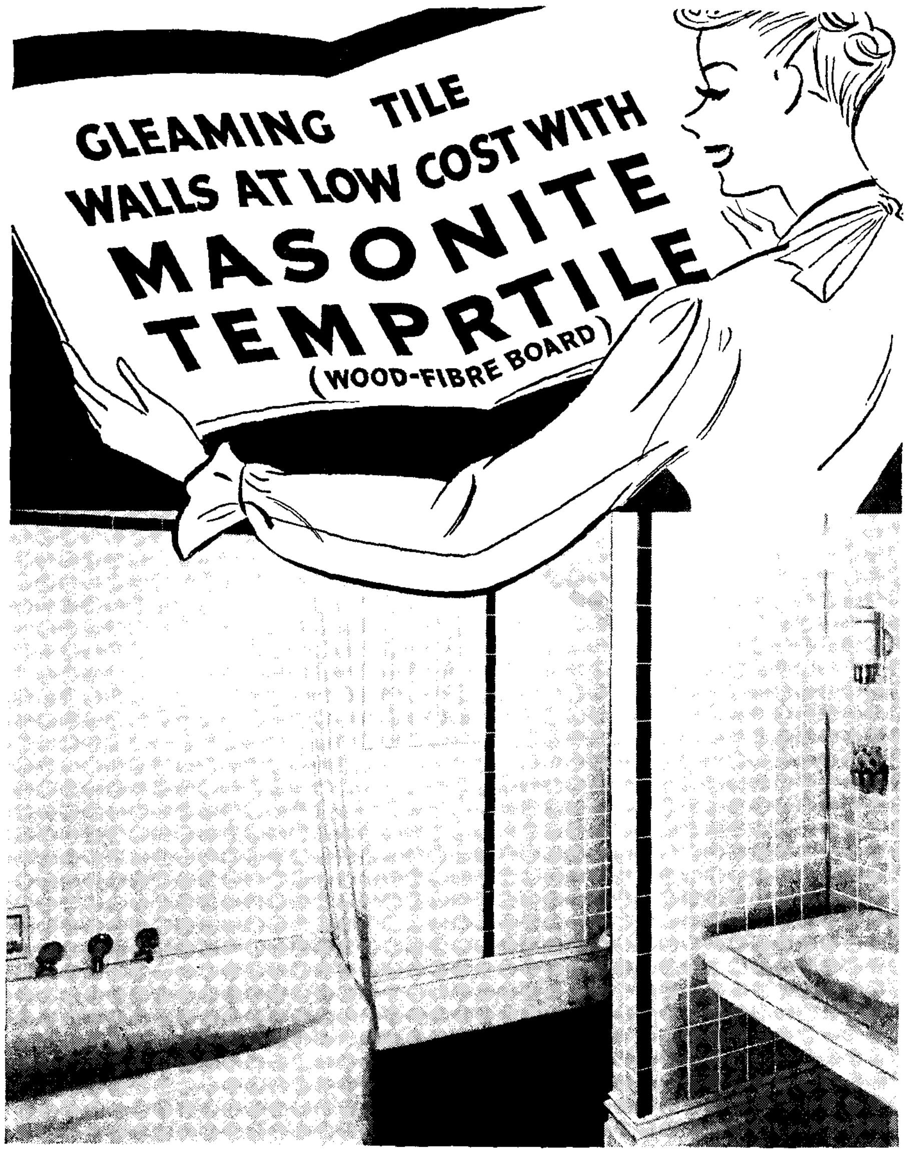

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(Continued from page 55)

mon Charley came to Fort Russell to see General Stevenson. Brought the girl with him. Archie saw her. Her mother was an Arapaho woman who died a good many years ago. Charley raised the kid, never takin' another squaw. Sent her to a school in St. Louis for a few years."

"Pretty?"

"Wait till you see her."

"No matter," grumbled Peace. "It isn't the point. Here's a man who graduated at the top of his class in West Point. Smart and cool—and the best soldier along the whole line of posts. His father was a general. So was his grandfather. In time Archie will be. Now look at it. We've got to stop this, Leach."

Overmile smiled softly. "How do you do things like that, Frank?"

The supper bell rang. They went inside and sat up with half a dozen other men to antelope steak, fried trout and fresh biscuits served with wild honey. Soft darkness flowed down around Virginia Dale. Reese's Ute woman circled the room, moccasins making no sound, and lighted the lamps. Outside, the troopers' fire was a pear-shaped shield of mellow light. They were singing John Brown's Body.

AT EIGHT o'clock that night Mormon Charley walked into the room, a compact man with bright, magpie eyes glittering out through an enormous mat of a beard. He wore a buckskin suit, black from the swipe of many a greasy hunting knife across it; and his manner was the manner of all mountain men, blunt and a little wild. Even as he talked he seemed to be listening for other sounds; and his eyes were never still.

"Back for another year, Frank?"

"Till the road's finished," said Peace, and shook Mormon Charley's hand cheerfully.

Mormon Charley shook his head. "Country's no good now. Buffler's gone; no price to be had for beaver skins. Wagon tracks all over tarnal creation and a thunder buggy snortin' through the hills like God's judgment, skeerin' game an' puttin' a bad smell in the air. I'm an old man. Jim Bridger's old; Bill Williams, he's dead; Kit Carson's turned civilized and lives greaser style in Tows. Whar's the fun gone?"

"Let's make a little talk," said Peace.

Mormon Charley's restless, bead-bright eyes flickered around the room, touching everything. Reese stood in a corner, listening. A few other men were there, listening. "You come to my lodge," said Mormon Charley and led the way out. "Reese," he grunted, "is more Injun than real Injun is. Where's Archie?"

"At your place."

They crossed the meadow to Mormon Charley's small log cabin. A single lamp burned on a center table, its light not quite reaching the corners of the room. Mormon Charley said, "How, Archie," in a swift, hearty way, and added, "Cherry, let's git some coffee boilin'."

But for a moment the scene in here was dull and quiet. Peace's glance ran over to a shadowed corner where Millard stood. Even in this dimness he saw how strained and desperate Millard's face was. It held no hope, yet a wild desire was there too. Then he turned his curious attention to the girl who remained by the table. And he received a definite shock.

This Cherry, who was half white and half Arapaho, was a fairer Indian woman than he had ever seen, fresh and slim and on the edge of beauty. Her hands touched the table and her head was tipped down, avoiding the glance of these men out of modesty. Her cheeks were rather oval and her hair ran blackly and smoothly back on her head. She wore a plain skirt and a plain waist; a small gold chain circled her neck, with a little gold locket lying against well-formed breasts that stirred to sudden, disturbed breathing. Overmile said: "Hello, Cherry," his drawling voice very gentle.

Her chin lifted, and Peace was further astonished at the even melody of her speech. She said, "I'm glad to see you, Leach." But it was to Peace her glance afterward came and for a long moment she explored his face, her eyes reading him with a sharp care. Overmile said: "This is Frank Peace, Cherry. A friend of Archie's."

She murmured, "How do you do," carefully. Yet Peace saw her emotions change in that little interval. She had read him. She had felt his antagonism, and her own eyes hardened against him and dropped. She turned toward the stove.

"What's the railroad want now?" said Mormon Charley.

Peace took a chair. He got his pipe packed, and nursed it a moment until the smoke was drawing. "It's the Indians, Charley."

Mormon Charley grunted. "Sure. Why wouldn't it be? Your rails are headin' across the finest game land in the world. I've seen a thousand antelope in one band runnin' that plain. Injuns don't like to see their grounds busted up, no better than whites."

"What will they do?"

Mormon Charley hoisted one foot over the arm of his chair. "Well, you can expect trouble. Mebbe not open raids on your track. Last year taught 'em that a bullet won't go through an engine, and they got respect for your Irishmen. But when you get a hundred yards off from your right of way you're a-goin' to be in trouble."

Cherry slipped up to the table with cups and the coffeepot. She poured their drink enigmatically, never looking at them, and went back into the shadows. Millard came forward and took his cup, still standing. Mormon Charley raked the young officer with a keen bright glance. "I'm considerin' a move down to Navajo country. Settlers won't be thar for another hundred years and mebby I can potter around my melon patch till I'm rubbed out. I never was no good livin' white style. I can remember when this was a pretty land."

ARCHIE MILLARD dropped his cup on the table, wheeling and leaving the cabin. Peace, intent on catching all this, saw Cherry's eyes race across the room, round and vivid and alarmed. He finished his coffee and got up. Outside, he waited for Overmile and for Mormon Charley. They all went a little way into the meadow's shadowy stillness. Millard's shape vanished somewhere beyond the troopers' fire.

Peace said abruptly: "Can't you stop this, Charley?"

Mormon Charley's talk wasn't pleased. "My girl's good enough for Archie. She's a woman with manners. I didn't raise her to be some Arapaho's squaw."

Peace shook his head. "No," he said quietly, "it isn't that at all. Archie's on the edge of throwing up his commission. Then what will he do? He was educated to be a soldier. It's all he likes. Suppose he throws it over and marries your girl. It will be fine for a while. But he'll keep remembering what he might have been —and in time it will turn him bitter. No happiness there for either of them, Charley."

Mormon Charley said: "And why can't my girl be an Army officer's wife? I told you she had learnin'."

Peace looked for a match and found it. Its exploding light raveled along the pipe bowl; it showed his cheeks to be hard and skeptical. The light went out. Overmile stirred on his feet, saying nothing. "No," murmured Peace. "There are no officers with Indian wives."

Mormon Charley cleared his throat.

He had been brusque, he had been impatient. But he spoke now in a deeply regretting way. "I wondered about that. It's been a fine thought—that she'd be a white man's legal wife. She's my girl, Frank. I got to see her happy."

"It won't work," said Peace.

"No," agreed Mormon Charley, very soft with his words, "maybe not. I felt it was pushin' luck too far. But it is somethin' I can't tell Cherry. There's half of her with my blood, which is the half I can understand. The other half's Arapaho. That's the part I've got no influence with."

He turned away from them, moccasined feet making no noise along the meadow. Peace and Overmile strolled toward the main house.

"You can be tough," murmured Overmile. "Where's your pity?"

"It won't work," repeated Peace doggedly. There was a shadow moving along a deeper part of the meadow. He saw it and paid no particular attention. Overmile swung toward the troopers' fire. "Think I'll sit in with the boys a while."

Peace continued on toward the house porch. He was at the edge of it when a woman's voice said, "Mr. Peace." It turned him and pulled him along the side of the house, deeper into the darkness. Charley's girl stood there, straight and motionless; when he got closer he saw the oval surface of her face dimly showing him hatred.

"I'm sorry, Cherry."

She didn't lift her voice; yet in its huskiness was a passion capable of killing him. "Let us alone, Mr. Peace! Let us alone!" That was all. She whirled and ran back into the meadow's farther obscurity, leaving him with his unpleasant reflections.

He went back to the porch and smoked out his pipe; and afterwards rolled his blankets by the troopers' fire for the night. Millard hadn't returned.

AT SIX o'clock they rounded into Fort Sanders. Overmile was restless and wanted to be directly on the way to Laramie; but they had supper in the officers' quarters before swinging out upon the muddy trail north. Archie Millard walked beside their horses to the guard gate, moody and withdrawn. He said: "General Gibbon tells me I am at your disposal, Frank. I shall be here whenever you want me."

The morning before, there had been no track here; but now the fresh yellow grade held steel and a line of supply trains crept across it, Laramie bound, the engine fireboxes guttering raw crimson light into the swelling dusk. All the cars held Irishmen pleasure bent, to christen this new town. Overmile said: "They sure do work fast."

"Millard," said Peace, "is about ready to jump his commission. We've got to stop that, Leach."

"How do you stop the things in a man's head?" drawled Overmile. He turned in his saddle to have a long look at Peace. "You're a hard one, Frank. Give these two people some sympathy. It might happen to you."

They rode out of the darkness into the full boil of Laramie town celebrating its birth. Lusty racket rolled down the muddy street to meet them, a street bursting into swift and brilliant and wicked flower from the raw earth. Shoulder to shoulder sat the tented saloons, the dance halls, the flimsy-framed stores, their fronts making a ragged up-and-down pattern. The hurdy-gurdy music of Campeaux's big saloon rolled up to the astonished sky. The spielers were calling their wares, and hammer and saw kept up a steady tone. This was another Cheyenne, with the high-wheeled freighters jamming the narrow way and two thousand Irishmen roaming the dark in search of excitement, and the tall piles of steel and ties and material lying familiarly over by Jack Casement's portable commissary shack. There was a single coach sitting in front of Laramie's improvised depot.

"Dodge is probably there," said Peace, and turned that way. Overmile was chuckling in a pleased fashion. "A wild, hell-raisin' night. It makes a pretty show."

They worked their way through the heavy line of wagons, aiming for the solitary passenger coach. A man stepped down from it and walked leisurely forward; and at sight of him Peace dismounted instantly. Overmile took Peace's horse and rode away toward the railroad corrals.

"General," said Peace, "I'm mighty glad to see you."

GENERAL DODGE pulled a cigar from his mouth. He looked at Peace with a gray, hard eye; and extended his arm, speaking affably. "Understood you'd be here tonight. You look well."

He was a man of medium build, this General Dodge whose word was law on the road. Still in his middle thirties, he had the calmness and the certainty of one much older. Behind him stood a wonderful army record and the thorough confidence of Grant and Sherman. A short black beard hid the play of his face. He didn't waste much talk.

"Reed's overloaded with work. It's all he can do to keep the job organized. The responsibility of keeping trouble from tying us up is yours. You've got to see that these contractors stay far enough out so that the steel don't catch up with them. I don't want to wait for unfinished bridges and I don't want to lose time on account of tunnels that haven't been bored. As for these towns, the railroad is responsible for order. Government expects us to provide merchants with a certain amount of protection. If the crooks want another Julesburg cleanup, give it to them."

He quit talking. His head turned aside from Peace and he clapped his cigar between his teeth. A dapper and slightly stooped little man with a Vandyke beard came forward at a rapid, nervous stride. He said, "Hello, Dodge," and offered a slender hand. The two men shook hands in a brief way. Dodge drawled, "Durant, this is Frank Peace. He's Reed's assistant."

T. C. Durant, vice-president of the road, nodded impersonally at Peace. Dodge, thoroughly blunt, said immediately: "Hear you've been telling Laramie people they'd have the connection to Denver, instead of Cheyenne having it. And you sent your consulting engineer out here to change my location lines."

"Seymour didn't like your lines," said Durant. "As for the change of division point—"

"You'll play hell," broke in Dodge. "I told the Laramie people an hour ago they needn't expect any connection from Denver. That's Cheyenne's. And neither Seymour nor anyone else will change my lines while I'm running the job. I don't propose to have it."

Durant flicked Dodge with a veiled skeptical glance. "May be a difference of opinion there," he said, and went on down the street at the same light and nervous stride.

Dodge turned back to Peace. "I'm staging it to Salt Lake tomorrow. Remember, the responsibility for keeping trouble down is yours. Good luck." With that, he wheeled back into the car, the cigar laying a wake of smoke behind.

Overmile had put up the horses and returned. The two of them idled across the wagon-choked street, being absorbed in the restless, steady stream of construction men crowding the walk. All the windows and doorways flushed the

(Continued on page 58)

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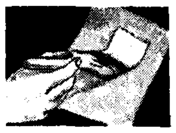

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shadows with a raw, smoky light, and the warm air gushing from these buildings had the strong blend of sweat and damp woolen clothes and tobacco smoke and whisky and wood smoke. Caught in the human tide-rip boiling around the wide entrance of the Club, Peace came face to face with Phil Morgan.

Morgan grinned in his dry way. "Let's have a look."

The three of them shouldered into Campeaux's Club, the flash of the fifty-foot mirror on the saloon's back bar coming against their eyes like an explosion. All the games were in full blast. The orchestra — changed from afternoon's brass band to evening's more decorous string instruments—sat on a far platform and hurled its melody against the rising confusion. Over there on the dance floor the white faces of women and the color of their evening dresses went around and around in a blurred and blending patter. The noise of this place struck Peace in every key. There was no calm; only a kind of surge that swelled more and more vitally against the canvas ceiling of the tent. The partners pushed their way to the bar and caught the eye of one of the dozen scudding barkeeps; they got their whisky and stood meditatively together, drinking.

"Going with Dodge tomorrow?" asked Morgan.

"No, we've got another job." Then Peace said: "Wait a minute."

A big Irishman with vermilion cheeks shouted, "Hello, Bucko," and slapped him on the back. Peace grinned and pushed on toward the side of the Club where the gambling rigs were. Men kept drifting across his way; men kept hailing him. The music stopped and the whole crowd swayed toward the bar, the women on the dance floor starting the parade with their partners. Blocked momentarily by this rush, Peace heard a voice say in a swift undertone: "Mr. Peace," and he swung himself around and found Rose—the pale, obscure girl who had come from Omaha on the work-passenger train—beside him.

But she was neither pale nor obscure now. Dressed in a low-cut gown as attractive as fashion could make it, she made a jewel-like glow in this confused atmosphere. Her hair was dressed carefully, piled back on her head and edged with short ringlets. Her shoulders, bare and smooth, rose faintly to command his attention; she had a pink color on her cheeks and she was smiling at him. Yet her voice was guarded. "Be careful tonight." Then her hands came up with a little gesture of resignation, as though she had been refused, and she wheeled immediately from him and put her hand through another man's arm. She said: "To the bar, Paddy. Don't be stingy with your money."

PEACE parted the crowd before him with a swing of his shoulders, coming beside Roy Lovelace, who sat on a high stool and dealt the blackjack game. An eyeshade on Lovelace's forehead threw a green light down across the spare and composed fatalism of his face. His long fingers dropped the cards, one by one, in front of the players; none of the rest of his figure, covered by a fine black broadcloth suit, moved at all. But he felt Peace's presence and a moment later lifted his glance. His expression didn't break out of its strict indifference. Only his voice changed, becoming even and cordial. "Hello, Frank." A player's quick voice said, "Hit this," and Lovelace swung his attention back to the game.

A tall woman stood directly behind Lovelace—Lovelace's wife, who always remained behind him when he played, showing this rough and violent crowd a strange, unmoved fidelity. Peace said: "Where are the kids, Helen?"

"In bed. Can you come to supper tomorrow night?"

"I won't be here. Just wanted to tell you I have a couple presents coming from Omaha. For the children—and for you."

She was like Lovelace, steeled against smiling. But a warmth reached out from her fine eyes and touched him. He felt it even as he turned back to the bar. Morgan and Overmile had vanished, apparently too restless to wait. The turgid noise of this crowded place slapped him more definitely as he pushed toward the doorway. A woman's flat and excited laughter sliced through the confusion, rasping across his nerves. Somebody prodded him in the ribs; looking down, he saw a little man struggling against the tidal pressure. The little man's lips moved. He reached up to pull at Peace's shoulder. He said: "You lookin' for Ed Tarrant?"

"No," said Peace.

The little man said gustily: "He's up in Straight-Edge Annie's place, in trouble."

Peace said, "What—" but the current had caught the little man securely in its undertow, dragging him away.

ON THE street again, Peace looked around and saw neither Morgan nor Overmile. He let the crowd carry him toward the next corner; and here he slid out of the tide into the comparative quiet of a short side street. Down this way a few lights glowed through tent tops; a few flashes came from the second-story windows of a pine-boarded building sitting thirty feet farther on, which was Straight-Edge Annie's place.

That way he drifted. There was a stairway leading up the outside wall of the place; he stopped at the foot of it, studying the surrounding shadows with his insistent eyes. Afterwards he climbed the stairs and put his hand to the knob of the door. It let him into a hall illuminated by one lamp bracketed against the boards. There was a murmuring and a burst of nervous laughter from a far room, and then that sound died completely and the uneasy stillness of the place rubbed against him like a damp fog. A little ahead of him, on the left side of the hall, he noticed a door standing ajar, through the opening of which crept a thin slice of light. He said, casually: "Straight-Edge."

Silence flowed around him. But he had the smell of something in his nostrils—the slimmest taint of powder smoke trapped in this dead air. It moved him against the door; he laid the flat of his hand against it—shoving it open. What he saw then jerked him straight.

There was a lamp on the table, its sallow glow staining the shadows of this room the color of mud. Ed Tarrant lay on his chest on the floor, his face twisted to one side. A round, dully-shining pool of blood slowly gathered beneath him.

Somewhere along the hall a board squealed; and small as that sound was it sounded like a dynamite explosion to Frank Peace. He wheeled in his tracks, ramming his fist into his coat pocket to draw the revolver he carried there. A door across the hall swung quietly back on its hinges. He saw somebody moving in the depths of that room's blackness, and immediately he swayed aside. At the same moment a round bloom of ragged light burst through the doorway. The breath of the bullet licked across his face and the whole building swelled and shook with the detonation. The slug struck into the wall behind Peace with a small, snoring report.

Peace dropped to the floor, his long, loose body flattened against the boards; the marksman across the way let out a windy sigh and began to rake the room with a rapid, plugging fire.

(To be continued next week)

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When Nature forgets— remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Ready All!

Continued from page 14

Coach," Ellis faltered. "Every time I go out with the crew I come in with a new crop of blisters." He held out his swollen hands toward the coach, the fingers and palms covered with calluses and raw blisters.

"Let's see your hands," the Old Man nodded to Jones.

"I never seem to raise any blisters," Jones answered, proudly turning up a pair of palms as smooth as a manicurist's.

"That settles it," the Old Man snapped. "You only get blisters from pulling hard on the oar. Ellis, you row in that five seat from now on."

Look Into the Oarsman's Mind

Open an oarsman's mind sometime, at the height of the crew season, and look inside. It may take a moment or two for your eyes to get accustomed to the darkness; but once you are able to see, you will be amazed at the neatness and order and the simplicity that you find in there. There are no thoughts of trivial matters like government, economics or the next war to clutter up his brain. His cerebrum is not muddled with minor interests like home and mother. He has put away all distracting personal trivia: his tuxedo is hung away carefully in a mental closet; his dress pumps are rigid with shoe trees; his address book is loaned to his roommate until the twenty-second of June, when rowing is over. His cerebral shelves are bare of forbidden sweets; his little hip flask is red with rust; his pipes and cigarettes are locked securely in a bottom drawer of his mind. Even the walls of his echoing cranium are denuded of their usual array of inscribed feminine photographs. There is only one object in the great, shadowy shed that is a crewman's skull. It stands alone, resting trimly on a rack in the center of his mind; a solitary eight-oared shell.

Twenty-Four Hours of Crew

There is not much room for anything else, during rowing season. For six months, from January to June, an oarsman thinks crew, breathes crew, lives crew for twenty-four hours a day. His entire conversation is limited to remarks such as, "Jones was skying his blade at the full reach today," or "We were only spacing two feet at thirty-six in the last quarter"; the margins of his economics lecture notes are filled with diagrams of full-rigged racing shells; and even in his sleep his fingers twitch convulsively and he mumbles, "Hep . . . hep . . . hep. . . "

A group of serious-minded oarsmen were sunning themselves on the grass beside the Columbia boathouse at Poughkeepsie last year. They were discussing the latest news in the daily round-robin talks before the afternoon practice. The usual talks on the theories surrounding the leg and arm stroke versus the body swing stroke had been worked to bedrock and one precocious freshman tried to open the subject of politics.

"What do you think of Roosevelt, Sam?" he asked dubiously.

"Never saw him row," the determined varsity oarsman answered, "but they say he pulls a strong oar at number four in that Harvard jayvee shell."

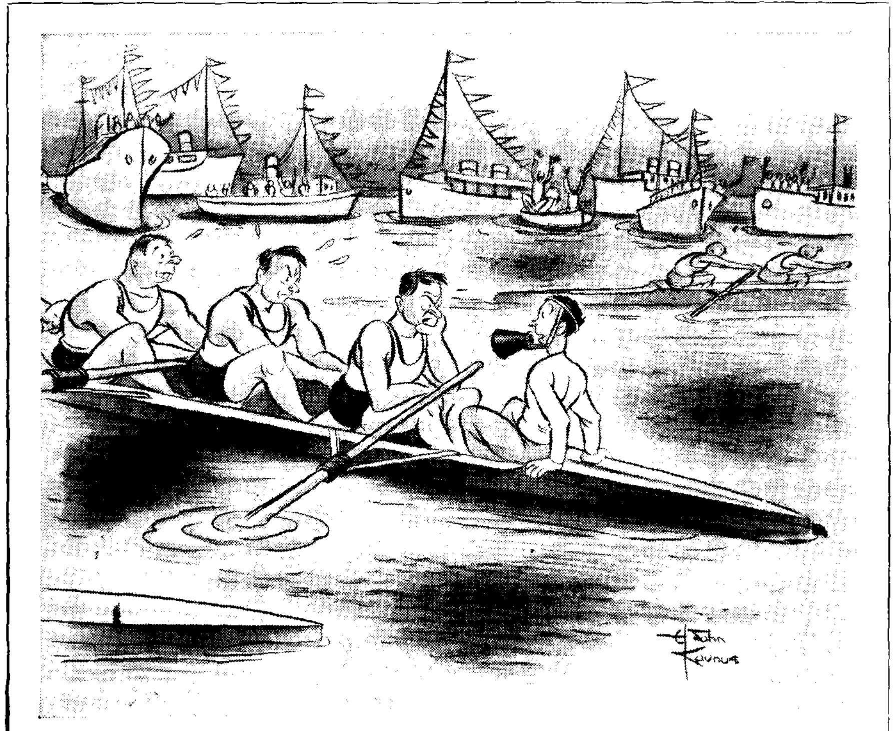
A Barred Door to Women

In case your oarsman's resolution should falter for a moment, and during a practice swing down the river his eyes should chance to stray from the flicking blade of the strokesman's oar to a pair of trim ankles dangling from the sea wall overhead, there is always the cold, accusing eye of the head coach to quench the first sentimental spark. To the Old Man, a woman is just a little less desirable around a training camp than an epidemic of boils. An octopus on the center of the locker-room floor could not strike deeper revulsion into the coach's heart than the sight of a scented envelope inscribed in a delicate feminine hand; and he would rather hear the ominous hiss of a cobra than the romantic tinkle of the telephone in the boathouse.

"It takes eight men to win a race," Old Dick Glendon will tell you, "but it only takes one woman to lose it. Women and crew don't mix."

Take a hundred and seventy-odd pounds of young bone and muscle, a pair of broad shoulders, a couple of capable mitts, and a single-track mind whose

(Continued on page 60)



"Aw, what's in Poughkeepsie, anyway?"

JOHN KAUNUS

"A ball should be chosen as carefully as other golf equipment," says

Bobby Jones

"EVERY golfer who is sincerely trying to improve his game knows that while the selection of the proper clubs is essential, the ball is an equally important factor. To give the utmost in performance and satisfaction, it has always seemed to me that a ball should have these four qualities:

1. Uniformly long carry—so that you can be reasonably correct in your judgment of the distances you may expect with each type of club.
2. Controllability—as expressed in the ball's high ratio of flight to roll.
3. Responsiveness—the quality of pleasant 'feel' and 'click' which results from a well hit shot.
4. Long life—for economy and service."

To which Spalding adds a word about carry

Many golfers have wondered why long flight—or carry—is found only in the better grade golf balls. The reason is this: Manufacturers, faced with a demand for a cheap, durable ball, had no choice but to provide a soft-wound ball with a relatively thick cover. Cheap balls, as a result, are hard to cut. But they impose a serious penalty on the golfer by reason of their short carry. In other words, they sacrifice carrying distance for durability.

A cheap ball lacks controllability

If the major fault of the cheap ball is its lack of carry, its excessive *roll* is equally discouraging. For, although roll can sometimes add fair distance to a short-carry drive on the fairway, no player should make the mistake of counting on it. When trouble lies between you and your objective, it's *carry*, not roll, that gets you over it.

Roll is an even more serious handicap when playing to a firm, closely-guarded green, where the cheap ball's failure to "sit down" can easily cost you additional strokes.

Another fault of the inferior ball is its tendency to break down confidence by accentuating errors that occur all too readily even under the best of conditions. Hard impacts quickly destroy its balance—rob it of accuracy. Hooks and slices then become an ever-present bugaboo. Better-grade balls, though they cost a little more, retain their accuracy and add enough to the enjoyment of the game to make them well worth the difference.

It is false economy to play a cheap ball

A "cheap" ball is not cheap, for the simple reason that it will not last nearly so long as any good-quality ball having the Geer patented vulcanized cover. That's easy to understand, for the Geer patented cover (which due to the cost of manufacture can be provided only on balls selling at 50c or more) allows *both* distance and durability to be built into the same golf ball.

Spalding, it is true, makes a 35c and a 25c ball that are outstanding in their price range. But for golfers who are intent on getting the most out of their game, Spalding offers these three top-quality balls.

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Ideal ball for the average golfer—75c.

TOURNAMENT
For championship golfers—75c.

TOP-FLITE
For low-handicap golfers—75c.

Spalding makes still another ball that is outstanding in its price range:

THE PAR-FLITE—50c.

All of these famous Spalding golf balls have a Geer patented

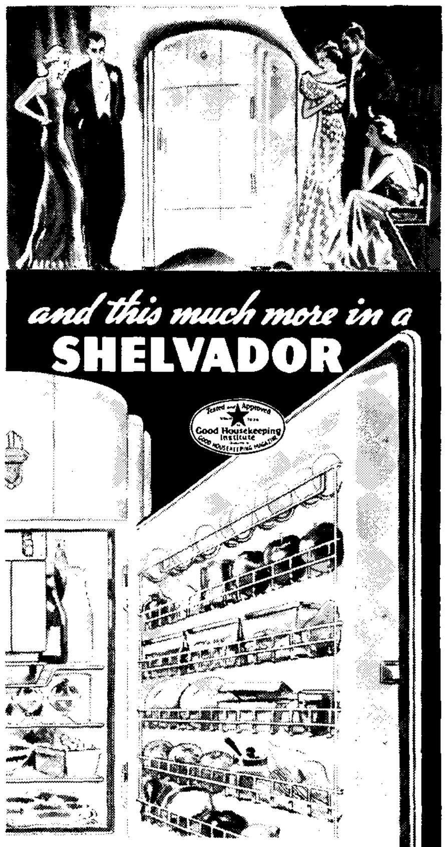
Vulcanized Cover

for maximum durability—plus Spalding's "know-how" in *internal* construction; for long carry, accuracy, uniformity and controllability.

IT PAYS TO PLAY

A.G. Spalding & Bros.

GOLF EQUIPMENT



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(Continued from page 59)

final stop is Poughkeepsie; add a handful of calluses, several barked knuckles, swollen forearms and stomach muscles that throb with pain, skinned knees, and a large blister where it does the least good; and keep stirring without rest, on the hydraulic rowing machines or in the backbreaking tanks in the gymnasium subcellar, all through the long winter months.

Six afternoons in the week your green oarsman must report to this whitewashed dungeon. He lowers himself mechanically onto the sliding seat, and laces his stockinged feet into the shoes of the foot stretcher. For endless hours he lifts and drives in a boat that does not move, learning to swing over a keel that is fastened solidly to the floor, and to feather and face his blade in the never changing waters of the tank, hearing the coach's monotone until the phrases become almost second nature to him: "Get in on the catch! Get those hands away! Ease out that slide! . . ."

Out on the River

The ice is out of the river at last, the freshly varnished shells are stripped of their muslin dust covers, the coaching launches have been eased down the ways. It is time for the impatient yearling to take to the water.

It is bleak, down there on the float. The howling March wind whips the spray around his bare shanks, and he stands apprehensively beside the shell, bobbing on the rough water at the edge of the float. This swirling, white-capped tide is not the safe, lukewarm water of the rowing tanks. He shivers a little as he slides the twelve-foot spruce sweep into the upright metal oarlock at the end of the outrigger.

"Foot on the strip," the coach yells. "Shove her off!"

He settles gingerly to his seat, and the slender, paper-thin shell slides sidewise from the security of the float. The stretch of black water widens. He grips the oar handle convulsively, like a drowning man clinging to a spar, as he realizes that there is nothing between him and the dragging tide save an eighth of an inch of cigar-box cedar. The cranky racing-shell balances tremulously in midstream like a bicycle on a tightwire. He leans over the port gunwale to close the oarlock, and the river rushes up to meet him, and he sees the buildings along the shore leaning at a perilous angle. He throws his weight instinctively to starboard, and the round-bottomed shell lurches violently in the opposite direction. The coach's reassuring voice comes to him above his own gasp of fright.

The Training Takes Meaning

"Get that oar on the water and set her up on keel!" he orders. "All right, now. Ready all . . ."

He lifts automatically on the oar at the catch, and fights it out of the swift current again at the finish. The water splashes clumsily from oar blade, and the coach barks: "Drop those hands! Get your oars out clean!" For the first time, those monotonous phrases he has been hearing for the past month begin to take meaning. When he does not get in quickly enough at the catch, for example, he feels the rest of the crew lift the shell out from under him. He must drive his hands away at the finish, or the recoiling oar handle will knock him clear off his seat. He must face his blade squarely at the full reach, or his oar will dive and pull the shell off center. Bit by bit he gets control of his oar, his timing becomes smooth, and he learns to balance the shell on an even keel. The cranky boat, the twelve-foot sweep, the coxswain, the seven heaving men behind him merge miraculously into a living unit; he reaches with confidence for a bladeful of water at the catch, swings back naturally to a comfortable finish, and feathers his oars neatly as he snaps back on the recovery for the next stroke; the shell slides out and moves on down the river with a steady, mechanical rhythm.

Now at last he is an oarsman. . . .

That Unknown Quantity

And yet there is something else. All other things being equal, nevertheless one crew is going to drive the bow of its shell across the finish line ahead of the rest. The winning eight may be identical with its rival crews in the Poughkeepsie regatta in weight and height and reach; it may have equal courage and stamina; it may have rowed the same number of miles, struggled through the same number of time trials, developed the same number of blisters, trained the same long, grueling months as the other eights lined up at the stake boats which mark the start of the four-mile course, waiting tensely for the puff of smoke from the referee's gun. What makes it win?

The Old Man would have a hard job telling you. He knows it isn't a difference merely of material or equipment or coaching. The only way he can explain it is that a mysterious something seems to come into the winning boat in that last quarter-mile, an item X in the formula, an almost superhuman quality that inspires an oarsman who is rowed out and licked, and gives him the power to raise the beat once more at the coxswain's staccato plea:

"Let's go, gang! Hit it! Get 'er up!"

Ten for the Old Man

The strokesman shortens his reach and slams his oar in at the catch. His sagging shoulders heave with a new lift, his wobbling legs straighten in a vicious drive, and his arms break with a jerk at the finish as he fights the beat higher . . . thirty-eight . . . thirty-nine . . . The seven men behind him jump out on their slides in unison and throw their weight against the oars to back him up. They cut their swing and shoot the oars away from them again, catching, driving, snapping back with a rebound for the next stroke. The eight big blades gouge holes in the water at the catch, and the slender spruce shafts bend as eight pairs of heavy legs drive back to a strong finish. They are hitting forty, forty-one, forty-two, with hardly time to feather their blades on the recovery. The stroke steals a quick glance past his oar. The pace setter in the next boat is dead even with him. His last ounce of strength is gone. They are almost at the finish line.

"All right, gang!" The coxswain plays his last trump. "Give 'er ten for the Old Man. . . ."

The stroke's head jolts backward as his blade hits the water, his legs jam the seat back once more in a sudden thrust. There is no time for slide control or swing or smoothness now. His oar flails the river in short, successive jabs, like revolving blades of a paddle wheel, getting in as many strokes as possible, kicking the shell ahead in brief, shivering runs. The bow lifts, lunges through the air, drops across the finish line a quarter of a length in front.

The Old Man can't tell you what it is. He knows it when he sees it, that's all. He drops his megaphone in exhaustion and turns jubilantly to the launch driver, nodding his head toward his victorious crew. The stroke braces the heels of his hands on the gunwales of the shell and gulps for air.

"That," says the Old Man, "is what I call an oarsman."

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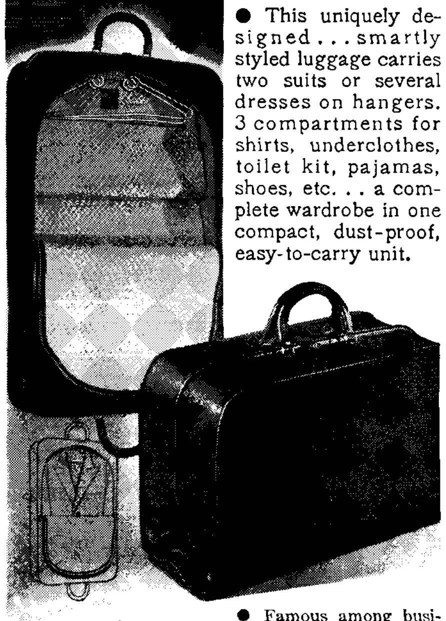

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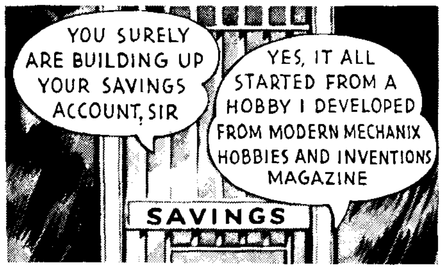
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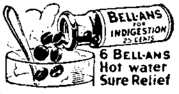

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Bushwhacker Brew

Continued from page 13

her or on Bushwhacker. I've come home to prove it!"

He hustled out, a-r'aring to get started on the government's new scheme. And I set down, a-trying to make myself believe thet old Doc Fraser, a lowly Demycrat, was walking hand in hand with the millennium and three hundred dollars a month.

We-ell, son, the fust part come true—I jined the Bushwhacker Farm Rehabilitation Project as secont to Tom Ned Sible. Mighty lucky fer Tom Ned I done it, too, fer as soon as word got out in Bushwhacker whut Tom Ned had come home to start there was talk of havin' him committed to the in-sane hospital at Farmington.

Harley Tuppett shook old brown into Eolia with his dern' eyes a-hanging by the lashes.

"Seen anything of Tom Ned Sible, Doc?" Harley yells, excited. "He jest stopped by my place and offered forty dollar an acre fer thet crick-bottom nine-acre piece of mine. Don't reckon he'll come along peaceable so I'm a-going to phone the sheriff!"

I calmed Harley down. He allowed Tom Ned had made out like he wanted the crick-bottom land fer his sorghum beer factory site.

"Thet boy's as sane as you be," says I.

"He's crazy as a hoot owl," says Harley Tuppett. "Who ever heard tell of making sorghum beer in a *factory?*"

"The Demycratic administration has ordered it done," says I, "and it ain't fer the likes of you an' me to question." I handed Harley my jug of sorghum beer an' he throwed a two-breath drink down his gullet. You could see thet beer a-spreading peace an' hope through Harley's system.

"Hurray fer Roosevelt!" says Harley. "Thet land of mine is wuth a cool eighty dollars an acre. I'm a-going to buy me twenty thousand wuth of stock in thet beer factory an' move to Glendale, Californie!"

Sorghum beer, son.

I NEED a drink or two myself, four days later, when the dern' government sent Tom Ned his beer factory. Yep. They sent the hull dern' factory complete on eighteen trucks. Fact.

Tom Ned and I run into our fust trouble when it come to putting the factory together. The government had sent a couple of college boys with a passel of blueprints to show how things should go; but it was the law, Tom Ned says, thet the work had to be done with local labor.

We appointed old man Cunningham Yackey and his seven sons as gener'l foremen, seeing as how them Yackeys could whup any tother men in Bushwhacker. But old man Cunningham Yackey, he took one look at them government plans and spit out his cud.

"Them plans is all wrong, by Joe," bellers old man Cunningham Yackey. "Who ever heard tell of setting a chimley on the northeast corner where it can't get no draft! By Joe, we'll set thet chimley on the southwest corner where any reasonable Christian man would put it!"

Tom Ned looked at me and I looked at Tom Ned. One of them college boys speaks up and says: "You can't do that, Mr. Yackey. There's a ramp at the southwest corner leading to the cooking kettles."

Old man Cunningham Yackey rared back to his full height of seven foot two inches.

"No dern' Demycrat administration in Washington is a-going to tell *me* where to set a chimley!" He walks to the southwest corner and pushes a stake inter the ground. "Set her thar, by Joe!" says old man Cunningham Yackey.

Whilst this argument was going on, I seed Lisha Moseby drive up with some of her women relations. Tom Ned seed her, too. I and him walked over together.

"Howdy, Lisha," says Tom Ned.

"Howdy, Mr. Sible," says Lisha, short and sharp. A gal thet's been kept waitin' five year gets a mite snappish, though I will say Lisha had growed even purtier.

"We're all set to build the factory," says Tom Ned.

"You mean you're all set to throw away some of the government's money," says Lisha, and drives away.

Tom Ned took it purty hard.

"Don't pay any attention to Lisha, Doc," he says, "women are naturally reactionary and conservative."

My conscience begun to hurt me so I went off and swallered a smooth three-breath drink of sorghum beer.

WELL, son, we finally got thet beer factory put together, though it didn't look like the picture them college boys had a-tall. It was jest a big, overgrown shed filled with a caboodle of mash vats and copper kettles and sterilizers and bottling machines.

Them dedication ceremonies was prime, though. It was the biggest blowout ever held up to Bushwhacker. Folks come f'm as far away as Hannibal. Preacher Guston prayed and Preacher Timmins prayed and old man Cunningham Yackey prayed and Congressman Denmant made a speech and sorghum beer flowed like the Good River thet washes away sins. And every last soul in Bushwhacker r'ared back and allowed they wanted a job in thet factory. Not fer the cash money wages, alone; they was all interested in seeing them machines work.

Tom Ned was jest plumb happy. He slapped me on the back and said: "Does old Bushwhacker want a factory-farm economy? I'll say she does!"

Lisha Mosey didn't take no part in it. She set in her daddy's car 'way back at the fringe of the crowd. Near as I could make out she spent the day sniffing. Neither her nor Tom Ned teched a drop of sorghum beer.

Next morning, there was a bad hitch. Tom Ned come r'aring into my office with his hair mussed and his eyes full of trouble.

"Doc," says he, "how do *you* make sorghum beer?"

"I bury the mash seven days—" I begun to tell him.

"We always buried it five days at home," says Tom Ned, "and then added the sugar and yeast—"

"All wrong," I says, "you can't use sugar since they quit making good brown sugar—"

Tom Ned rubs his eyes, plumb tuckered.

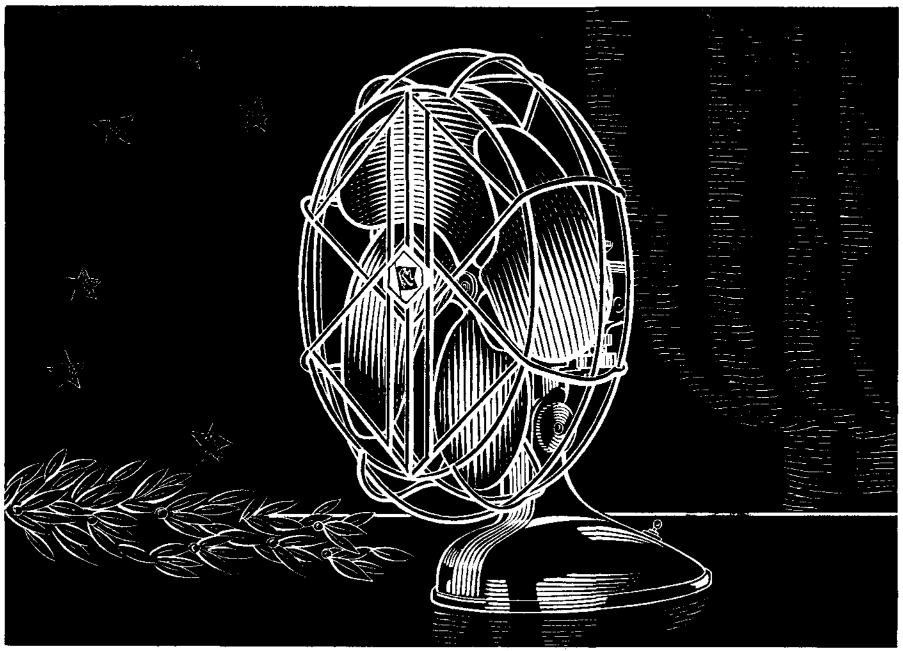
"Mr. Yackey says he cooks his base syrup two hours and Winty Bycroft says forty minutes. We've got to get a standard recipe. Come on!"

Well, sir, Tom Ned and me collected thirty-eight different recipes fer sorghum beer in a morning's ride through Bushwhacker. All of 'em plumb good recipes. Fact. We finally put the lot into a hat and drew one blind.

There was a powerful lot of cussing when the winning recipe turned out to belong to Silly Sally Tucker. But Tom Ned threatened to shut down the factory afore it started; and everybody wanted to see them machines work.

The next hitch come right arter we

(Continued on page 64)



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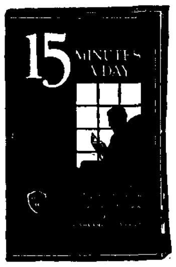

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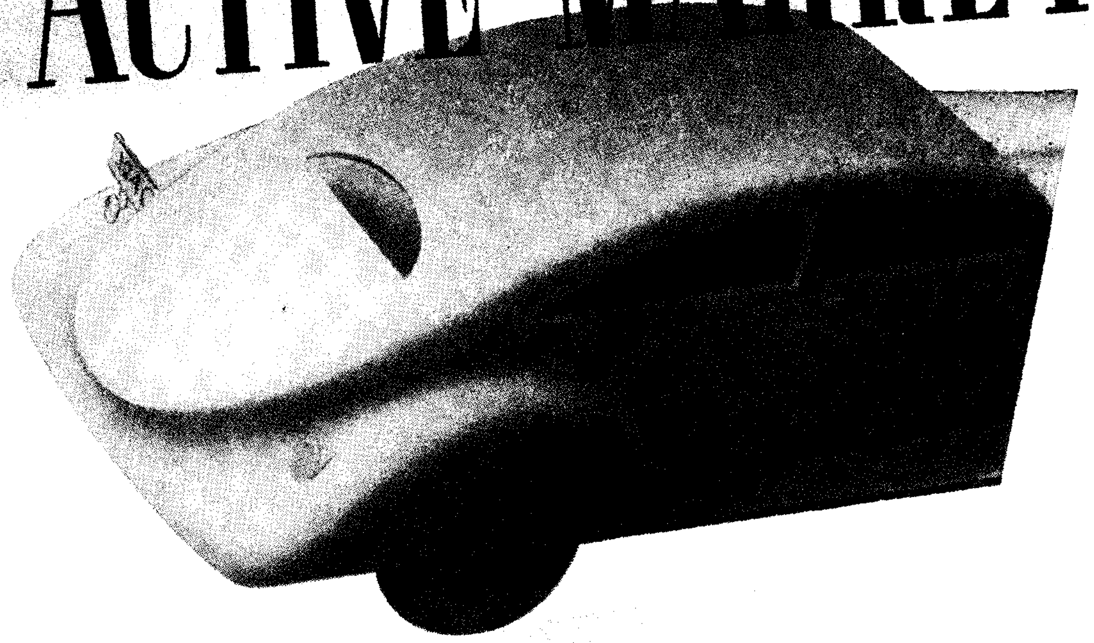

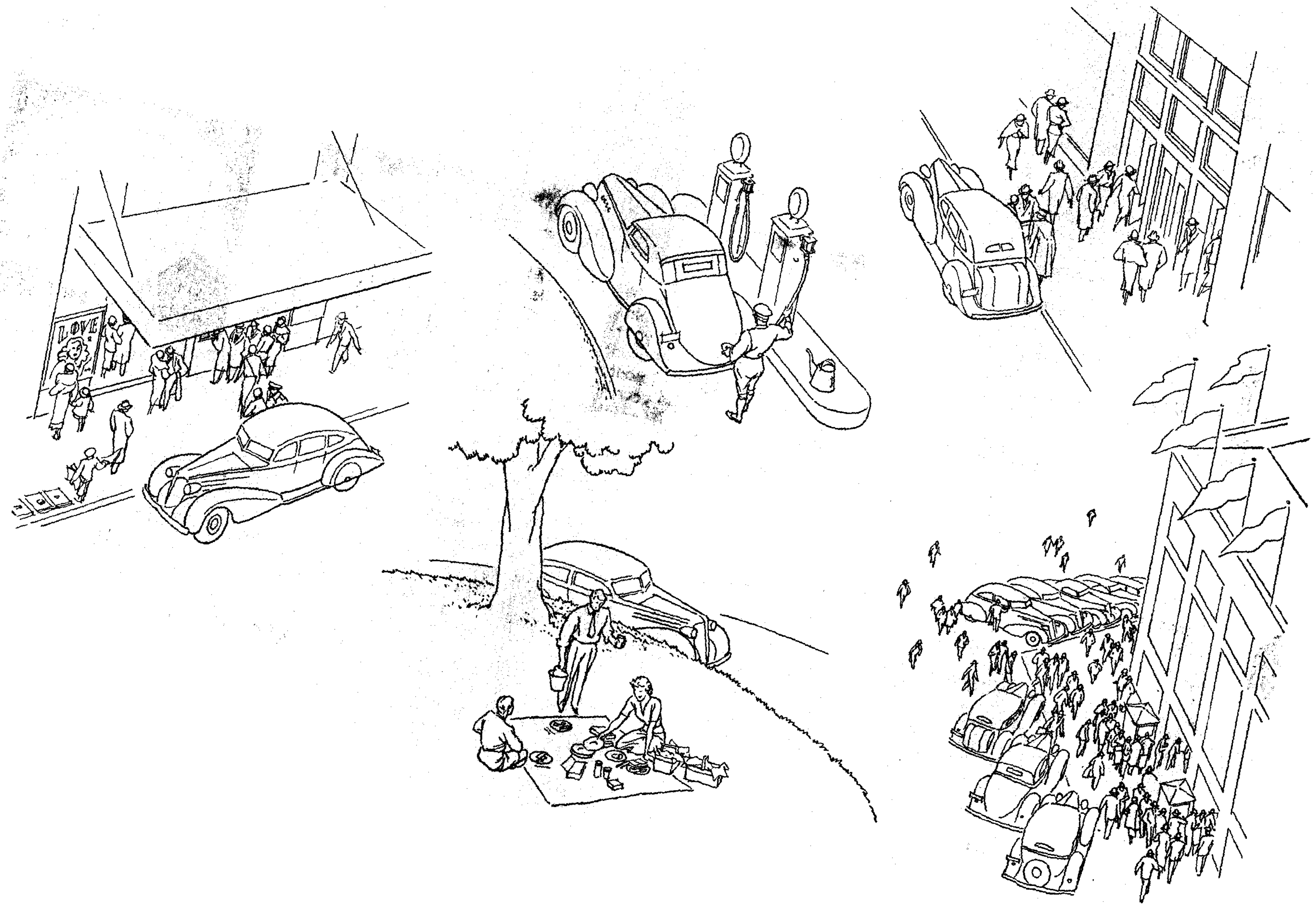

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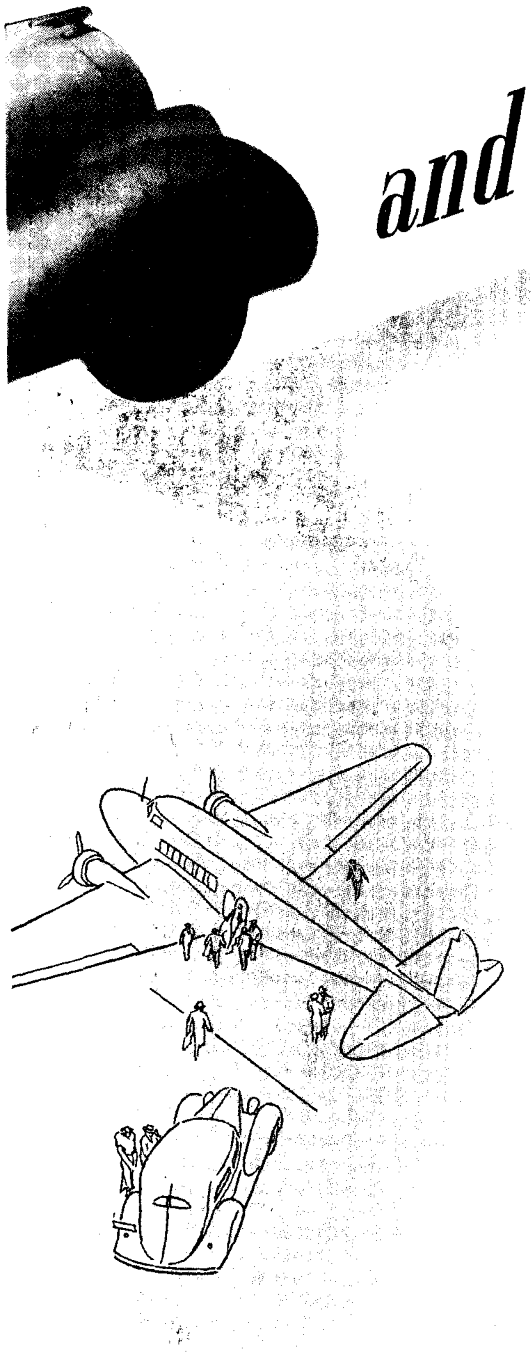

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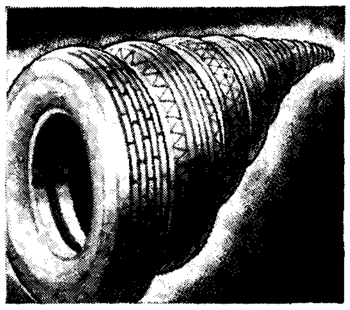

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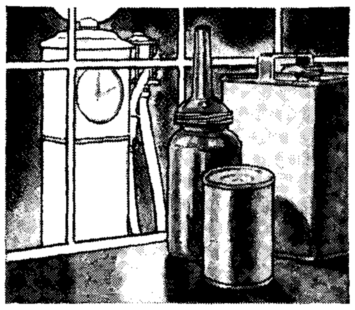

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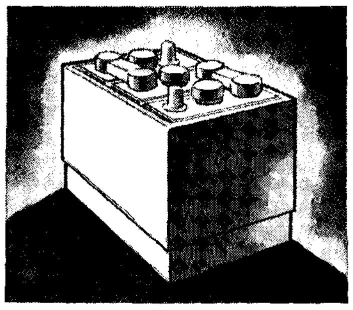

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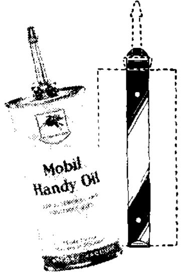

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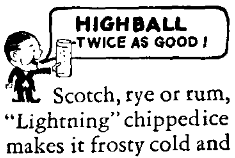

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Bushwhacker Brew

Continued from page 61

had run the fust batch of sorghum cane through the process. Ninety-four hands and about fifty watchers tasted thet beer. Every last one agreed it tasted awful. Tom Ned put it up to me and I give it about two-and-a-half breaths of a swig. Then I choked down and had to spit out the last mouthful.

"It ain't sorghum beer, Tom Ned," I had to admit. "It's *something*, but not sorghum beer."

Missus Hank Dorner, thet worked on one of the mixing tanks, spoke up:

"Mr. Tom Ned," says Missus Hank Dorner, "I personal seed Missus Martin Byran put a tablespoon full of ginger in thet Number 2 tank."

We hauled Missus Martin Byran up on the carpet. She admitted right off she had put ginger in the tank.

"I allus put a smidge of ginger in sorghum beer," says Missus Martin Byran. "And I reckon I aim to keep on putting a smidge of ginger in sorghum beer."

Gradual, the truth come out. All along the line them Bushwhacker folks had been tampering with Silly Sally Tucker's recipe. Heber Tompkins admitted he'd put some sassafras root in and Johnny Jack McTigue admitted he'd stuck in half a pint of burdock juice.

Tom Ned was nail-biting mad. He called the hull passel into meeting and allowed thet the next body who meddled with the standard recipe would be fired without a cent of pay. Things settled down, arter thet, and fer nearly two days the factory hummed. We made an' bottled nigh onto a thousand gallons of sorghum beer.

On the morning of the third day, I got a hurry call from Tom Ned. He told me to hustle right out to the factory. Old man Cunningham Yackey's third eldest boy, Willy, had taken the bottling machine to pieces.

WHEN I got to the factory there wasn't nary a sound of work. All them folks was a-setting around watching Willy Yackey tinker with the bottling machine.

Tom Ned met me at the door.

"For Pete's sake *talk* to the darn' fool, Doc!" he pleads with tears in his eyes, "he's holding up the entire plant."

I walked over to Willy Yackey. He was laying on his back tinkering with thet bottling machine.

"What's the trouble, Willy?" says I.

Missus Turner Lashby laughs admiring.

"It was making so much racket a body couldn't hear itself think," says Missus Turner Lashby, "so Willy taken a notion to quiet it down."

"Thet machine is supposed to make a certain amount of noise, Willy," says I.

Willy stuck his head out.

"I reckon I know better'n any dern' fool machine, Doc," says Willy, flat. "This machine is wrong, plumb wrong, and I'm right. No machine has any call to make setch a clatter. It was giving me the headache."

I turned to one of the boys.

"Where's thet mechanic f'm Saint Looey thet is supposed to look arter these machines?"

"Willy's brother Jeriah run him off 'bout half hour ago," says little Scerial McBane. "Willy's brother Jeriah taken a notion to change the direction on thet conveyor belt back yonder."

"Whut fer?"

"I dunno. He jest taken a notion."

Missus Turner Lashby and some of them tother women shook their heads approving.

"Thet belt was drivin' us all to the mullygrubs, Doc," says Mary Belle Patterson, "it kept runnin' in the same direction all day long. I tell you us folks on the cookers couldn't of stood it another hour!"

I seed it was high time fer me to begin earning my three hundred a month. I stood up on a chair and spoke my piece:

"All Pike County is a-laughing at you Bushwhacker folks," says I, "and betting you ain't got gumption enough to make this factory hum. How about it? Are you a-going to set yer pesky, contrary way of doing things agin this factory or are you willing to let this factory have *its* way some of the time? If you don't let this factory have its way it ain't a-going to run and Pike County will win its bet!"

THET got 'em, son. If there's anything a Bushwhacker citizen despises it's the idea of having Pike County laugh at Bushwhacker. Willy Yackey finally agreed to let the city mechanic come back and put the bottling machine together. I calmed Tom Ned down and went on back to Eolia.

Everything was right peaceful until about one o'clock the next morning. The telephone yanked me outer a sound sleep. Tom Ned was a-calling.

"You'll have to come at once, Doc!" says Tom Ned's voice, a-shaking. "We've got labor trouble. There's going to be a strike at the factory first thing in the morning."

"Be you daft, Tom Ned?" says I. "Thet strike can wait till sunup, can't it?"

"No, it can't!" yells Tom Ned. "They're holding a meeting in the factory right this minute. They've locked me out. They're pow-wowing with a union organizer from Hannibal!"

Old man Cunningham Yackey opened the main factory door fer me, right off. All the lights was burning bright and there must have been a hundred folks inside.

"Whut's this about a strike, Cunningham?" says I. "Can't you hell-raisers let a man sleep till sunup?"

It don't make old man Yackey bat an eye. He r'ars back and pi'nts to a steel post in the middle of the factory. There was a feller in city clothes tied to the post.

"By Joe!" roars old man Cunningham Yackey, "you come jest in time to see a hangin', Doc." He leads me up close to the city feller, who is sweating and plumb scared witless. Says old man Cunningham Yackey: "This feller come up here to talk us folks into jining a union! It *sounded* all right, by Joe, until he orated thet us Yackeys would have to lay off work along with thet hoss-skinner Shad Bucknell and thet sheep-stealin' Mike Lowry. I'm here to say, by Joe, that us Yackeys don't do *nothing* along with Shad Bucknell an' Mike Lowry; an' we aim fer to hang this feller fer makin' the suggestion, by Joe!"

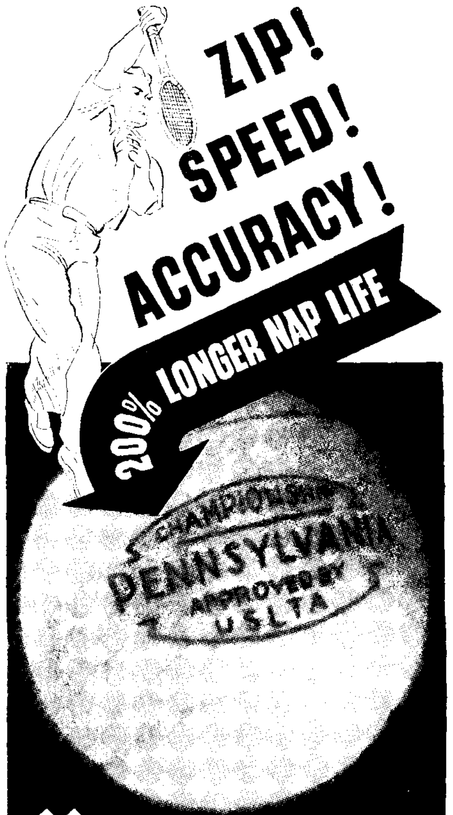
Thet union organizer rolled his eyes, but he was too scared to make a sound.

Shad Bucknell says: "I don't trail with you Yackeys. When you quit work I *start* work; and if you start, I quit!"

Mike Lowry yells: "Thet goes for me double, Cunningham!"

A Yackey son says: "Let's quit talkin' an' hang the feller, Pop. It's gettin' late."

What say? *Did* they hang him? Nope, son, they didn't. I talked fast and saved the feller from *hangin'*. Them Yackeys is allus reasonable men. Old man Cunningham compromised on a pistol-whupping, a tar-and-feathering and a skunking. Arter all, a city feller can't offer deadly insult to a Bushwhacker Yackey and go scot-free.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It didn't create much excitement noways, because the next morning there was a riot at the sorghum beer factory. Thet riot kind of took the edge off the union organizer's punishment.

What say, son? Oh . . . the riot? We-ell, thet riot was jest the natchel outcome of the sitchyation. You see, Bushwhacker had fergot its sacred principles. Bushwhacker was settling down to work in thet factory. On the morning of the riot the factory was humming. Tom Ned was a-setting in the front office adding up accounts with me. All our troubles seemed to be over. Thet factory buzzed like a dern' beehive and Tom Ned and me was the king bees.

Suddenlike, in walks Lisha Moseby. She had a work dress on and her hair tied up in a purty scarf.

"Good morning, Mr. Sible," says Lisha, meek. "I would like a job in the factory!"

Tom Ned almost fell outer his chair.

"C-certainly, Lisha!" he gasps. "Where would you like to work? I-I mean—what—uh—of course, we could use you in the office. You can be my secretary!"

Lisha, very prim and proper, shakes her head.

"No, I'd like to work in the packing shed."

"Good! The job is yours!"

I never seed a boy so happy. Tom Ned figgered thet arter all this time Lisha had give in. He didn't lose no time leading Lisha to the packing shed.

WHILST I was trying to get over this surprise, up drives a whopping big truck from Saint Looey. It was loaded with parts for another factory.

I stepped out. A college boy jumps off'n the truck and says: "Where's Mr. Sible? Where does he want this packing plant material put?"

Well, sir, I jest stared at him.

"Packing plant?" says I. "A separate plant fer packing sorghum beer?"

"Oh, no," says the college boy, "this is a hog products packing plant . . . for hams and bacon."

Afore I could say another word out walks old man Cunningham Yackey.

"Whut's them scalding tanks fer, sonny?" he says.

"They're for the famous Bushwhacker red hogs, sir. Hasn't Mr. Sible been notified? We got orders from Washington. . . ."

I seed the revelation spread around old man Cunningham Yackey's whiskers. He squinted up at them scalding tanks. I knowed whut he was a-thinking, fer I was thinking the same. We couldn't put Bushwhacker red hogs through no factory. We'd plumb betrayed Bushwhacker sorghum beer by allowin' it to be made in a factory fer cash-money wages. But Bushwhacker red hogs are the most hooman, free and independent hogs thet ever rooted up a rail fence. Bushwhacker red hogs and factories jest natchelly wouldn't mix.

Why, son, factories turn folks into dern' worker bees a-buzzing. Sorghum beer was put into Bushwhacker to make a man know he's a *man*. And red hogs was put there to keep reminding a man that he's a *man*.

"Turn thet truck around and light out from h'yere!" yells old man Cunningham Yackey. "The blinders is struck from my eyes, by Joe! Git thet truck away from h'yere afore I wreck it!"

WELL, son, Tom Ned Sible had to come rushing out to have his say. Half the Bushwhacker folks sided with Tom Ned. Half of 'em sided with old man Cunningham Yackey.

"Us folks ain't a-going to shame our red hogs by runnin' 'em through a dern' factory," yells old man Cunningham Yackey. "Willy, you drive thet truck to Injun Bluff and run it off the highest ledge!"

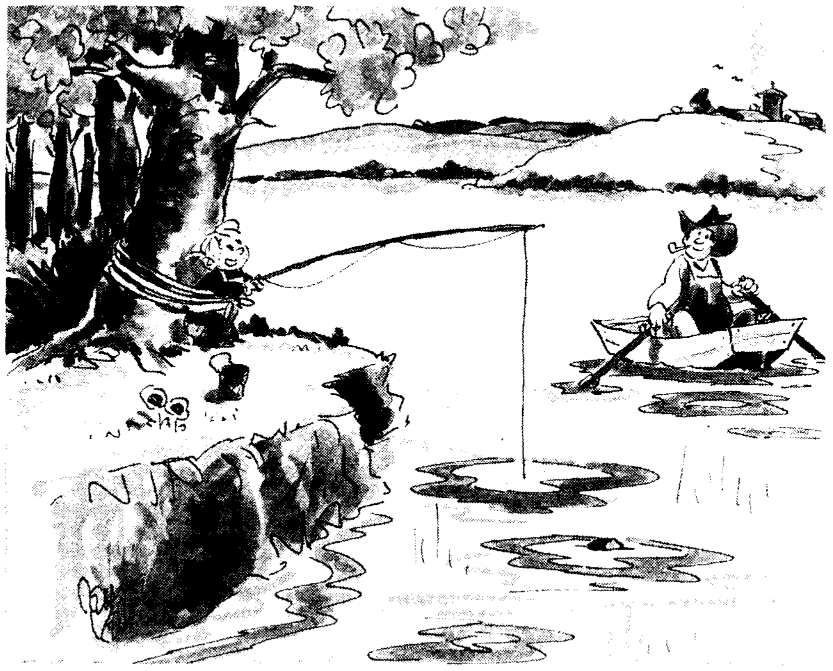
Thet started the actual riot. And in the midst of the riot a fire bruk out in the packing shed. We had to stop fighting to try to save the factory. But we had nary chance. Thet factory burned to the ground.

What say? Ya-as, son, an insurance investigator did come up f'm Saint Looey an' talk mighty reckless thet Lisha Moseby was the only body in the packing shed when the fire started. An' somebody did shoot the rascal through the left shoulder. An' they do say thet old Man Cunningham Yackey mistook the feller fer thet union organizer. But don't *you* say anything. 'Tain't healthy.

Tom Ned? We-ell, son, sorghum beer has a mighty power and will prevail. Tom Ned come r'aring inter my office arter the fire.

"Doc," says he, "I've bought me a thousand acres of the finest land on the Footstool. It nestles in the heart of Bushwhacker and it soon will blossom forth with alfalfa, red clover, corn, wheat, oats, cotton, tobacco and red hogs and sorghum—mayhap, too, a contented family reveling in the luxury of a land flowing with milk and honey—with little Lisha and little Tom Ned romping in the great hall of the mansion. . . ."

'Twas a good five-breath guzzle, son!

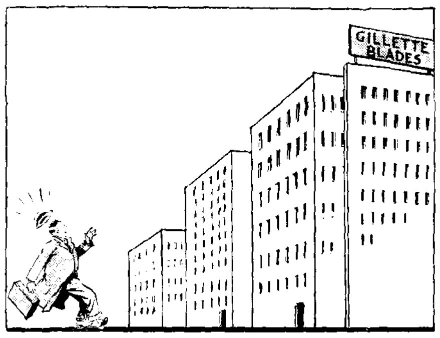


"I ain't takin' no chances on gettin' pulled in"

REAMER KELLER

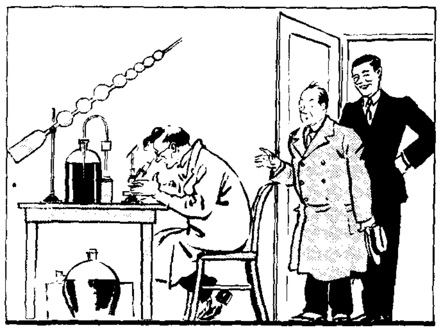
Tony Sarg in Whisker Land

Famous Marionette King's Word and Picture Story of Machine Age Magic . . . .

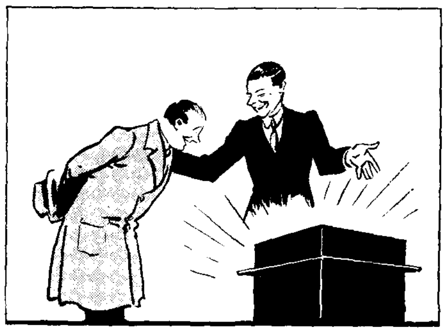


1. Gillette Blades may be small—but look at the factory where they are made. Eight stories high and covering two city blocks. Imagine my surprise when I approached this tremendous plant!

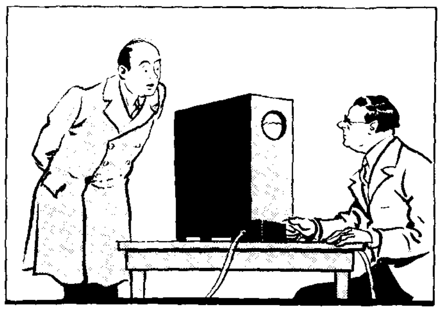
2. I met my guide, the walking encyclopedia of the Gillette factory. Said he, "Mr. Sarg, I'm going to show you things that will amaze you." "Lead on," said I, "amazement is my long suit."



3. We entered a modern laboratory that would have delighted an Edison. Here graduate chemists and engineers check and re-check every batch of steel for quality—and they're hard men to please.

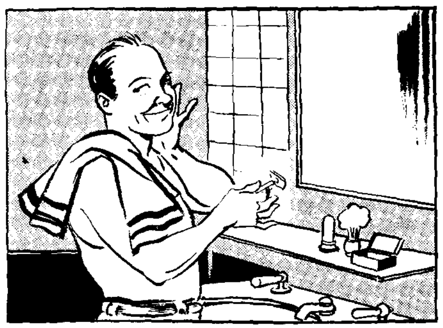


4. Next came sheer mechanical magic—a little black box attached to each electric hardening furnace that automatically orders more heat or less heat as required for perfect tempering of razor blade steel.



5. Just warming to his task, my guide said, "Here is the electro-magnetic tester that 'sees' through steel. It reveals hidden flaws in steel, much as the X-ray reveals broken bones in the human body."

6. "Now look at one of our gigantic grinding machines. They weigh 4 tons, yet they're adjustable to 1/10,000 of an inch! That's what gives Gillette Blades shaving edges so sharp they're *invisible!*"



7. And from this point right on to final inspection and sanitary wrapping—I was amazed by one marvelous process after another. Do you wonder that I always shave with Gillette Blades?

● TONY SARG—king of marionettes and mechanical genius — expresses in his own way the amazement voiced by other trained observers. Grantland Rice, Boake Carter, Frank Buck, Melvin Purvis, these and other professional skeptics were bewildered by the scientific precision methods employed in producing the Gillette Blade. Check your experience with theirs. Buy a package of Gillette Blades and see for yourself how quick and easy shaving can be. We promise you the best shaves of your life—or your money back.

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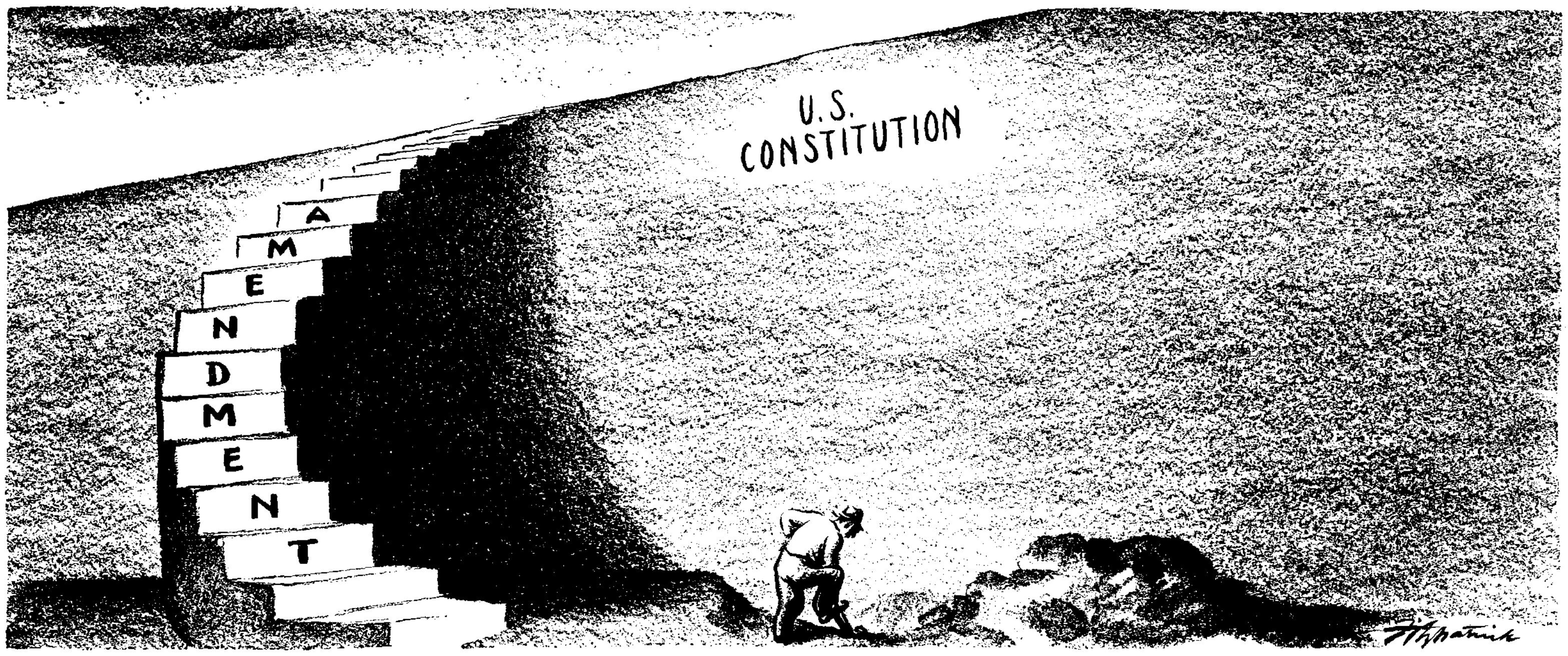

Don't Undermine It

CHIEF JUSTICE HUGHES went to the very heart of the present debate over the Constitution and the Supreme Court when recently he said:

"If the people desire to give Congress the power to regulate industries within the state and the employees in those industries, they are at liberty to declare their will in the appropriate manner, but it is not for the Court to amend the Constitution by judicial decision."

That is a sound American doctrine. In many other countries the matter would be handled differently. The United States is all but unique in having a written Constitution which is truly the fundamental law of the land.

Great Britain, for instance, has no definite written constitution. Parliament can write any law it pleases. The House of Lords has ordinarily to approve the measures enacted by the Commons. The House of Lords can delay but it cannot veto any action of a sufficient majority of the Commons.

The Constitution divides the power between the states and the federal government. This division of power is the very essence of the American system. There is no division of power in Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Russia or Japan. In all of these great nations the central governments have all authority. Not so in the United States. Here power is sharply separated. The states, when the Constitution was ratified, retained all authority not definitely delegated to the federal government.

If we were writing a constitution in 1936 undoubtedly it would be very different from the document composed in 1787. So far, however, no serious suggestion for a new constitution has been made. In fact, very few proposals for amendments have been considered.

It is possible to write a new constitution or to add to the existing Constitution. We had little trouble in adopting the prohibition amendment when public opinion ran that way. The prohibition amendment increased enormously the power of the federal government. The Supreme Court had no difficulty in approving laws which Congress adopted under the Eighteenth Amendment.

Similarly, when public opinion turned against prohibition, it was easy to write the Twenty-first Amendment into the Constitution. The Eighteenth Amendment immensely increased federal authority and the Twenty-first Amendment diminished it somewhat. When we wanted to try out national prohibition we did not hesitate to transfer what had been "states' rights" to the federal government.

We can constitutionally adopt as many new amendments as public opinion will support. The federal government can, by appropriate amendment, be given all authority. States' rights can, by the Constitution, be utterly eliminated. The men who drafted the Constitution foresaw the possibility of amendment and left the road wide open.

As a consequence of the decisions of the Supreme Court, which held that specific New Deal laws did not square with the Constitution, at least two intensely practical questions remain:

First, do we want to amend the Constitution? The real difficulty here is in writing an amendment which will enlarge the authority of Congress without taking away too much from the states. The Southern states, which are Democratic, are traditionally hostile to an increase in federal authority. How to write an amendment which would remove the constitutional uncertainties concerning New Deal regulation of industry and avoid offending the South has baffled numerous lawyers and statesmen.

Another method of overcoming constitutional difficulties without actually amending the Constitution has been quietly suggested. This is the indirect device of enlarging the Supreme Court and of appointing to it a sufficient number of new judges to assure favorable decisions on all moot points. This is the method used by the British to overcome the opposition of the House of Lords to laws desired by the Commons.

Packing the Supreme Court with partisans would be a very dangerous experiment in this country. The late Huey Long undertook this in Louisiana with disastrous consequences. While Huey Long lived the people of Louisiana had no rights which politicians respected or which courts upheld.

The packing of the Supreme Court with partisans, liberal, radical or conservative, would unquestionably destroy the respect hitherto accorded the Court. It would ultimately result in profound changes in our system of government—changes by no means certainly good.

If we want to amend the Constitution we had better do the work honestly and openly and not ask the Supreme Court to amend it by judicial decision. Especially, we had better not entrust this great responsibility to men specially selected for partisanship.

After all, we have shown capacity to perform difficult tasks. The creation of this government and this nation was not the work of the mentally lazy. We don't have to turn indolent now and shirk tasks merely because they are hard.

Taking the long view, the American system has worked well. Nowhere else have men and women enjoyed greater liberty or so large a measure of responsibility. Nowhere, certainly, has opportunity been so widespread and so inviting to all kinds and conditions of men.

The record is not perfect, but where else today has the ambitious boy or girl the chance more fully to use profitably native capacity and energy?

The system of government which made these things possible will not be lightly changed. We shall go forward, but unless our tempers are radically changed, we shall proceed considerately, and we won't do by indirection what we are not ready to undertake openly.

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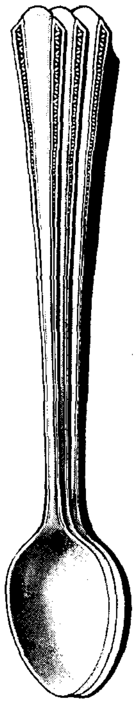

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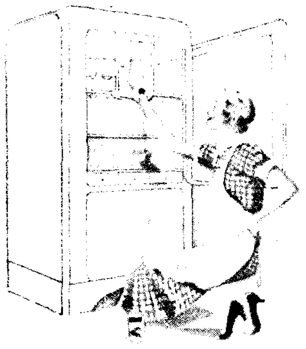
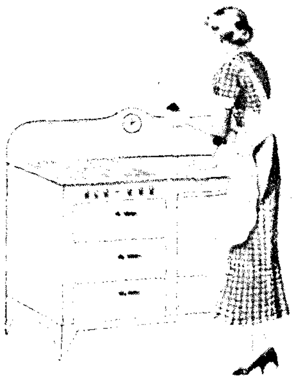
☐ 3 Tablespoons
☐ 3 Iced Drink Spoons
☐ 1 Gravy Ladle

*Name*____________________
*Address*____________________
*City*____________*State*________



"We recommend Old Dutch"

CROSLEY SHELVADOR • ZEROZONE
WILLIAMS ICE-O-MATIC • COPELAND
KELVINATOR • LEONARD • GRUNOW
SERVEL INC. • TRUPAR • TRUSCON
WESTINGHOUSE • NOME • BOHN



"We recommend Old Dutch"

ATLANTIC • BENGAL • SUNRAY
DETROIT VAPOR • ECONOMY
UNITED STATES • INDIANAPOLIS
ESTATE • UNIVERSAL • MAGIC CHEF
HAPPY THOUGHT • KALAMAZOO
L & H ELECTRIC AND GAS RANGES
MONTAG • NATIONAL ASSOCIATION
OF STOVE MANUFACTURERS

"We recommend Old Dutch"

A. B. C. • APEX ROTAREX • CONLON
BOSS • CROSLEY SAVAMAID • DEXTER
HANDY TRUMAID • MEADOWS • THOR
AUTOMATIC • O'KEEFE & MERRITT
NINETEEN-HUNDRED • ONE-MINUTE
HORTON • VOSS • WESTINGHOUSE
AMERICAN WASHING MACHINE
MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION